THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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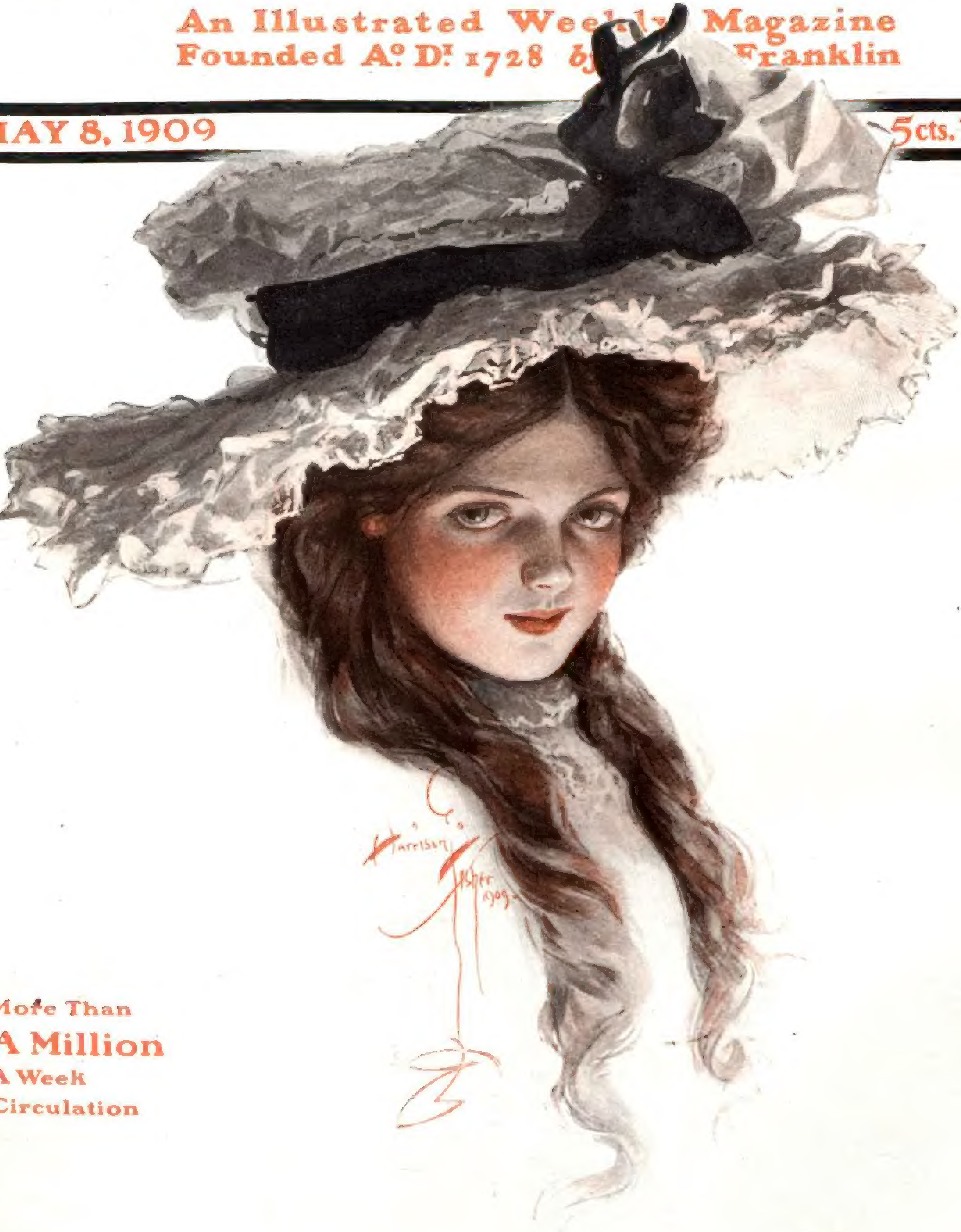

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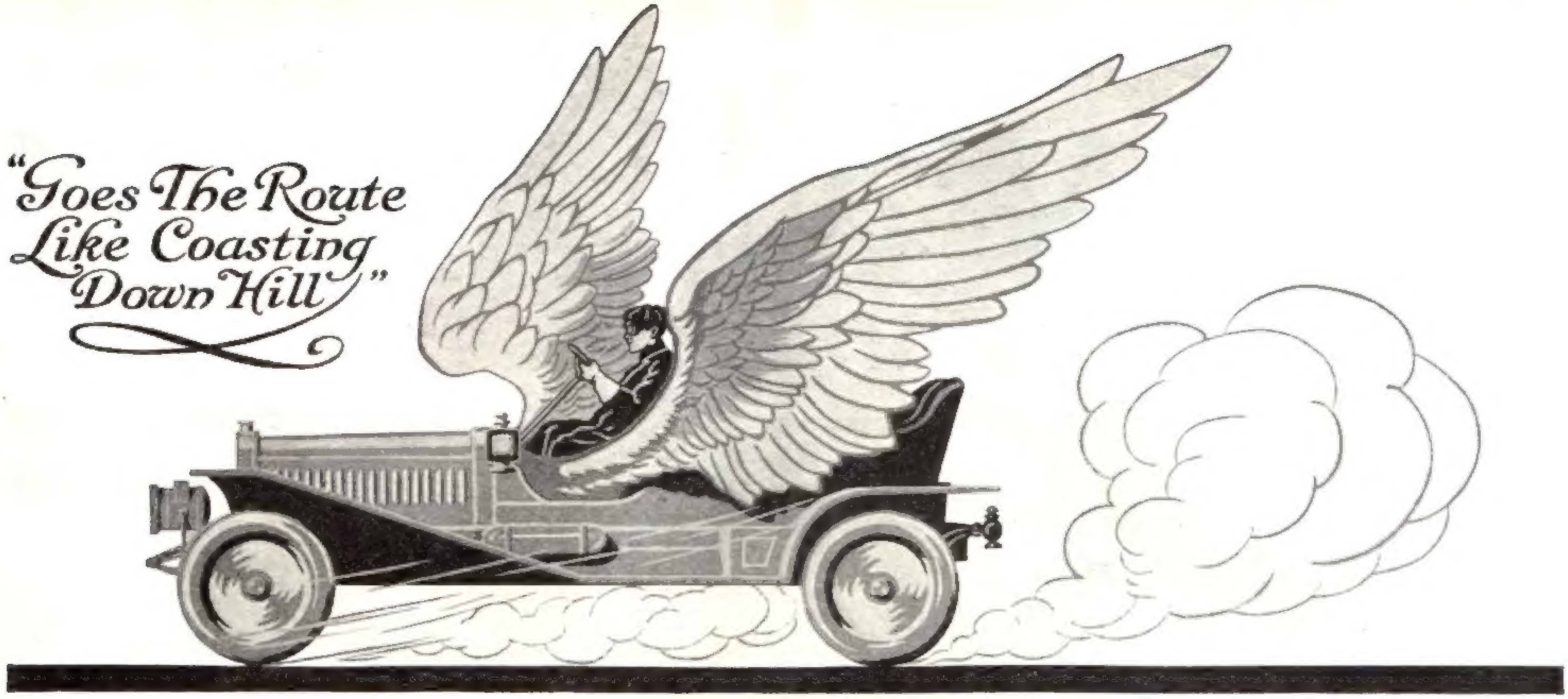
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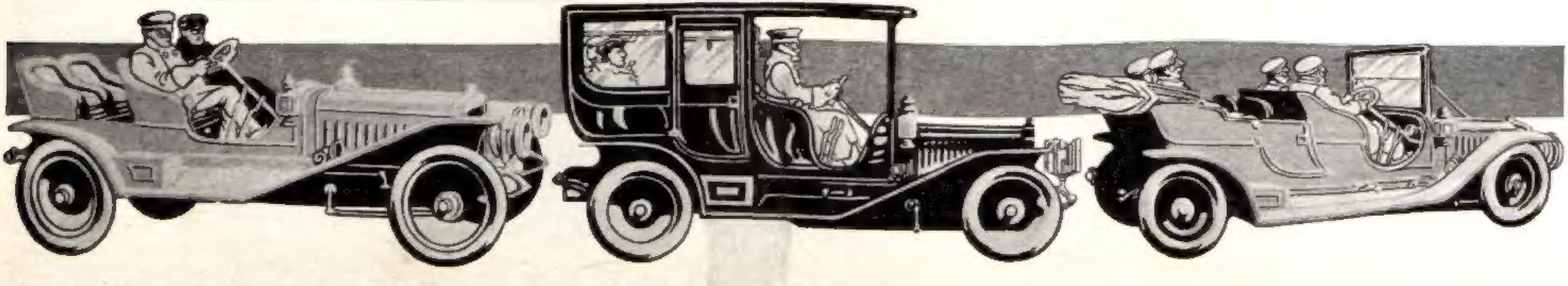

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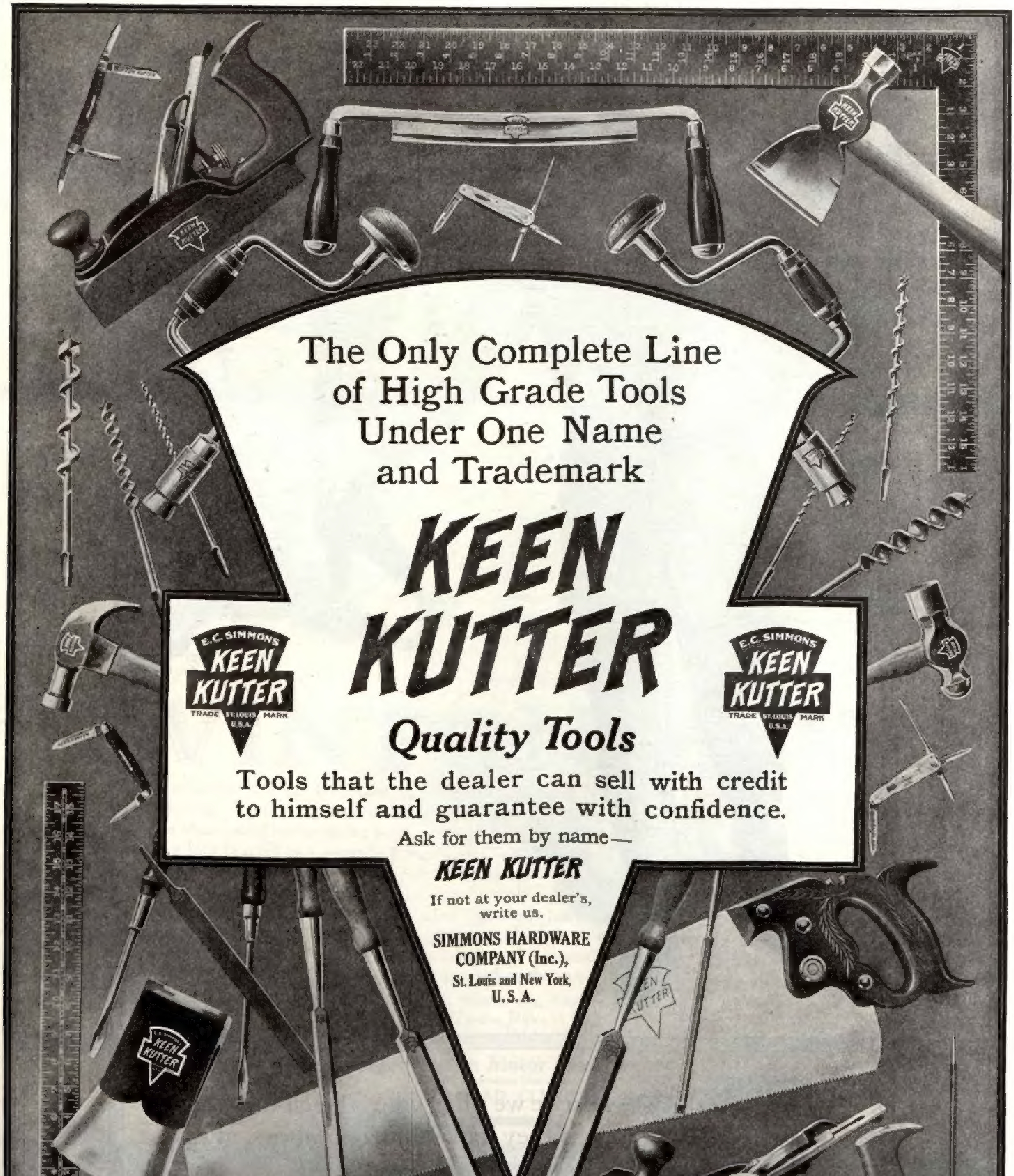
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GOOSIE

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

I

"WHY, Goosie, what *are* you doing?"

Goosie, otherwise Charles-Norton Sims, dropped his arms hastily down his sides and stood very still, caged in the narrow space between porcelain tub and gleaming towel-rack. The mirror before which he had been performing his morning callisthenics faced him uncompromisingly. It showed him that he was blushing. From the mirror he immediately caught the contagion; the mirror caught it back and, for a moment, the increasing painted panic went rebounding between man and reflection, reflection and man. The bright-red glow upon Charles-Norton's brow spread over his face, slid down his neck, cascaded along his broad shoulders, and then, in widening circles, rippled down his satiny skin, beneath which lithe muscles played liquidly, till it had slid beneath the line of the gymnasium trunks tight about his waist. It was some time before he mustered the courage to turn toward the door through which had come the cooing cry of his little wife.

The door was but a few inches ajar; and there appeared only the round little nose of the round little wife between two wide-open blue-flowers of eyes. "What are you doing, Goosie?" she repeated in a tone a bit amused, but rich with a large tolerance—"What are you doing, Goosie?"

"Nothing, Dolly," he answered, his straight, athletic body a little gawky with embarrassment—"Nothing."

Then, as she peered, still doubtful, through the crack: "It's a new exercise I have—a dandy."

And lamely he placed both of his hands beneath his armpits and waved his elbows up and down three times.

"Oh," she said, as if satisfied.

But, as a matter of fact, this was not quite the repetition of what she had seen. He had been standing before the mirror very straight, then a-tiptoe, his chest bulging; his arms, bent, with hands beneath the shoulders, had been beating up and down with a rapidity that made of them a mere white vibration, their tattoo upon his ribs like the beating of a drum; and suddenly, as if to some singular ecstasy, his head had gone back and out of his rounded mouth there had clarioned a clear cock-a-doo-dle-doo-oo much like that of chanticleer heralding the sun.

"It's fine—it's fine for the pectoral muscles," he went on, more firmly.

"Well," she said charitably, "jump into your bath quick, dear. Breakfast is ready, and you'll be late at the office again if you don't hurry." She closed the door softly upon him.

It was seldom that she intruded thus upon the mystery of his morning hygienics. It was with a clothed Charles-Norton that she had first fallen in love; and like most women (who being practical realize that, since it is dressed that men go through the world, it is dressed that they must be judged) Dolly appreciated her handsome young husband best in his broad-shouldered sack coat and well-creased trousers.

Charles-Norton, still a bit abashed, dropped into the cold, green tub, splashed, rubbed down, dressed, and sat down to breakfast. As he ate his waffles, though, out of the blue breakfast set which Dolly's charming, puzzle-browed economy had managed to extort from the recalcitrant family budget, his customary, glowing loquacity of after-the-bath was lacking. His eyes wandered furtively about the little incumbered room; thoughts visibly rolled within his head which did not find his lips, and when he bade Dolly good-by on the fifth-story landing she missed in his kiss the usual fervor.

II

WHEN Charles-Norton reached the street, a narrow side street in which like a glacier was still heaped the ice of the whole winter, a whiff of soft air perfumed with a suspicion of spring struck him gently in the face. He drew it in deep within his lungs and exhaled it in a long sigh. And then he stopped abruptly, and was standing very still, listening—listening to this sigh, to the echo of it still within his consciousness, as if testing it. He shook his head disapprovingly. "Gee!" he said; "hope I'm not getting discontented again!"

As if in response, another gentle gust came down the street; he caught it as it came and drew it deep within him. His chest swelled, his eyes brightened. And then suddenly he became tense; he rose a-tiptoe, heels close together, his head went back, his hands stole to his armpits, and his elbows began to wave up and down.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, catching himself up sharply; "here goes that darned flapping again!"

He looked up and down the street, assuming a negligent attitude. His forehead was red. "Nope," he said. No one had seen him. "*She* saw me this morning," he thought, and the red of his forehead came down to his cheeks. "It's getting worse—a regular habit. Let me see—two, three—it began three weeks ago ——"

He shook his head perplexedly and resumed his way toward the elevated station.

"It may have been all right when I was a boy," he said to himself. "But now! Let me see. I was fourteen, the first time."

A picture rose before his eyes. It had happened in a far Western land—a land that now remained in his memory as a pool of gold beneath a turquoise sky. He was lying there in the wild oats upon his back, and above him in the sky a hawk circled free. He watched it long thus, relaxed in a sort of droning somnolence; then suddenly, to a particularly fine spiral of the bird in the air, something like a convulsion had shot through his body, and he had found himself erect, head back and chest forward, his arms flapping ——

"'Twas the day before I ran away with the circus," he soliloquized in the midst of the crowd milling up the elevated station stairs. "And later, when I had come back from the circus, I took that long bum on brake-beams. And when I had come back from that a little later I went off in the forecastle of the Tropic Bird to Tahiti. And each time that flapping business came first. Every time I've done something wild and foolish I've flapped first like this. First I'd flap, then I'd feel like doing something, I wouldn't know what, then I'd do it, and it would be something foolish ——"

The train slid up to the platform; he boarded it, and by some miracle found on the bench behind the door of the last car a narrow space into which he squeezed himself. "I'll have to stop it," he said decisively. He drew from his breast pocket a notebook and a pencil. Opening the book out across his knees he bent over it and began to draw. He worked with concentration, but seemingly with little result, for he drew only detached lines. There were spirals, circles, ovals, parabolas; lines that curved upward, broke, and curved again downward like Gothic arches; lines that curved in gentle languor; lines that breathed like the undulations of a peaceful sea, and then just zipping, swift, straight lines that shot up to the upper end of the paper and seemed to continue invisibly toward an altitudinous nowhere. That is all he drew, and yet as he worked there was in his face the set of stubborn purpose, and in his eyes the glow of aspiration. He tried to make each line beautiful and firm and swift and pure. When he succeeded he felt the bubbling of a sweet contentment. This would be followed by dissatisfaction, renewed yearning—and he would begin again.

"By Jove!" he muttered in sudden consternation, straightening away from the book.

And then: "They began at the same time."

And a moment later: "And they are the same."

It had struck him abruptly that the strange urge which made him draw lines was like that which at times convulsed his body into that mysterious manifestation which, for the want of a better word, he called his "flapping." The two things had begun together, and they were of the same essence. The impulse which possessed him as he tried for beauty with paper and pencil was the same which swelled his lungs and his heart, which made him rise a-tiptoe and wave his arms. It came from a feeling of subtle and inexplicable dissatisfaction; it was made of a vague and vast longing. It was the same which had sent him when a boy to the brake-beam, the circus and the sea; it was to be distrusted.

He slammed the book shut and put it in his pocket. "No more of this," he said.

A certain confidence, though, came gradually into his eyes. "After all, these things do not mean much now," he thought. "I was a boy then, and unhappy. I am a man now, and happy."

His mind idled back over the two years since his marriage, over the warm coziness of the last two years. What a wife, this little Dolly! What a little swaddler! She wrapped up everything as in cotton—all the asperities of life, and the asperities of Charles-Norton himself also. Gone for the two years had been the old uncertainties, the vague tumults, the blind surges. Yes, he was happy.

This word happy, for the second time on his tongue, set him a-dreaming. A picture came floating before his eyes. And, curiously enough, it was not of Dolly, nor of the padded little flat ——

It was of a boy, a boy in blue overalls, lying on his back amid the wild oats of a golden land, his eyes to the sky, watching up there the free, wide circle of a hawk ——

"Soy, Mister, wot the deuce do you think you're doing?" said a husky and protesting voice in his ear.

And Charles-Norton came back precipitously to the present. By his side a pale youth was squirming indignantly. Charles-Norton's elbow was in the youth's ribs, and this elbow was still stirring with the last oscillation of the movement that had agitated it. "Soy," cried the youth in disgust, "d'yous think you's a chicken?"

"I beg your pardon," said Charles-Norton, in an agony of humility; "I beg your pardon."

But the youth refused to be mollified. Though he said nothing more, he kept upon Charles-Norton the snarl of his pale face, and at regular intervals rubbed his ribs as though they pained him exceedingly. Charles-Norton was glad to reach his station.

That morning, in his glass cage, he muddled his columns several times. He was far from an admirable accountant at his best; but this day he was what he termed "the limit." Totals fled him like birds, with a whir of wings. A sun-gleam hypnotized him once, for he did not know how long; and his nose, a little later, followed for several minutes the flutter of a white moth.

At lunch, in Konrad's Bakery, he found himself, by a singular chance, seated next to the very same youth whose ribs he had caved on the elevated a few hours before. The young man was in more amiable mood. He grinned. "Don't you flap again and spill me coffee, Mr. Chicken," he said with delicate persiflage.

"I won't," said Charles-Norton. "I'll buy you another cup if I do."

"Got a dollar?" asked the youth irrelevantly. His thin, pale nose quivered a bit.

"I don't know," said Charles-Norton hesitatingly. Dollars were big in his budget. "Why?"

The youth drew from a pocket a yellow cardboard. "Got a lottery ticket I want to sell," he said easily. "Little Texas. Hundred thousand first prize and lots of other prizes. Got to sell it to pay me lunch. Played the ponies yesterday."

Charles-Norton eyed the ticket doubtfully. Usually, he would not have considered the matter a moment. But somehow the incident of the morning had placed him at a disadvantage toward the pale youth. Vaguely he was moved by a wish to regain by some act the respect of this exacting person. He bought the ticket.

"Maybe this was the foolish act that all this flapping announced," he said to himself, once outside, in answer to a not uncertain prick of his marital conscience. "Buying this ticket is like buying a lightning-rod: it may draw off the lightning!"

But his singular malady, during the afternoon, did not disappear. It waxed, in fact; it passed the borders of the spiritual and assumed physical symptoms. "Dolly," he said, when he was again within the warmth of the little flat in the evening—"Dolly, would you mind looking at my shoulders after a while?"

"Why, of course, Goosie," answered Dolly, immediately alert at the possibility of doing something for the big man. "What is the matter with your shoulders, Goosie?"

"I don't know," he said, sinking a bit wearily into the Morris chair. "They pain; just like rheumatism or growing pain. And they tickle, too, Dolly; they tickle all the time." He crossed his arms, raising a hand to each shoulder, and rubbed them with a shiver of delight. "It's a nuisance," he said.

"Well, we'll see about it right away," said Dolly. "Right after supper." Her eyes grew big with concern. "You may have caught cold. Come on, dear," she said brightening; "I've the dandiest, deliciousest soup!"

III

"WHY, Goosie, I tell you the lumps are growing! They're great big now, Goosie. Oh, why don't you let me take you to the doctor! I *know* something is the matter!"

Dolly had tears in her eyes almost, and her voice was very dolorous. For the fourteenth time in two weeks she was treating the singular shoulders of Charles-Norton. He was sitting beneath the glow of the evening lamp, his coat off, his shirt pulled down to his elbows; and she, standing behind the chair, was leaning solicitously over him. A wisp of her hair caressed his right ear, but somehow did not relax his temper. "Well, let them alone, Dolly!" he growled. "Let them alone. Let them alone, I say!"

For two weeks he had been getting more and more peevish. To be sure, for two weeks, daily, his shoulders had been washed and rubbed and massaged and lotioned and parboiled and anointed and fomented and capsicum-plastered till his soul was sensitive and a suspicion was agrowl within him—a bad, mean feeling—that Dolly was finding a bit, just a little bit, of something akin to pleasure in the ardor of her ministrations. Besides, he was fighting a moral fight of his own. Great bursts of dissatisfaction swept through him; and it was only by a constant vigilance that he kept his vagrant elbows close to his ribs.

"Let them be for a while, Dolly," he repeated in gentler tone. "Besides—besides ——"

But he left unsaid the thought following the besides.

"Now, dear," said Dolly kindly, but with a certain firmness, "you've simply got to let me see what I can do. Why, Goosie, you can't go on in this way! You'd be getting humps on your back! No-no; we'll try a nice little ice-pack tonight."

"I don't want any ice-packs!" yelped Charles-Norton (what a bad-mannered young man he had become!). "I'm tired of fomentations and things! Besides"—and this time the besides did not pause but burst out of him like a stream from a high-pressure hydrant—"besides, it isn't what I want ——" And to an irresistible impulse his right hand reached out for a brush and, crossing over to his left shoulder, began rubbing it vigorously.

"Goosie, Goosie, my clothes brush, my best clothes brush!"

But the lament in Dolly's voice had little effect upon Charles-Norton. He was brushing himself with grave concentration. "Get the flesh brush," he mumbled between set teeth, rubbing the while. "Gee, this feels good. Get the flesh brush."

Dolly ran into the bathroom and returned with the flesh brush; Charles-Norton made an exchange without losing a stroke. "That's something like it," he murmured.

"But, Goosie," began Dolly. Her voice was low now; she stood some feet from him as if a bit afraid; her hands were clasped and her lips trembled. "Goosie, dear; don't do that. Oh, don't; you'll hurt yourself. It's getting all red, Goosie. You're rubbing the skin off, I tell you. Why, it's almost bleeding—Goosie, Goosie, stop it, stop it!"

"Feels lots better," he said unfeelingly. "Look at it." And transferring the brush to his left hand he began to rub the right shoulder, raising his left for Dolly's inspection. She approached timidly. "You've rubbed all the poor skin off," she announced. "It's bleeding." He felt the light touch of her fingers. "Why, Goosie—there's something—something. Why, Goosie!"

The last was almost a cry, and the silence that followed had an awe-stricken pulse. "What is it?" he asked, still busily brushing.

"Why, there's something"—again he felt the tender touch of her fingers—"there're a lot of little things—a lot of little things pricking right through the skin!"

"Let me rub it some more," he said, transferring the brush. "Now look at it," he said after several more vigorous minutes of his strange treatment.

"Goosie!"

This time it was a cry to stab the heart. He dropped the brush and looked up at her. She was pale and her eyes were very big. "Well, what is the matter now?" he asked impatiently.

She came near again, still pale, but with lips tight. "A-ouch!" he yelped.

For with a sudden, sharp movement she had plucked something out of his shoulder. A smart came into his eyes; it was as if a lock of hair had been pulled out by the roots. "Look at this, Goosie," she said with forced calmness, and placed something in his hand.

It was very small and very soft. He dropped his eyes upon it as it lay lightly in his palm. "Good Lord!" he ejaculated, his bad humor gone suddenly into a genuine concern. "Good Lord!" he said, rising to his feet in consternation; "it's a—it's a ——"

"It's a feather," said Dolly with sepulchral finality; "it's a feather."

It *was* a feather—a soft, downy, white, baby pin-feather. Charles-Norton looked at it long as it lay shivering slightly there in his palm. He took it up and passed the luster of it slowly through his fingers. Something like a smile gradually came into his face. He raised the feather against the light of the lamp. His eyes brightened.

"Isn't it pretty, Dolly?" he said. "Isn't it pretty? Just look at it. So white, and fresh, and new, and glistening. And see the curve, the slender curve of it—oh, Dolly, isn't it pretty and fine!"

But Dolly, collapsed in a chair, broke out a-crying. "Oh, Goosie, Goosie, what are we going to do now?" she wailed. "What are we to do? O—O ——"

"Well," said Charles-Norton, the spirit of contradiction which for several days had been within him rising to his lips—"Well, *I* don't see what there is to make so much fuss about. A few feathers are not going to hurt a man, are they? 'Tisn't as if I were insane, or had hydrophobia!"

"But Goosie, Goosie, *no* one has feathers on his shoulders! No one *ever* had feathers on his shoulders! No other man *in the world* ever did that; none in the world *ever* had feathers on his shoulders that way! Oh, Goosie, Goosie, what shall we do!"

"Let them alone," said Charles-Norton, now quite vexed. "They're mine; they don't hurt *you*, do they? Let 'em alone!" He raised his arms and began to slip his shirt up again.

The tears ceased to drip from Dolly's eyes. "You can't do that," she said, a maternal firmness coming into her voice. "Why, Goosie, what would they think of you down at the office?"

"At the office? Why, they won't know it!"

"But *you'll* know it, Goosie. All the time, you'll know it. Goosie, you don't want to be different, do you? You want to be like other men, don't you? You don't want to be *different?*"

This argument had some effect on Charles-Norton. He stood very still, scratching his head pensively. "Well," he said finally, "maybe you're right. Maybe we had better keep them cut short."

"Oh, Goosie!" cried Dolly joyously, and bounded from the room. She came running back with the scissors. "Come, quick!" she panted. "I'll cut them short. 'Twon't be much trouble after all, will it? I'll cut them every day. It will be just like shaving—no more trouble than that!"

And she slid the scissors along Charles-Norton's skin with a cold, decisive little zip. He could see her head, cocked a bit sideways with concentration, reflected in the glass panes of the sideboard as she cut and cut, closer and closer. Her rosy nostrils were slightly distended; upon her tight lip the tip of a small, white tooth gleamed. A light shiver passed along Charles-Norton's spine. "Gee, I didn't think she could look like this," he thought.

IV

FOLLOWING this little disturbance the Sims couple, lowering their heads side by side, resolutely regained the smooth rut of their placid existence. Everything in this world is easier than is imagined—much easier. In the case of the Sims household, it was just a matter of adding each morning to the daily shave of Charles-Norton another operation quite as facile.

"Dolly!" he would call, as soon as his hot towel had removed from his ruddy cheeks the last bubbles of lather.

And Dolly, her hungry little scissors agleam in her hand, trotted in alacriously. She sat Charles-Norton on the edge of the tub and bent over him her happy, humming head. Zip-zip-zip went the scissors, zip-zip—and a soft, white fluff that looked like the stuffing of a pillow (an A-1 pillow; not the kind upon which Charles-Norton and Dolly laid their modest heads) eddied slowly to Charles-Norton's feet while he shivered slightly to the coldness of the steel (Dolly cut very close).

Then: "All right, all done!" she sang, dropping the scissors into the pocket of her crackling apron; "now to breakfast, quick! And here's a kiss for the good boy."

Placing her red lips upon his she whisked off to the kitchenette; and Charles-Norton, emerging all dressed a little later, found the cheerful blue ware on the table, and his waffles upon his plate, hot beneath his napkin. After which, stuffing the morning paper into his pocket, he departed with another kiss on the landing and strode forth for the elevated. Life was just as before.

And yet, not quite. Because, to tell the truth, Charles-Norton was not absolutely happy.

He could not have told what was the matter. Mostly, it was an emptiness. And emptiness is hard to analyze. He knew that there was much for which he should be content. With the careful repression of the vagaries of his shoulders there had come to him a new attentiveness at his work. His nose, now, never wandered after passing butterflies and his salary had been raised to twenty-two dollars a week. Also, the ridiculous flapping had gone, and the impulse to draw fool lines upon a card.

But with these—and that was the trouble—other things had vanished. That deep filling of his lungs with spring, for instance. And the longing that went with it. That was it—the longing. He longed for the longing—if that is comprehensible. He longed vaguely for a longing that had been his, and which was gone. He never saw, now, a land that was as a golden pool beneath a turquoise dome; nor a boy in the wild oats watching a circling hawk.

And there was something else, something more definite. He felt that Dolly—yes, Dolly took too much pleasure, altogether too much pleasure, in that clipping business. Of course the clipping had to be. He knew that. A respectable man can't have feathers on his shoulders. It was necessary. But, somehow, he would have felt that necessity more if Dolly had felt it—less. He would have liked a chance to voice it himself. If Dolly, now, only would some fine morning say: "Oh, Goosie, let's let them be today; they are so pretty," then he could have answered very firmly, "No, clip away!" But she never gave him that chance. She was always so radiantly ready! As he watched her head in the mirror, bent upon the busy scissors with an expression of tight determination, a distinct irritation seized him sometimes.

Charles-Norton, in short, was accumulating drop by drop a masculine grouch—a grouch deeper than he realized till that morning.

That morning Dolly in the midst of the daily operation paused with scissors in air, a sudden inspiration upon her brow.

"Oh, Goosie!" she exclaimed, "how would it be to cauterize them?"

Charles-Norton gave a jump. "Cauterize!" he cried. "Cauterize what?"

"Why, the little feathers. Supposing we burned the place, you know, with nitrate of silver or something like that. They do it to people who have moles—or when they have been bitten by a mad dog. Maybe—maybe it would stop it—altogether."

Charles-Norton looked up at her. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes were bright; she was excited and pleased with her ingenious idea. A cold wave rose about Charles-Norton and closed over his head. "Say," he bawled ungraciously; "what do you take me for? Think I'm made of asbestos?"

Discreet Dolly immediately dropped the subject, though somehow Charles-Norton had the distinct impression that it was only discreetly that she did so; that, in fact, she was not dropping the idea, but merely tucking it away somewhere within the secret hiding-places of her being for further use. He could still see it, in fact, graven there upon the whiteness of her little forehead.

He brooded black over it all day. He brooded on other things, too—insignificant things that had happened in the past, that had not mattered one whit then, but which now, beneath his fostering care, began to grow into big, flapping bugaboos. And when he returned that night he was a very mean Charles-Norton. He spoke hardly a word at dinner, pretended he did not like the vanilla custard over which Dolly had toiled all day, her soul aglow with creative delight, sipped but half of his demi-tasse (as though the coffee were bitter, which it wasn't), and went off to bed early with a good-night so frigid that Dolly's little nose tingled for several minutes afterward.

And the next morning when Dolly, astonished at the delay, finally peeped into the bathroom, scissors in hand, she found Charles-Norton fully dressed, his coat on.

"Why, Goosie," she said in surprise; "I haven't clipped you yet!"

"No?" he growled enigmatically.

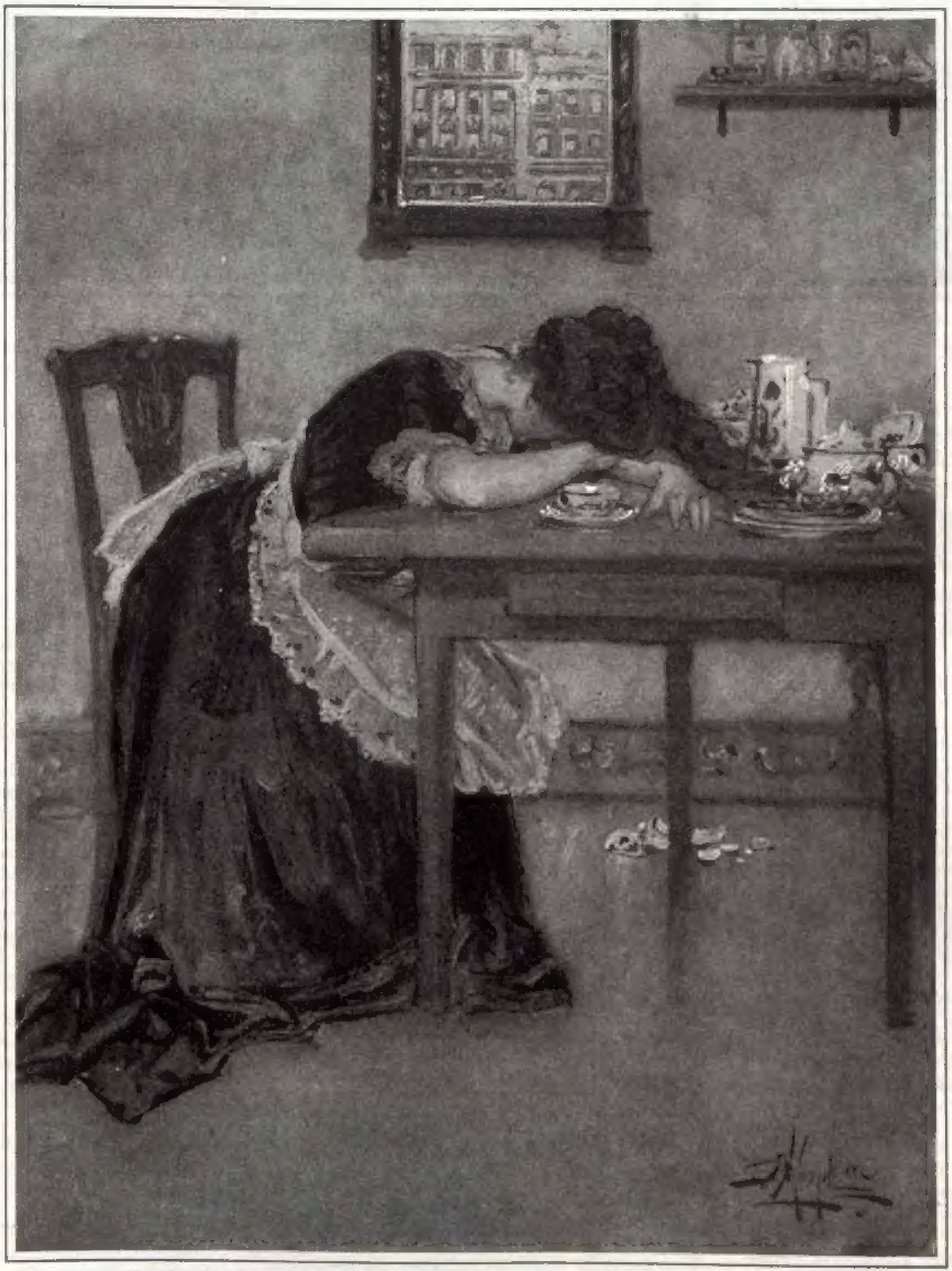
"Take off your coat, dearie," she went on.

"And you're not going to," said Charles-Norton, finishing his statement with complete disregard of hers.

Dolly stood there a moment looking at him quizzically, with head slightly cocked to one side.

"All right, Goosie," she said cheerily; "only, don't get mad at poor little me. Come on to breakfast, you big, shaggy bear, you!"

"I don't *want* any breakfast," growled Charles-Norton between closed teeth (as a matter of fact he did, and a fragrance of waffles from the kitchen was at the moment profoundly agitating the pit of his being). "I don't *want* any breakfast—where's my hat? Quick, I'm in a hurry. Good-by!"



Her Hair Lay Like a Golden Delta Among Plates and Saucers; and the Table Trembled

And tossing the hat bellicosely upon his head he pulled to himself the hall door, swaggered through, and let it slam back on his departing heels right before the astonished nose of his little wife.

She remained there before this rude door, examining its blank surface with a sort of objective curiosity. At the same time she was listening to the sound of steps gradually diminishing down the five flights. She shook her head. "The bad, bad boy!" she said.

She pivoted with a shrug of the shoulders and went back to the kitchen and sat down at the table, all set for breakfast. She took up her fork and cut off a bit of waffle. She placed it in her mouth. Her eyes went off far away.

It took it a long time, this little piece of waffle, to go down. Lordie, what a tough, resilient, flannelly bit of waffle this was! Suddenly her head went forward. It alighted upon the table, in her hands. A cup of the precious blue ware, dislodged, balanced itself a moment on the edge of the table, then, as if giving up hope, let go and crashed to the floor at her feet in many pieces. She gave it no heed. Her head was in her hands, her hands were on the table, her hair lay like a golden delta among plates and saucers; and the table trembled.

V

MEANWHILE, Charles-Norton was not having such a good time either. Starting off swaggeringly, he had halted three times on his way to the station, and three times had taken at least two steps back toward the flat which he had left desolate. And now in his glass cage, a weight was at his stomach, a constant weight like an indigestible plum-pudding. At regular intervals, as he bent over his books, he felt his heart descend swiftly to the soles of his feet; he paled at the sight of a telegraph messenger, at the sound of the telephone bell. He had visions of hospitals—of a white cot to which he was brought, a white cot about which grave men stood hopelessly and on the pillow of which spread a cascade of golden hair. Too imaginative, this Charles-Norton, too imaginative altogether!

He did not know that, after a while, Dolly had risen, and a bit wearily, with heavy sighs, had washed the dishes; that after this she had put the little flat in order; that during this operation, in spite of her best efforts, she had felt her woe slowly oozing from her; that the provisioning tour in the street and stores gay with gossipy, bargaining young matrons had almost completed this process; and that a providential peep in a milliner's window, which had suddenly solved for her the harassing problem of the spring hat (she had seen one she liked, and with a flash of inspiration had seen how she could make one just like it out of her old straw and some feathers long at the bottom of her trunk), had sent her bounding back up her five flights of stairs with a song purring in her heart.

So that when returning in the evening Charles-Norton opened the door with bated breath to find Dolly humming happily in the kitchen, he was struck by something like disappointment. "She's shallow," he thought; "doesn't feel." He did not mean by this, of course, that he wished she had in despair done something catastrophic. He meant merely—well, he did not know what he meant. He was disillusioned, that was all. This was but a prosy world, after all. Few heroics here!

And immediately a warning knocked at his consciousness. He must be careful if he were to hold what advantage he had gained earlier in the day. He turned from the kitchen threshold and silently slunk back into the room which was both dining and sitting room, and isolated himself behind the spread pages of the evening paper. He was curt and cold the entire evening. And in the morning he again left with calculated violence—breakfastless and unsheared.

This time Dolly did not weep. She sat long on the edge of her bed thinking silently, then a silver rocket of sound broke the sepulchral quiet of the flat. Dolly had had a vision of what must inevitably happen; and Dolly was laughing.

It took just ten days to happen—ten days which were rather disagreeable, of course, but which Dolly, sure of the trumps in her little hands, bore with jolly fortitude. All that time Charles-Norton glowered constantly. He was monosyllabic and ostentatiously unhappy. This more than was necessary, and very deliberate. It had to be deliberate; for, as a matter of fact, on the outside Charles was not having at all a bad time.

The exaltation of the ante-clipping days had returned—returned heightened—and was still glowing day by day. A constant joyous bubbling as of some inexhaustible spring lay at the bottom of his soul. His senses were singularly acute. He thrilled to a leaf, to a bud, to a patch of blue sky; and the thrill remained long, a profound satisfaction within him, after the stimulant had gone. With the resolution of a roué plunging back into his vice after an enforced vacation, he had bought a large sketch book; and he passed much time drawing lines into it—rapid beauty streaks that gave him a sensation of birds. He saw often now a land which was as a pool of gold beneath a turquoise sky; and a boy in the wild oats watching a circling hawk. At such times his lungs filled deep with the spring, and his arms were apt to beat at his sides in rapid tattoo. This, in fact, made up solely his morning exercises now. Standing with legs close together, a-tiptoe, head back and chest forward, placing his hands beneath his shoulders he waved his arms up and down in a beat that rose in fervid crescendo, till his eyes closed and there went through him a soaring ecstasy that threatened at times to lift him from the floor.

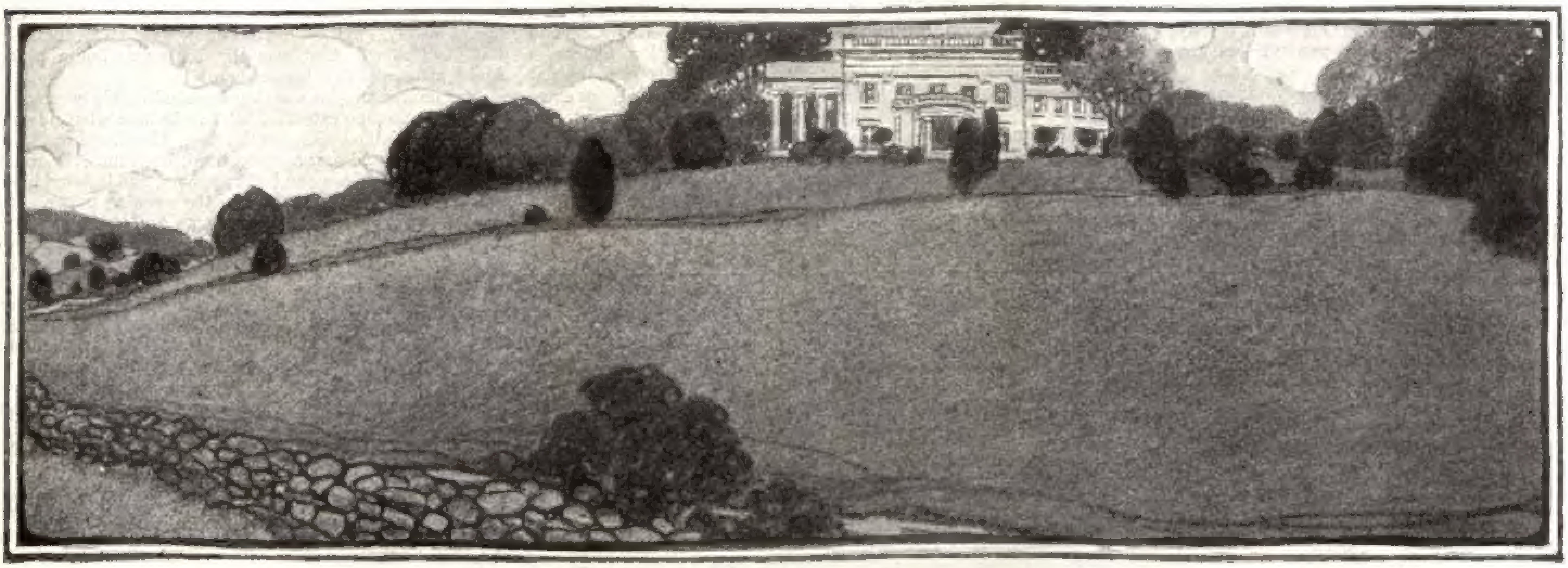
All this, of course, was not without its disadvantage. Vaguely he felt that, in some subtle way, he was gaining the disapproval of his fellows. Men were apt to look at him askance, half-doubtful, half-indignant. They trod on his toes in the elevated. His work, too, was going to pot; he could not stick to his figures. His chief, an old, fragile-necked bookkeeper, had spoken to him once.

"Mr. Sims," he had said, after a preliminary little cough—"Mr. Sims, you ought to take care of your health. You are not well."

"Oh, yes, I am," answered Charles-Norton absentmindedly. His eyes were on the ceiling, where a fly was buzzing. "*I'm* all right!"

(Continued on Page 57)

THE RICH MAN AS FARMER



By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE day a census taker toiled up the winding way that leads to E. H. Harriman's country home in the heart of the Ramapo Valley, in New York State. He found the railway magnate standing on his front steps. After the usual preliminary queries about age, birth and residence, he asked:

"What is your occupation, Mr. Harriman?"

"Farmer," was the reply, and his eyes swept the rolling country that stretched far away to the hazy mountains.

"Beg pardon," said the census taker; "did you say farmer?"

"I said farmer," rejoined Mr. Harriman.

Yet Mr. Harriman is only one of many rich men who are not only good farmers, but who take peculiar pleasure and pride in their agricultural accomplishments as well. They are a much more serious and important proposition than most people know or realize. It is natural to believe that long experience in stock-watering and bull-bucking in Wall Street would make the handling of real livestock comparatively easy, and the sustained milking of corporations would give the genuine dairy business a reminiscent flavor. At all events, there are farmers in the millionaire class who can make some growers in the corn belt look like primary pupils at a State experiment station.

The rich man succeeds as farmer because he organizes his farming operations just as he would organize a great business or run an important railroad system. It is a sort of investment that represents a certain amount of money, and it must yield a definite return in pleasure or profit.

The millionaires have farmers' clubs just like their genuine rustic brethren. If you should happen to stroll into the Metropolitan Club at Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street in New York the third Tuesday in December or January or February you would find the richest lot of farmers ever assembled in one group. There is not one in the crowd who could not write a check for a million and scarcely feel the strain. Despite the fact that the barn in which they meet is a white marble palace and that their combined wealth could buy all the farm land in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, these men debate solemnly on the value of crop rotation.

The Beginnings of the Millionaire Farmers' Club

THEY are members of the New York Farmers, an association duly organized under the law of New York State, and comprise what is undoubtedly the wealthiest group of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits in the world. The particular qualification for membership is not having millions (although apparently none but millionaires applies for membership), but, to quote the by-laws, "the candidate must be a possessor of land and engaged in the economies of agriculture." The club grew out of an informal gathering held one winter night in 1882 at the home of Mr. James A. Burden in New York. The original group included J. P. Morgan, John Jay, Samuel Sloan, T. A. Havemeyer, Adrian Iselin, William M. Evarts, W. K. Vanderbilt, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, Levi P. Morton, James Stillman, Pierre Lorillard, W. Bayard Cutting, Charles Lanier and Joseph H. Choate. Every one present owned a farm, and farming had long been a favorite topic of discussion. Later, at a meeting at the Union League Club, a formal organization which should promote their interest in agriculture and help to make them better farmers was outlined. This organization became the New York Farmers.

Nothing is ever printed in the newspapers about the club, and outside the immediate circles of the members few people know of its existence. At the meetings, which are held three times a year at the Metropolitan Club, there is a lecture by some well-known authority on agriculture, a man of the type of Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell. The discourses to which these eminent financiers have listened have been on such subjects as Beneficial Bacteria, Plant Breeding, The Rural Outlook, and Rural Highways.

After the lecture the meeting is thrown open to a general discussion. At more than one session E. H. Harriman has taken the floor to argue a mooted point in road-making; William Rockefeller has expounded the value of Westchester soil for apple-raising, and J. P. Morgan has contended that collies were the only dogs worth having about a farm. Not infrequently a million dollars' worth of time, measuring time by its value to the members during business hours, has been burned up in discussions of the merits of various breeds of chickens, for nearly every member is a poultry fancier. Of course, the meetings always include a dinner, and it is safe to say that it is somewhat different from that which the average real farmer gets when he has finished his chores and washed up.

The list of members of the New York Farmers is like a Wall Street Who's Who or a Directory of Directors. Here it is, printed in its entirety for the first time:

Francis R. Appleton
James W. Appleton
George F. Baker
John S. Barnes
William M. Barnum
C. Ledyard Blair
Edward Burnett
Charles F. Chandler
Joseph H. Choate
W. Bayard Cutting
Chauncey M. Depew
Watson B. Dickerman
C. F. Dieterich
Charles S. Fairchild
J. Howard Ford
Elbridge T. Gerry
Peter Goelet Gerry
Edward H. Harriman
James J. Hill
Samuel V. Hoffman
Adrian Iselin, Jr.
William Jay
F. B. Jennings
Gustav E. Kissel
Charles Lanier
James Lawrence
George B. Leighton
John Mayer
David H. McAlpin
J. G. McCullough
D. O. Mills
Ogden Mills
J. Pierpont Morgan
George B. Post
George B. Post, Jr.
Percy R. Pine
Geraldyn Redmond
Whitelaw Reid
Reginald W. Rives
William Rockefeller
Archibald R. Russell
William Cary Sanger
F. Augustus Schermerhorn
W. D. Sloane
Francis Lynde Stetson
James Stillman
F. K. Sturgis
Thomas Sturgis
Rutherford Stuyvesant
Walter L. Suydam
Henry A. C. Taylor
Jonathan Thorne
Oakleigh Thorne
Samuel Thorne
H. McK. Twombly
Francis T. Underhill
William K. Vanderbilt
Herbert Wadsworth
W. Austin Wadsworth
Henry R. C. Watson
W. Seward Webb
John D. Wing
James T. Woodward

But New York is not the only State to have a club of millionaire farmers. Pennsylvania preceded her by many years. A century ago a select group of gentlemen farmers who lived in and about Philadelphia organized what was called The Farmers' Club. It was limited to twelve members. That restriction and the original name have survived; likewise the original purpose, which was to develop an interest in real farming among men of means who were otherwise engaged. In the matter of new members it is like a Greek-letter fraternity, for no man can apply for admission. When a vacancy in the twelve occurs the surviving members select the new man. It is the most exclusive of all farming organizations. The present members own altogether about twelve thousand acres of land, a great part of which is under cultivation. A meeting is held once a month at the home of one of the members. Thus every man has a chance to entertain each year. Farming subjects are always discussed.

Mixing Milk and Millions

THE present members of The Farmers' Club are: E. T. Stotesbury, of Drexel & Co., who is Mr. Morgan's partner; Clement A. Griscom, president of the International Navigation Company; James McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railroad; Charles C. Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania; Elisha P. Wilbur, former president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad; Wayne MacVeagh; J. Don Cameron, son of the late Senator from Pennsylvania; and T. DeWitt Cuyler, James Logan Fisher, Edward Morrell and Rudulph Ellis, attorneys and capitalists.

When you come to take up the individual rich man as farmer you see, in most cases, why he became rich in the first place. He simply applies to his farming the first principles of business, which are efficiency and organization.

There is no better example than E. H. Harriman, who is today, perhaps, the most conspicuous figure in Big Finance. The anecdote at the beginning of this article illustrates his attitude toward farming. If you could see his estate at Arden, in Orange County, New York, you would understand the reason why. Yet it is not the magnificence of its sweeping distances, the splendor of his new marble mansion that crowns Tower Hill, or the luxury of owning mile after mile of almost virgin forest that combine to make him content to be away from his office. Rather is it the model dairy which is operated under the master's eye and which well-nigh takes precedence over every other activity on this place of more than thirty thousand acres.

If you could drop in on Mr. Harriman some day when he was not expecting you, you would be very likely to find him in one of his big, red barns, watching the milking of a bunch of his prize Jerseys, or standing by a fence watching a herd of them in a pasture. Most people don't know that, at Arden, Mr. Harriman conducts a real dairy, and that most of the rich milk and richer butter that go to the tables of the aristocratic establishments at Tuxedo bear on the bottles and wrappers the stamp of the Arden Farms Dairy Company. This is a Harriman company, and, although it does not appear in the long list of corporations in which he is interested, he is, nevertheless, the principal stockholder. This means that it is perfectly organized.

The Union Pacific Railroad is not conducted in a more businesslike or systematic way. There are Committees on Farm, on Feed, on Barn, and on every branch of the work. The people who work for the company and also those who live in the neighborhood own stock and thus their interest in it is developed.

That the Arden Farms Dairy Company goes in for real business is shown by the fact that it has three distributing dépôts which are also general stores. They are located at Arden, Central Valley and Southfields. In the conduct of these stores there is the same business precision as in the dairy. Mr. Harriman can step in any day and know just what business has been done and how the accounts stand.

It requires a large amount of farm products to maintain the Harriman herds, all of which is raised on the place. Although the crops have been large, very little has been sold on the outside. This year Mr. Harriman is going in for some fancy farming, and among other things celery-raising. He keeps the same tab on the farm that he does on the dairy. He likes to refer to this land under cultivation as The Farms.

It is significant of Mr. Harriman that he should regard good roads as the first step toward good farming. After the dairy, this is his hobby at Arden. He may be seen any time supervising the laying of telford or advising as to the course a certain highway should take. When he began to develop Arden he encountered many difficulties in road-making. The country was hard to subdue and the contractors were contrary. He relieved the situation by organizing his own road-making company, and thus he builds his roads himself. Incidentally, he has a private steam railway on his estate which is used to haul his guests from the valley up to the big house which looks out over half of Orange County. Later, this road will be operated by electricity.

Mr. Harriman is so enthusiastic over farming and dairying that he is bringing up one of his boys, W. A. Harriman, as farmer, and the ensign which flies from his private yacht is a sickle of white stars on a field of blue.

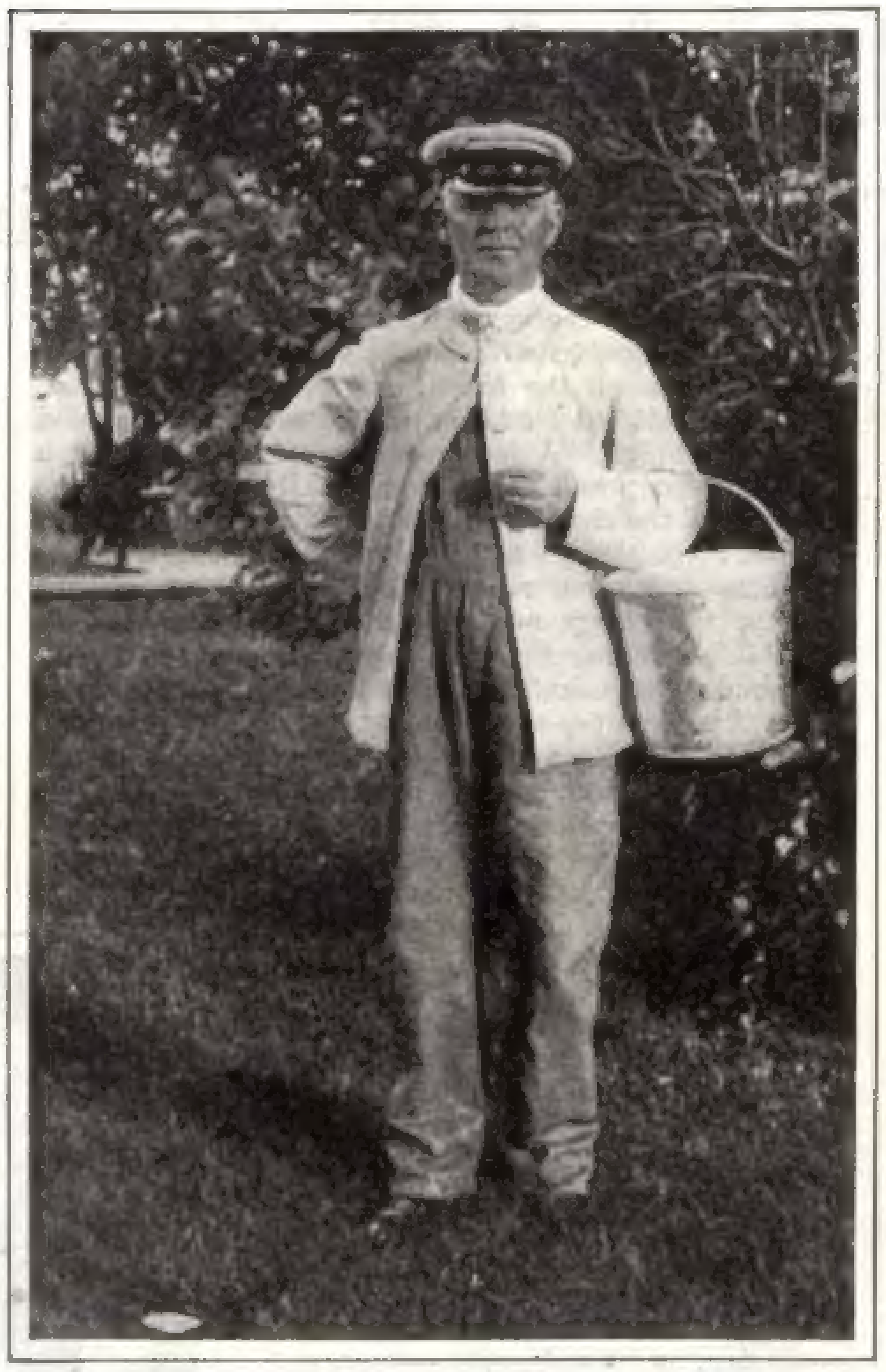
Perhaps no very rich man gets so much keen satisfaction out of farming and a farm as Thomas F. Ryan. He was a farmer's boy before he became a money power. Today, when he wants to forget the turmoil of the market-place and the wear and tear of the game of million-making, he goes down to his place, Oak Ridge, in Nelson County, Virginia. It is one thing to see Mr. Ryan, keen, alert, girded for the financial fray in New York; it is quite another to watch him down at Oak Ridge, galloping on his favorite horse, Denmark, a big, rangy chestnut. He wears old clothes, a slouch hat, and he calls familiarly to the men at work in his fields. Then he is likely to go on down to the crossroads store, sit on the steps and swap stories with the neighbors.

On the Ryan Farm in Virginia

ONE of the few ways in which you can beat certain millionaires is in a horse trade. Not so with Mr. Ryan. He knows more about horses than most professional horsemen. He can go into a pasture containing fifty colts and unerringly pick out the best of the lot. He can find a blemish where experts would fail to locate it. He owns Highland Eagle, champion saddle stallion, and also M. de l'Orme, one of the finest French thoroughbred stallions ever brought over. He has bred a dozen prize winners.

After his livestock, which includes the finest herd of Red Polled Angus in the State, he is devoted to the farming on his place. He knows as much about the growing of wheat as his superintendent. Besides a big wheat crop, he grows more than enough corn for his stock. He likes to get out in the fields with the men and has often taken a hand at pitching hay. He is built for work, for he is large, big-boned and sturdy.

Mr. Ryan is one of the few men who own a mountain. It is called Wood Mountain and you can see it from any part of his estate of seven thousand acres. On its top is a cabin fitted up for instant use in case he should find himself in that vicinity late at night. Mr. Ryan rides to the hounds and has one of the finest packs in the South.



W. C. Brown, President of the New York Central, Going Out to Milk His Cows

When you come to know Mr. Ryan you find out that his love of farming is intense. Ask him where is the real home and he will answer without hesitation, "On a farm." Once he said to me when we were discussing the work of money:

"Farming is the best investment because it yields peace."

He has been known to go all the way to Virginia to spend part of a Sunday on his farm. He has gone on half an hour's notice, too. He says that the desire to get down there in the open is irresistible. He has a private railway station and his car is put on a siding there.

A year ago, when THE SATURDAY EVENING POST made the first announcement of his retirement from business, there were many men in Wall Street who doubted Mr. Ryan's decision. Yet every act of his since that time has been a step toward emancipation from his many interests and for more time at his farm. He has resigned from a dozen directorships. It is, perhaps, fitting to reproduce here what he said on that occasion a year ago: "I want to go back to Virginia and live among the people I know and the people who have known me since I was born. I love my home, I am fond of my cattle and horses, and down there I hope to find the peace I want."

Farmer Yoakum, Who Said in a Speech: "Upon the Farmers This Nation Must Depend Not Only for the Creation of Its Wealth, but for a Governmental Policy, Economical and Fair in Its Administration to All Interests Alike"

If you should ever be driving along one of the good roads that cross the country at Farmingdale, Long Island, and look into a big potato patch that spreads all over the country, you are likely to see a broad-shouldered, husky man, wearing old clothes and digging a row in that patch. A dozen other men are liable to be working in the same place; but none works any harder than this particular one. Should he look up you would recognize him as B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Rock Island system and the man who has probably built more actual miles of railroad than any other. There is no railroading down on his farm, for he is one of the "realest" farmers among the big industrial and railway leaders.

This is not surprising, for Mr. Yoakum was born on a farm down in Limestone County, Texas. There is no kind of farm work that he does not know or has not done. When he came East, after a brilliant career in the Southwest, his friends thought he would become soft and spoiled; but he didn't. One of the first things that he did was to buy a thousand acres down on Long Island. People told him he was buying a wornout farm and that he was getting a gold brick. But Mr. Yoakum had not farmed in Texas for nothing. Last year he had three hundred acres of it under cultivation. He sold three thousand dollars' worth of hay, five hundred bushels of potatoes and a thousand bushels of corn.

"Could you make a living out of that farm if you had to?" I asked him.

"Yes," he replied, "and a good one."

Mr. Yoakum also raises Belgian draft-horses, which he declares are among the best and most profitable of country investments.

Why They Call Him Bill

I ASKED Mr. Yoakum why he liked to farm, and he said: "First of all, it keeps me close to scenes that bring back my boyhood. Second, it is fine, healthful exercise. Every man ought to know something about farming. I like to build up a farm. That's why I bought this particular Long Island place. The trouble with the American farmer is that, for years, he has been taking too much out of the ground and not putting anything else back into it. Crop losses simply come from soil exhaustion." Ever since he came East it has been Mr. Yoakum's habit to go out to the Long Island farm on Friday and stay until Monday. Only an event of sensational importance in the railroad world can keep him away. He also owns a farm at Kingsville, Texas. Last year he sold a hundred bales of cotton from it.

When it comes to farming of the real horny-handed kind W. C. Brown, the president of the New York Central, can give Mr. Yoakum a contest. He, too, was a farmer's boy and nearly all the years of his early life were spent in the open in the West. Although he came East and became involved in the meshes of a great railway system and sits in council with the Vanderbilts and Harriman, the first thing he does when he has a holiday is to hike back to Iowa. Down at Clarinda, in the heart of one of the richest corn belts in the world, he has a sure-enough farm of four hundred acres. During corn-planting time he is out in the fields every day, working with his men and showing them how to do their work properly. The hands call him Bill, and he eats his dinner with them under the trees. He believes that he raises the best corn in Iowa, and he has never had any trouble in selling it. He has a hundred head of fine cattle. He sells his beef in the Des Moines market and makes a profit on it.

Mr. Brown has made a careful study of irrigation and soil treatment. Last year he sent his farm superintendent over to Ames, where the Iowa State Agricultural College is located, to take a course in soil study. When the man got back to the farm he did not know as much about it as his boss.

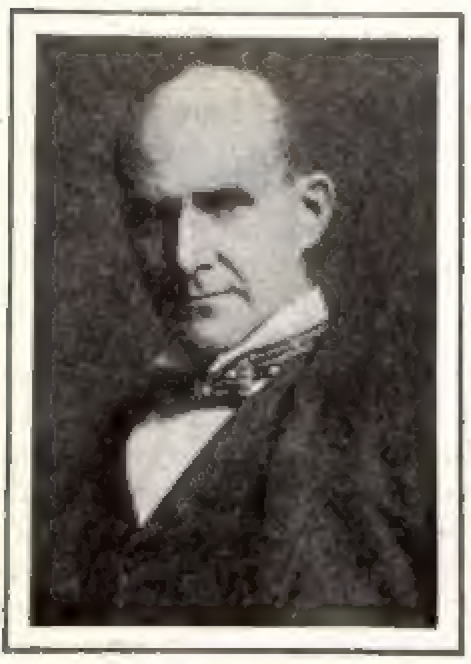
Mr. Brown looks upon farming as the best national investment. His theory is that, instead of building a battleship, the country ought to invest the price of it in an experimental farm in every State, to be operated at the expense of the Government. "Such a farm," he says, "would be followed by a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm owned and operated by every State in the Union. Once

(Continued on Page 68)

"PRACTICAL" SOCIALISM

Is There Any Such Thing?

THE "cracker-box" Socialist orator, when he has finished his discourse, always throws the meeting open to the house for discussion and questions. The skeptics and wage-slaves in his audience ask some curious questions. One is phrased about like this: "If you get hold of the government how are you going to get hold of the industries? Steal them?"



Eugene V. Debs

Although it is an old question, it is a pertinent one. It is one of the first things which Democracy has to ask of Socialism. The world has been going on, time out of mind, on the system of private ownership; all the laws and institutions of modern civilization are attuned to it; and the thought strikes the average citizen that our industries cannot be transferred to State control without—well, considerable disturbance and even some slight annoyance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has asked that question of ten Socialists representing every element in the party. "How will the coöperative Commonwealth be brought about?" was the manner in which we phrased it. We supplemented this question by another one: "Suppose that you should elect a Socialist President and Congress, how would you go about transferring private property to public ownership?" And here are the answers. We leave it to our readers to judge whether the preachers of this new gospel have a cure for social ills which they or any one else can apply practically.

Will Give Work to Every One

NO ONE on earth knows how Socialism is to be introduced. First of all, no one knows how it will come, nor what the conditions will be at the time of its coming, nor, in fact, anything about it except that it is bound to come.

Of course no intelligent person believes that Capitalism will abruptly cease and Socialism as abruptly begin. The change will doubtless come gradually in obedience to the evolutionary forces which are producing it. As to how it will be introduced depends upon so many potential factors and so many possible contingencies that it is impossible for any one to say with any degree of assurance how it will come and what immediate changes will take place. As a matter of fact it will not be introduced, but it will adjust itself. If it comes in peace, or at least without great violence, as Socialists ardently hope, and if its representatives are permitted to carry out their plans and program, they will doubtless proceed by legal and orderly means to abolish the capitalist political state and establish an industrial democracy—that is to say, they will supplant the capitalist government of men with the democratic administration of things.

To this end they will doubtless proceed to take over, as rapidly as may consistently be done, the essential means of social production and distribution, beginning with those most highly centralized and monopolized and most perfectly organized.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Victor Berger

From the first, the new administration will be able to assure employment to all, and thus one of the greatest evils of the present system will be overcome immediately after the transformation.

A new national constitution adapted to the new conditions arising under the industrial commonwealth will no doubt have to be adopted, and this will quite likely be a simple instrument. The Senate will surely be abolished, the Supreme Court shorn of its veto powers, and Congress made directly responsive to the demands and needs of the people.

—EUGENE V. DEBS.

To Give the Trusts to the Nation

TO BEGIN with, the hypothesis you present is impossible. Such a thing as Socialism coming into power all at once will never happen. No one can give me the day or even the century when capitalism began. No one can give me the day or century when feudalism began. France in the Revolution tried to do the very thing which you suggest. Between the fourth and fifteenth of August, 1789, she abolished feudalism, all titles of nobility, and the State church. A few years later she abolished a Supreme Being; and she confiscated all the lands of the nobility and the church. Yet France has since had three different revolutions, two different empires, two different kingdoms and three republics. A few years ago the nobility, the clergy and the anti-Dreyfusards tried to reëstablish a monarchy, and only the demonstration of two hundred thousand Socialists stopped it. France is now shaken from top to bottom by the attempt to get rid of a State church—and all this happened one hundred years after feudalism and the church were officially abolished forever in France. Nor is this all. Though capitalism reigns supreme in every civilized country, there's a considerable remnant of feudalism not only in France but in Germany, where the "Junkers" are ruling the empire, and in England, where the House of Lords not only owns nine-tenths of the soil, but constitutes a considerable part of the legislative machinery. The scions of the old feudal aristocracy are now trying to amalgamate with the heads of the capitalist class in every country—even this one. That's the meaning in the marriages of our great heiresses to European noblemen.

FROM STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, [illegible], BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

Upton Sinclair

Just as little as feudalism disappeared in one day, one decade, one century, so little will capitalism disappear in one day, one decade or one century. It will disappear gradually. In other words, before we elect a Socialist President and majority of Congress we'll elect a number of members of Congress, carry a number of States, and bring about changes correspondingly. Not only that; the moment we elect, say, fifty members of Congress, the old parties will tumble over each other to bring about changes on Socialistic lines. There may be uprisings and revolutions of violence in the process, but they're not desirable nor necessary from our point of view.

However, answering the hypothetical question: if we should elect a President and a majority of Congress right now we'd simply take possession of the trusts and let the nation own them. But I'm convinced that this condition of affairs will be brought about by economic and political necessity long before we have a majority of Congress and a President.

Some of the more progressive capitalistic parties in Congress and in the different legislatures will coöperate with the Socialists in Congress and in the legislatures to that end. To take the trusts outright would be the most expensive and foolish way. It would mean war.

I will take two analogies from history. In 1775 France had a very brilliant Minister of Finance named Turgot. He was the real originator of Single Tax. He was a man of genius, and he could see what was coming. Fourteen years before the Revolution he proposed that the nation buy the lands of the nobility, comprising nearly one-third of French territory, and the lands of the church, composing about one-third, and sell them to the people. That would have been the cheapest and best way, wouldn't it? It would have saved France billions of wealth and seven million lives, the toll of the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. Did the nobility and the clergy listen? They called it heresy and anarchy combined. On the other hand, the ultra-radicals would not listen, either—they weren't going to pay anything at all for those lands if they could help it. The ultra-radicals did take the land without paying for it—but that didn't settle the question. It hasn't been settled yet in France.

The same thing was true of slavery in the United States. Sixteen years before the War, Henry Clay proposed to pay the slaveowners a billion dollars for their slaves—twice as much as their value in open market. The slaveholders received the proposal with open derision. Slavery was a God-given institution. The Bible supported it. Besides, what could they do with the money without slaves? And in the North the Abolitionists (like our own Socialist "impossibilists") said: "Pay for slaves? It would be wicked. No man has a right to own slaves!" Even men like Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison said this. So we had a war which cost five hundred thousand men killed outright and twelve billion dollars in treasure—and the question isn't settled yet.

The Socialists will have to bother with a similar problem some day. If our people learn by history, they'll pay for the means of production. It is the cheapest way, the best way. Besides, what will the trust owners do with the money? Run opposition to the State? No man can do that successfully. You've pulled the poison fangs of the Trust snake the moment you've taken away his chance of investing his money in his kind of exploitation. We're not going to pay for watered stock nor for franchises—just actual values. In no case would I pay the owners more than the plants could be duplicated for—in some cases that would be only one-tenth their stock value. And only in case the trusts and big capitalists should resist, only in case they should rebel against the laws made by the majority of the people, only in case they should prove to be political anarchists as they are economic anarchists, would I advise the use of the *ultima ratio*—force—the cannon. But I hope both sides will take a lesson from history.

—VICTOR BERGER,
The "Socialist Boss" of Milwaukee.

Private Property on Trial

I DON'T think we're ever going to elect a President or a Congress or anything. We're all going to be Socialists in the end—the present party is merely a tool. Even Taft says: "Private property is on trial." The events will do the moving. It is like the method by which a seed becomes a tree—it is unconscious.

I take, you see, a kind of fatalistic view. The only way to adapt ourselves to a monopolistic control of industry is to have the monopolies taken over by the State. When the time comes for that, the dominant political party, whatever it may be, will be forced by the logic of events toward the Socialist program—forced so far toward it that the dominant political party will carry it out unawares.

—GAYLORD WILSHIRE, *Editor and Writer.*

Socialism's Triumph in 1913

I DO not believe that our present ruling class will ever permit the Socialists to sweep the country. When the country has once made it clear that it means to have Socialism, the Republican party will give it Socialism.

There are two possible ways of doing this—slowly and calmly; or suddenly, in the midst of a great crisis, and with popular tumult. The prospective overthrow of the Aldrich-Cannon régime, tariff revision, parcels-post, rate regulation—these are feeble attempts at the former way. A vigorous enforcement of Roosevelt's idea of income and inheritance taxes would be a step farther. The policy of buying up all monopolies, beginning with public-service corporations, and paying for their physical value with bonds—and then putting a heavy inheritance tax upon the bonds—this would obviously bring about the Socialist state by peaceful methods. But the time to do this is passing rapidly—if indeed it is not already past.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Gaylord Wilshire

The other way—the one which is being followed—is to potter about with futile attempts at "regulation"; and permit the concentration of wealth to go on, permit the overproduction of the means of production to go on—until we have another crisis, and a panic compared to which that of 1907 will be as a flurry of snow to a blizzard. Then with hunger parades in our streets, and Maxim guns also; with strikes in every industry, and a Socialist meeting on every corner—the great change will be made by whatever party happens to be in power at the time. A Government commissioner—backed by troops if need be—will replace the directors in each industrial or public-service corporation;

Bernard Berlyn

dividends will be abolished, and the profits devoted to public works until the unemployed crisis is past, and after that to the reduction of prices. In addition to that, all that will be needed to complete the Socialist program will be to tax the rental values of land and buildings. It is very simple; and it waits only until economic distress forces the people to act. At present the courts block the way, of course; in the time I speak of, the decrees of the courts will have just as much effect as the Dred Scott decision had in preventing the Emancipation Proclamation.

In my book, The Industrial Republic, I have set the date at 1913. That was first written in 1903; I see no reason to change the date now. This, of course, is with the proviso that there does not come a war, to increase consumption and decrease production, and avert the crisis for a time. —UPTON SINCLAIR,

Socialist Lecturer, and Author of The Jungle.

Resistance Means Revolution

THE election of a Socialist administration—that would be the Social Revolution itself. The working class interest, then being dominant in the government, would work out the details just as the opportunities demand. The most pressing things would present themselves first. The complete transformation might take a generation. And it might be hastened, not by any action of the then dominant working class, but through the continued resistance of the beaten capitalist class. Just so, when the slave power refused to sumbit to the expression at the ballot-box of the restrictions imposed upon the institution of slavery, the Civil War brought about its total abolition within two years. —BERNARD BERLYN,

Father of Modern Socialism in Chicago, and Member of National Committee.

Force if Persuasion Fails

THAT'S a difficult question. It is like a question which is thrown at me continually when I am on the road: "What is Socialism?" And since Socialism comprises all the sciences of the world, you can see how difficult the question is to answer in a word.

Supposing that we elect a Socialist President and a Socialist Congress. That will mean that a majority of the people stand for the Socialist principle—abolition of private ownership as a means of life. We may then proceed in either of two ways. We may take over the means of production by purchase—pay so many dollars and cents for them—or we may take possession of them by force. If we follow the purchase plan we will get the purchase price from the revenues of the institutions themselves. It could be done with a great saving to the people over the present system. Take, for instance, city waterworks, which are as much an industry as a railroad is. Almost every municipally-owned waterworks, in spite of corrupt politics, has turned out to be a great saving to the people.

The great railroad companies make millions every year for private owners. When, through stock-juggling or greedy manipulation, such companies go into the hands of receivers—in other words, into the hands of the Government—they are put on a paying basis before they are handed back—which proves that the Government can run a business successfully. This means that if we, as a Government, should take over any particular railroad, that road would still be operated by engineers, firemen and switchmen, but instead of a board of directors managing for a limited number of stockholders, the Government would have its own board of directors to run the same railroad in such a way that the profits now going to a few would go to all the people. The railroads today are bonded and overcapitalized, the people paying, through overcharges on passenger and freight rates, the interest on all that capital. If these railroads were taken over the same earning capacity would be there, and we could with it pay all the interest and indebtedness on the bonds issued to make the transfer. This is all presupposing that the policy of purchase is followed. There's no security that the present owners of things which the people want to get control of would consent to sell. There was a time when the North was willing to pay the South for its slaves, but it was not to be, because the owners believed that they were divinely ordained to hold slaves and would not give them up even for pay. The result was the Proclamation of Emancipation which declared chattel slavery at an end. Whether or no this will be true of capitalism and the capitalist class is a matter for the future to determine.

John C. Chase, the Socialist Ex-Mayor of Haverhill, Mass.

Whether temporary chaos would result or not would depend on the numbers and strength of the people behind the movement at the time. There need be no chaos at all, because, in either case, the machinery of government could not be worked fast enough to justify an attempt immediately to transform our industrial system from private to Government ownership. The people would have to take possession gradually. —JOHN C. CHASE,

Socialist Ex-Mayor of Haverhill, Mass.

Appropriation of Property the Cure

THE question is purely hypothetical, because no one can predict what the conditions will be when we get hold of the Government. I will not say that a social cataclysm is impossible. The only thing that will prevent it will be the intelligence and organization of the working class. If conditions are such that complete and immediate assumption of industry is not possible at the time, we will gradually take possession of those industries which are best organized and most highly-developed, as a basis for future operations—the railroads, for example. Then should come the natural resources. We may do this by purchase or by appropriation. Myself, I favor absolute appropriation. I cannot believe that society, through organized government, owes anything at all to the present possessors of industry. For industry is a social product, the result of centuries of social effort. No single individual produced the present industrial system. However necessary the individual has been in the past to the development and organization of industry, we have reached the stage where the individual has merged in the social mass. The social mass should own and share in common the fruits of their common labor. Therefore, I justify appropriation.

William Mailly

—WILLIAM MAILLY,

Editor of the Call, New York City.

Peaceable Acquisition Assured

I AM not a seer. I cannot tell what Socialists will do when they come into power. They will not be guided by what we say now, or think now. Men were republicans before we had republics, but when the trend of political events brought republics into being, those assisting at the birth of the new order were not guided by the republican formulas of the earlier agitators.

In the light of history it is reasonable to believe that Socialism will come gradually. The preliminary stages will be largely the work of parties working in opposition to Socialism. When a powerful Socialist party has grown up in this country the parties in power will hasten to municipalize and nationalize great undertakings, and to pass all forms of protective labor legislation, hoping thereby to keep back the growth of Socialism and to allay popular discontent. You see, I state this as a fact and not as a theory, and I do so simply because it is similar to what has occurred as a result of all great movements in the past, and it is exactly what is occurring in Europe in the many places where Socialism is a power. Karl Marx himself has said that capitalism will be its own undertaker, and that is true in more senses than one.

But even supposing, as you suggest, that Socialists had control of government now, that would not materially alter the situation. Even then it would be necessary to proceed slowly and cautiously in carrying out a reorganization on Socialist lines. Probably the monopolies would first be socialized. The necessities of life, such as bread, milk, meat, coal and dwellings would be taken as much as possible, and as quickly as possible, out of the field of capitalistic exploitation; but just what would be done first, second or third no man can say.

Robert Hunter

To many persons the carrying out of such a program would seem to involve violence, industrial chaos and widespread disorder, but that, of course, is an assumption.

Socialism advocates only the transfer of the ownership of capital from the hands of private capitalists into the hands of the community. In making such a transfer there is no need whatever for a single wheel to stop or for a single day of interrupted labor. Nor is this an assumption. It is again what is now occurring. The stock of all great corporations passes now from hand to hand without disturbing business.

Railroads and all other large corporations are bought and sold every day on the Stock Exchange. The New York Central Railroad might be owned by the Emperor of China, by an infant in the cradle, or by an idiot; it would not matter in the least. Trains would run on schedule. Business would go on without interruption, and the workers, from superintendent to trackmen, who conduct the railroad, would not need to know, and probably would not care to know, whether the idiot, or the infant, or the Emperor owned the New York Central Railroad.

Throughout the world millions of dollars of gas, water and traction property have, within twenty years, been transferred from private hands into the hands of municipalities without violence, chaos or disorder.

Lincoln once said: "To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government." Men call themselves Socialists because they want to secure to labor the full product of its toil. They are convinced that that can never be done under capitalism. They are equally convinced that it can be done under Socialism.

Shorn of all unessentials, this is the core of the Socialist contention, and we rest in the confident belief that, so long as Socialists support the principle that to labor belongs the full product of its toil, ways will be found to establish a social order which will achieve that end.

—ROBERT HUNTER,

Formerly Socialist Candidate for the New York Assembly; Author of Poverty.

Raising Wages to Reduce Profits

I'VE been asked that question about seven million times. It is fired at every soap-box orator every night.

A Socialist victory in national affairs would never take place until there had been a lot of minor victories. Municipal undertakings in coöperation would have progressed just as they have in Europe. We would then proceed to get possession of the most concentrated capital. As fast as the movement could be organized we would extend this ownership. Fundamentally, we would begin at once to make employment for the unemployed. The pouring of this reserve army into industry would practically make private business unprofitable. It would force up wages at once. For, if a factory could not find any one to take the places of its employees, it would have to raise wages on their demand until it took away the margin of profits.

However, Socialists are the last people on earth to say what the future will be. We don't believe in the government of the dead hand. The method will doubtless differ with every country, according to the state of economic and social development which that country has reached. We wouldn't step into office on March fourth and say: "Now everything will be public property." Elected by vote of the people, we would have to shape our course so as to hold public approval. Probably, long after the arrival of a Socialist régime we shall have people working on the wagesystem—a transitory condition, due to replacing an old system by one radically different.

A. M. Simons

All this is postulated on a peaceable, orderly revolution, brought about by the ballots of the working class.

—A. M. SIMONS,

Editor of the Chicago Daily Socialist.

(Concluded on Page 55)

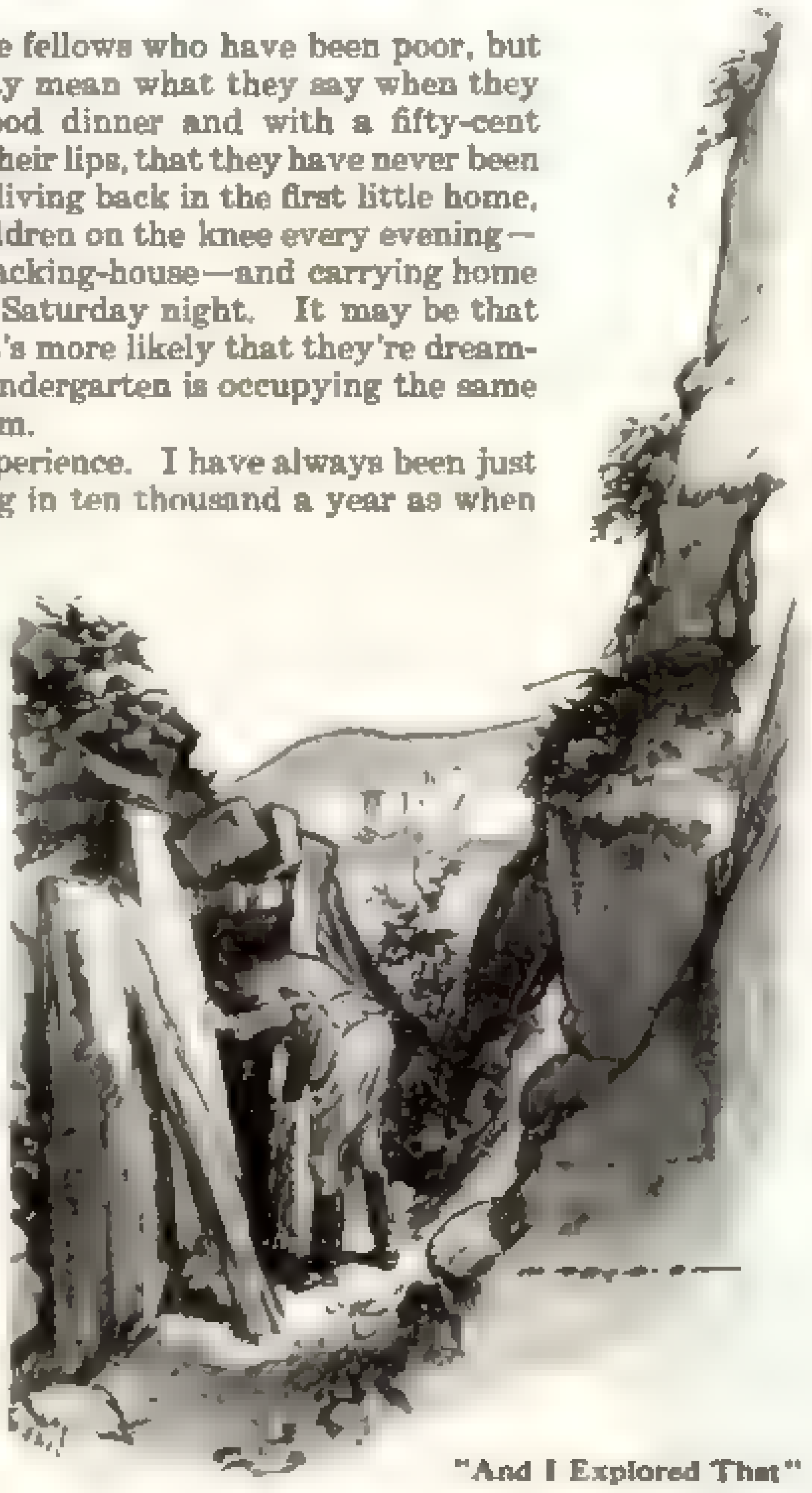
THE NET AND THE QUARRY

A Good, Reliable Family Speculator, Warranted Kind to Ride

By George Frederic Stratton

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY A. RALEIGH

IT MAY be that those fellows who have been poor, but have grown rich, may mean what they say when they tell you, after a good dinner and with a fifty-cent Flora Adorosa between their lips, that they have never been so truly happy as when living back in the first little home, dandling four or five children on the knee every evening—after ten hours in the packing-house—and carrying home nine honest dollars on Saturday night. It may be that they believe it all, but it's more likely that they're dreaming—dreaming that a kindergarten is occupying the same bed and listening to them.


"And I Explored That"

It has not been my experience. I have always been just as happy when gathering in ten thousand a year as when cashing pay-checks for seven-twenty for a week's work—every bit! And now that the old scoundrel, Pritchard, had sheared me so close that a fly would skate on my hide, and I was back in a cottage watching bargain ads. of stew beef, I would have changed quite willingly to the ten-thousand-a-year income.

Still, I wasn't unhappy. My son was working his way through a technical college; one of the girls was married to a young doctor, a very bright fellow; the other was spending a good deal of time whispering to her mother, and flushing quite a bit when a certain pair of patent leathers brought a certain, good-looking six-footer up the front steps. The whole family was cheerful, and, as for me—well—I'd always enjoyed a good pipe as much as a Flora Adorosa.

But I did want to get even with Pritchard.

He rode in a big limousine now—bought with my money. Often, as I was framing up some building for a customer, my mind would go back to the three fortunes I had lost, through the stock manipulations of such men as Pritchard. Then I would thump in the shingle or board nails till the heads sank into the timber.

I had never speculated to the extent of one dollar, yet three times a good business which I had built up had been wrenched from me by men skilled in the accursed contrivances of preferred stock and common stock, and watered stock and mortgage bonds.

So, when my old friend, Barker, strolled into my shop one day and, slapping me on the back, remarked that he thought he saw a way to "do Pritchard, and do him good!" I dropped my tools and gasped:

"Tell me about it, Barker—tell me *now!*"

"My, my!" he laughed. "What an impatient, hot-blooded young thing it is! Put on your coat, Jack, and come around to my rooms, and meet the man who'll begin at the beginning. I want you to see the budding and the unfolding and the full blossoming of this flower, which is going to hypnotize and paralyze our very dear friend, Pritchard. And perhaps, old man, there'll be some fruit for you, if you're good and don't bolt the track at the wrong moment."

His runabout took us to his rooms in a few minutes, and we had hardly arrived when the man he spoke of entered. I knew him well—Phil Boyce, who two years before had narrowly escaped a prison sentence for some little irregularity in his accounts with Grasse & Peebles, his employers. Barker had settled the matter and then sent him up-country to make a fresh start. Barker was always doing things like that.

Boyce looked well and clean, and I greeted him heartily. Barker tossed a handful of cigars on the table and, swinging his feet over the arm of a Morris chair, said:

"Fire away, Boyce!"

"I've been up in Marquette County," commenced the young fellow, turning to me. "Perhaps you know that Mr. Barker owns a small coal mine up there, and, as I tramp through the woods a good deal in my spare time, I've discovered something which seems to threaten his property. So I wrote to him and he asked me to come down here and explain the matter more fully."

He took a small paper from his pocket and continued:

"Here's a little sketch of the place. You'll notice, here is the mine and six hundred yards northeast is the reservoir of the Seguinac River Power Company. There's the dam. Now, running from the mine is a drift, or tunnel, which reaches out to the reservoir. The mine, as Mr. Barker knows, has not been operated for several years—or the danger of that tunnel would have been reported before."

"Then the mine must be flooded," I exclaimed.

"No, because at present there is no connection between the reservoir and the tunnel. There is a shelf of granite forming the roof of the tunnel and the bed of the reservoir, but, from the experience I have had in such matters, I am sure that very little more pressure would bring that roof in, and then not only the mine would be flooded, but the reservoir would empty. A very little shock would do it; ten pounds of dynamite, for instance, although, of course, nothing of that kind is to be feared down there."

I looked the sketch over carefully, wondering what all this had to do with Pritchard. Barker inquired:

"You are quite certain, Boyce, that this condition of affairs is unknown to any one up there?"

"Very certain," replied Boyce. "In the two years I've been there I should surely have heard of it if any one knew of its existence. The mine has been deserted for four years, as you know, Mr. Barker, and the men who formerly worked there have all gone away. And if this tunnel had been suspected when the reservoir was built, two years ago, it would have been looked for and filled in. They would never knowingly have left any such menace behind them."

"How did you discover it? You would hardly wander through that old mine for recreation."

"No, indeed. But there's a cave-in above the tunnel, within a dozen yards of the reservoir, and I explored that. The tunnel ends just underneath the south bank of the reservoir."

"You're a good boy, Boyce," drawled Barker. "We'll talk about a reward for this before you go back—in the ——"

"Mr. Barker!" interrupted Boyce, "I hope you don't imagine I've forgotten what happened two years ago!"

"Well, well, we won't quarrel over it. As I was about to remark, you can make this information much more valuable by telling just one other man about it—and one only."

"I'll do just what you direct, Mr. Barker."

Barker was now chewing a cigar viciously and looking at the wall.

"That other man is Pritchard—Stephen Pritchard," he continued. "He is the president of the Seguinac River Power Company, and, of course, this matter will interest him as much as it does me Mr. Pritchard will be very glad, I am sure, to get your information. Probably he will reward you—and then, again, probably he will not. Pritchard is uncertain about rewards."

"I'm not looking for that, Mr. Barker, I assure you." The young man seemed really distressed.

It was very seldom that Barker dropped his jocularity and assumed a manner stern and thoroughly earnest. He did so now.

"Boyce, if you really mean to do me a good turn pay strict attention to me now. Pritchard *must not* know that I am acquainted with the existence of this tunnel. He *must* gain the impression that you and he alone are the possessors of this knowledge. Can I rely upon you, absolutely, in this?"

"You certainly can, Mr. Barker!"

"That's good. There's more back of it than you now suspect. Come back here when you've seen Pritchard. And, Boyce, be sure you insist upon seeing Pritchard alone. Don't let any secretary or stenographer butt in! That's very important."

Boyce left us at once and, after locking the door, Barker strode into the middle of the room, his eyes gleaming, and said:

"'The mills of the gods grind slowly,' but not too blamed slowly! It's only a few months since Pritchard cleaned you out, eh, Jack?"

"That's all," I agreed wonderingly.

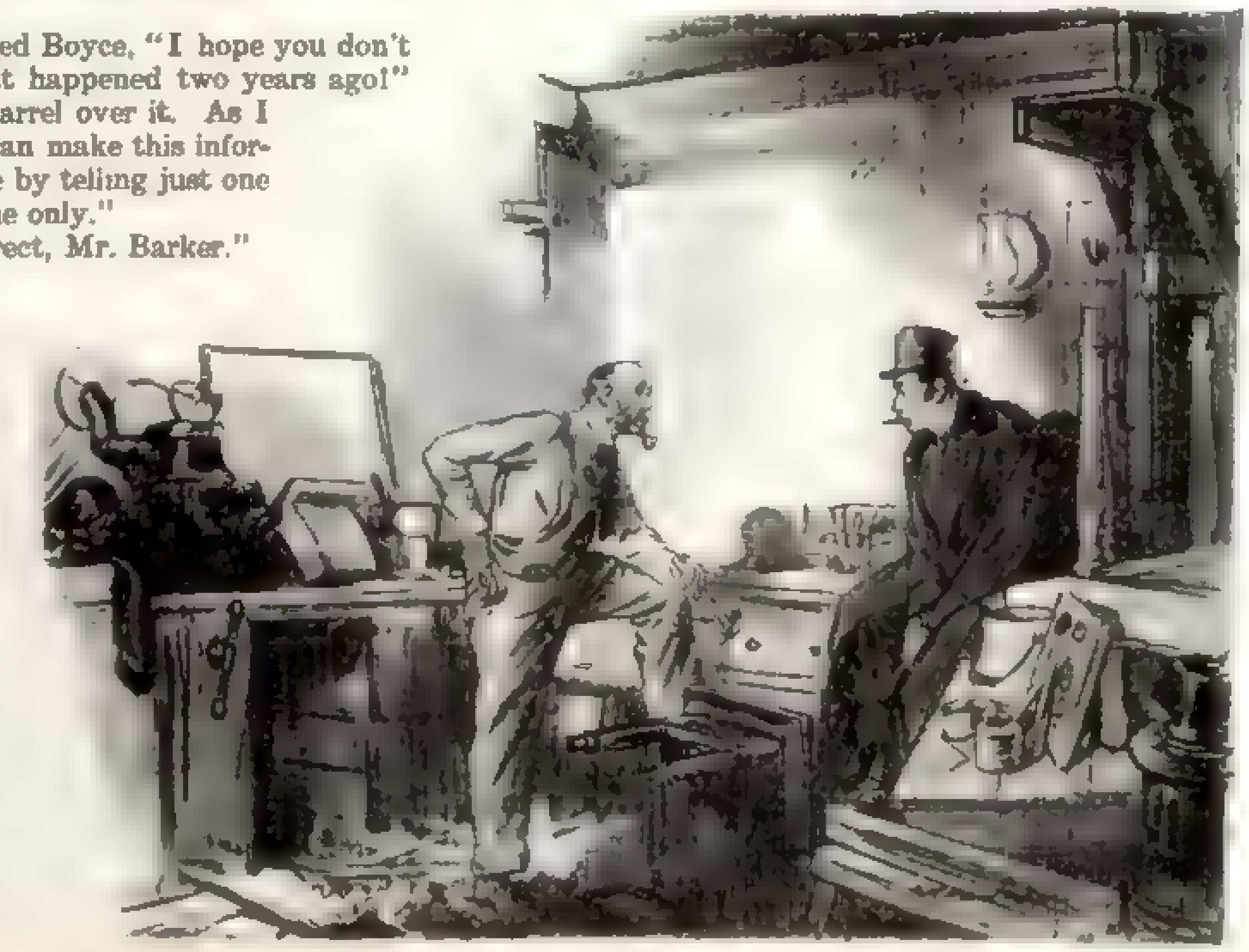
"Ah!—'but they grind exceeding small.' Exceeding small! eh, Jack? We shall now proceed to impress that fact firmly upon the eminently-gentlemanly rascal, Pritchard!"

"I'd like to know what you're driving at," I growled impatiently. "I see nothing in all this—not a thing!"

"That's because your education is not complete, Jack. You've not had the advantage of a lifelong contemplation of the financial methods of Pritchard—and of Buckley, who, I believe, also formerly skinned you. *I have!*"

"You send round and warn Pritchard of the danger to his reservoir," I said with some disgust, "and then talk of getting him ground small!"

"Sure! He'll be ground small—pulverized!" chuckled Barker. "Now, listen! I will tell you what Pritchard is going to do, and about the ingenious trap he is going to bait for others—and set for others—and then close on himself! This Power Company is Pritchard's pet project. Sounds like a vaudeville ad., doesn't it? He has put a half million into it, and it is worth that, for it's a good thing—very! It's not only gilt-edged, but it's gilt all across the top and down the sides. Naturally, having put in a half million cash he'd like to get it out again—without losing his stock. That's Pritchard's cardinal principle of life—to substitute some other fellow's cash for his own, while, at the same time, freezing on to his own securities. So that by the time our young friend, Boyce, has finished his little story, Mr. Pritchard will be figuring this way—his mind is an open book to me. If, by some—ah—very unfortunate accident our reservoir should break through into that


"I've Got Nearly Six Thousand in the Bank"

mine tunnel, what would be the result? Ah, naturally, the occurrence would produce a depression of spirit among the stockholders which would result in a consequent depression of the stock, more or less great—ah according as the damage appeared more or less lamentable —ah!

"Now, Jack, whenever a keen business man knows that stock is going up or down he's got real money sticking out in front of him just waiting to be picked. Consequently, Mr. Pritchard, who is keen—and several other things knowing that a break at his reservoir will cause a break of, perhaps, thirty or forty points in his stocks, will duly take steps to produce that break, first, of course, unloading all of his own stock, and probably selling short to the limit. If Mr. Boyce has met with no delay in seeing the eminent financier, the E. F. is, no doubt, at this moment wondering what will be the cost of ten pounds of dynamite."

"But, Barker, no little accident like that would depress stock to the extent you say."

"Who would know that it was a little accident? Only Pritchard himself—and, incidentally, you and I. The break would be at the bottom of the reservoir, all the water would run off, the power-house would be out of commission. Do you suppose Pritchard would hurry repairs? He knows what kind of engineer to send up there, and what kind of a report to order. He also knows how to get a good press-agent, and how to use him. He'll give the impression that the entire bottom's gone out of the pond and that the water which should be turning his wheels is bubbling out in China. He'll scare the small stockholders blue—vivid blue! And he'll hammer the stock down about where he pleases."

"Well, that means a fortune for him instead of a grind," I said impatiently.

"That's what he'll think for a while," chuckled Barker, cavorting across the room. "When he wakes up it'll be different, Jack—oh, so different; it's a head he'll have!"

"How so?" I was intensely eager for the rest.

"Because when his scheme is all ripe, when he has unloaded his stock and run out a big short line, and sends one of his faithful henchmen up there to drop a stick of dynamite where it will do good, and has his tearful report of the great disaster all prepared for the small stockholders the water will unkindly refuse to run off; the disaster will fail to disast! That's when Mr. Pritchard will come out of his dream a wiser, sadder and very much poorer man."

"Go on!" I urged.

"That's all!" he responded cheerfully.

"All! How's that water going to be held back when he breaks out the wall?"

"Jack, this is a serial story. In our next installment we shall relate the method, simple, but effective, by which Pritchard, apostle of water, is foiled in his das-tard-ly attempt to put water and small stockholders in a hole, and we shall also show the hole into which Mr. Pritchard is himself in-stall-ed, with em-i-nent-ly successful results to his foilers, who, by the way, will be you and I and a couple of other men who have no reason to love Mr. Pritchard."

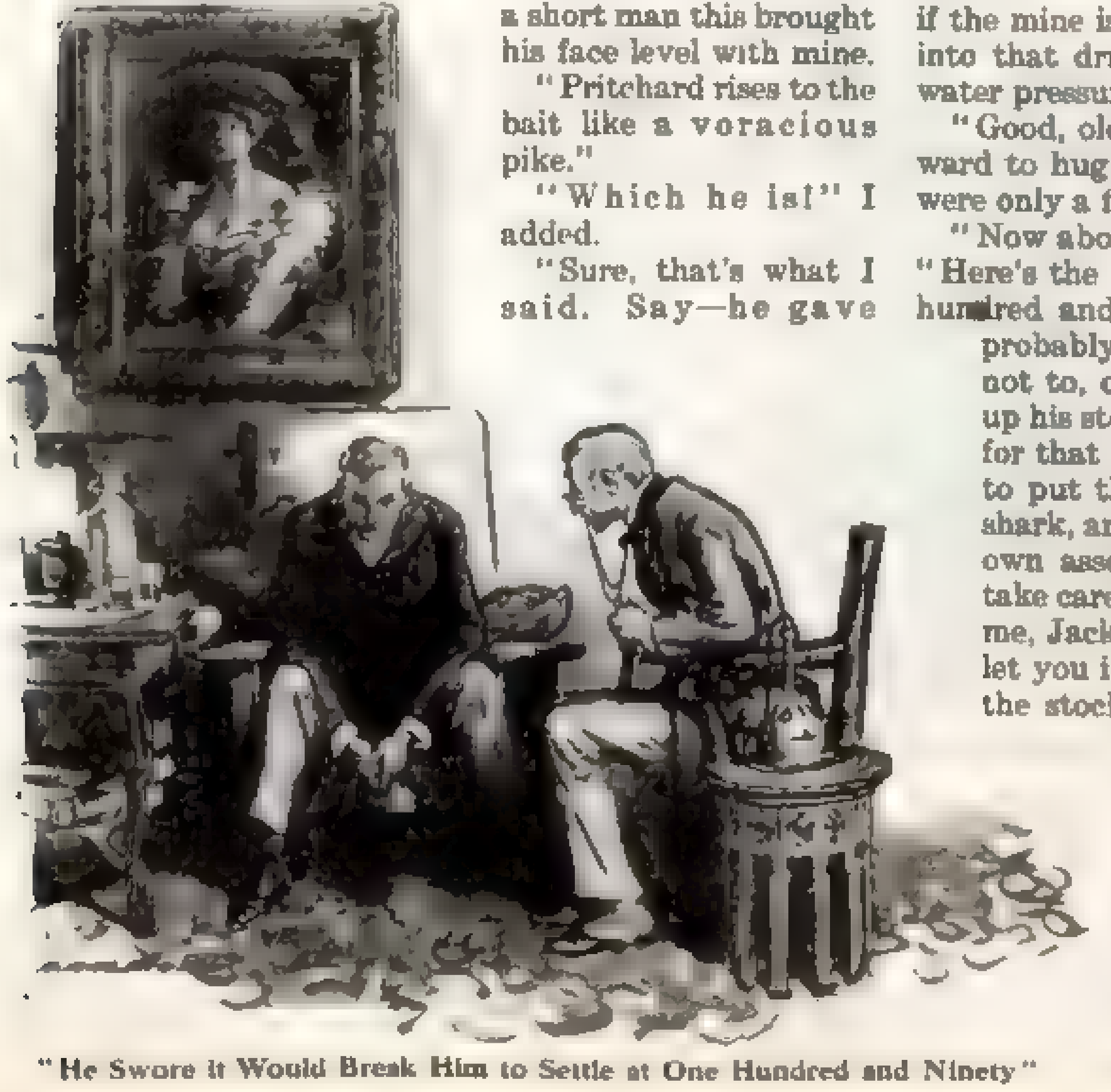
Knowing that behind his flippancy Barker often had a purpose, I asked no more questions. He would tell me nothing more until the plans and the time were ripe.

"I'll run in tomorrow, Jack, and let you know the result of Boyce's interview."

But it was two days before I saw him again. Then he cantered in, in his breezy way, and, brushing my tools aside, sprang into a sitting position on the bench. Being a short man this brought his face level with mine.

"Pritchard rises to the bait like a voracious pike."

"Which he is!" I added.



"He Swore it Would Break Him to Settle at One Hundred and Ninety"

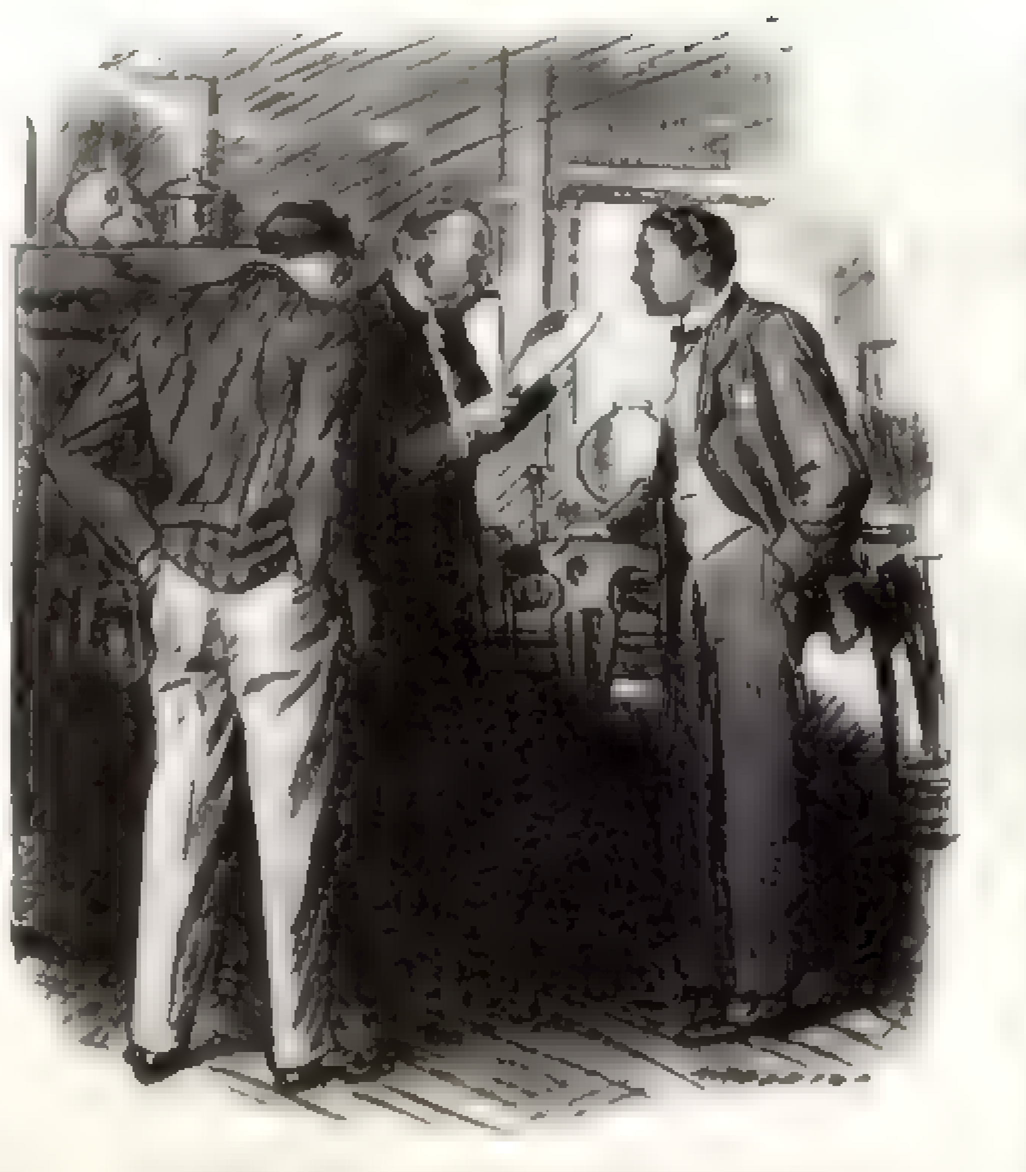
"Sure, that's what I said. Say—he gave young Boyce fifty dollars. Fifty dollars—not cents. And he promised him another fifty if, upon investigation, the story of the tunnel proves true and, also, if Boyce does not inform any other parties of that little mineralogical idiosyncrasy. (Gee! Pritchard would give me a share of stock for those two words—perhaps.)"

"So he's going to investigate, eh?"

"Of course! He's cautious. Some friend of his is to go back with Boyce tomorrow, and together they are to take fishing-rods and carelessly wander up into the woods to try for brook trout along that tunnel. See?"

I nodded and he continued:

"We shall know the result very soon after that friend gets back, because it will be reflected in the stock exchange. Pritchard acts much quicker than he talks. Now, old man, how about money? What can you raise? Every dollar will count—count big."



"The Mine Has Been Deserted for Four Years"

"I've got nearly six thousand in the bank," I said slowly. "The proceeds of my house that I sold, you know. I've hardly broken into that yet."

"That's good! But I wish it were ten times as much, for your sake. Still, it will turn over very effectively, Jack, with our dear friend Pritchard's assistance."

The next week was the most uncomfortable one I had ever experienced. I had, up to that time, invariably resisted the most tempting propositions which involved speculation, even in times when a few thousands' loss would not have harmed me. Now—within a few days—I was going to put every dollar I possessed into one intensely speculative transaction. And, although I shrank from it as I would from plunging my hand into molten metal, I knew that I was going to do it.

I was forced into it by three powerful impulses. The first, and the chief one, was revenge on Pritchard for his atrocious villainy in the matter of the Unit Bookcase Company. He had frozen me out of eight hundred shares of stock and forced me back to the workbench to earn a living. In the second place I wanted to help save the small stockholders in this power company. If Barker was right, Pritchard's whole scheme would be to freeze them out. And the third impulse was to regain some of my fortune. So I was fully determined to join with Barker to the extent of my small means, although I shivered every time I thought of what it would mean if our plans went awry. I studied over the problem of blocking the water, too—and solved it. When Barker appeared again and informed me that Pritchard was selling stock fast, and announced that we should soon have to get busy, I told him that he needn't tell me how.

"The plan," I said, "will be for me to slip up to Marquette at the proper time, with two or three good men, and inspect and repair the mine timbers. Of course it will be understood that those timbers must be kept in good shape if the mine is ever to be worked again. Then we will get into that drift and put in a bulkhead that'll stop any water pressure which comes against it at any time."

"Good, old man!" exclaimed Barker as he sprang forward to hug me. "You're a mind-reader, Jack. If you were only a financier, what a team we'd make!

"Now about those finances," he went on more soberly. "Here's the proposition. Pritchard is selling now at one hundred and twenty-seven, and before he unloads he'll probably break the price a little, although he'll try not to, of course. Two men and myself are taking up his stock as it comes on the market. We're hungry for that Power Company, but we're still more hungry to put the gaff into Pritchard. He's always been a shark, and never plays the game square, even with his own associates. Presently he'll sell short and we'll take care of that line also. There's big money behind me, Jack. Now I've got charge of the pool and I'll let you in at the proper moment, which means when the stock reaches the lowest notch. Of course we'll operate on margin—ten per cent will do for you. You can grab ten times as much that way and it's safe. Safe—or I wouldn't suggest it to you, old man."

He looked at me very anxiously and doubtingly as he finished. Barker knew my prejudices against speculation as well as I myself did. But I did not hesitate.

"I'm with you," I exclaimed, "to the limit!"

"Hoorah!" he shouted. "We'll make a financier of you yet, Jack. A good, reliable family speculator—warranted kind to ride or drive and not to shy at automobiles!"

"About that bulkhead?" I inquired. "When shall we put that in?"

"Not until Pritchard stops selling. We'll give him all the rope he wants—every foot. But have your preparations all made, Jack—men and necessary materials—so that, at the word, you can jump right in."

The word did not come for nearly a month. Then I got it, and within five hours was on the train for the North with four of the best men I could select, and I knew plenty of good ones. As the mine was twelve miles from a village, we took a camp outfit. There was plenty of standing timber near by, which gave me just the material we needed. The job was not difficult, especially as I had, years before, worked on the timber gang in the Calumet and Hecla mines. The entrance to Barker's was on a hillside, a slope cutting in for a few hundred feet, and laterals branching from that. It was one of these laterals which extended to the reservoir; and, as Barker had furnished a map of the workings, we easily located what we were after. Three days of honest work completed a bulkhead which would stand the whole pressure of the water when it came down, and we left the woods without any of the natives being aware of what we had done.

"Now for the final act!" exclaimed Barker, when I reported to him. "I've arranged with Boyce to keep an eye on that cave-in. He's tallying in a sawmill within a couple of miles. When Pritchard dumps—or thinks he's dumping—his reservoir into the tunnel the tunnel will fill as far down as your bulkhead. Boyce will see the water from the cave-in and will wire us at once."

There were long, tedious days, and many of them, before Boyce's telegram came. Pritchard's brokers had stopped selling, probably because the price had fallen fifteen points, and he was now working for a rally. Just at this time the company's annual report was published. It was highly favorable; eight per cent dividend and a fat little surplus. So he got his rally, but it didn't suit our pool to buy any further, and the thing sagged.

Then came a wire from Boyce:

"Gone out!"

That was the code agreed upon. The next day he followed it with a letter, saying that the granite shelf must have fallen in (he knew nothing of the scheme), for the tunnel was full of water, but that, to his surprise, it was stagnant instead of being a furious current.

We had a supper together at Swan's that evening to celebrate the success so far and discuss the windup, or, as Barker put it, "size up the pot!" Drown and Quigley, Barker's associates and backers, both of whom I was acquainted with, were present. Drown had been a loser, like myself, to the amount of over eighty thousand dollars when Pritchard froze out the bookcase stockholders, and Quigley, also, had a grievance. So we were a pretty joyful party in a private room, and the moment the waiter put the cigars on the table and left us Barker pulled a wad of bills from his pocket and peeled off one yellowback after another until he had piled up five hundred dollars.

"I'd give that bunch willingly," he laughed, "and throw in a cigar to see Pritchard just now, and know his thoughts, although I can guess them. He's got his head down on his hands and is wailing: 'Why, oh, why does not that water flow down through that—ah—subterraneous tunnel? It is most inexplicable. Where, oh, where am I at?'"

Yes, we were gay, all right. And the figures I heard made me gasp. Pritchard had unloaded five thousand shares—his entire holding—and they had been bought in by our party. Then he had followed by going short another five thousand shares.

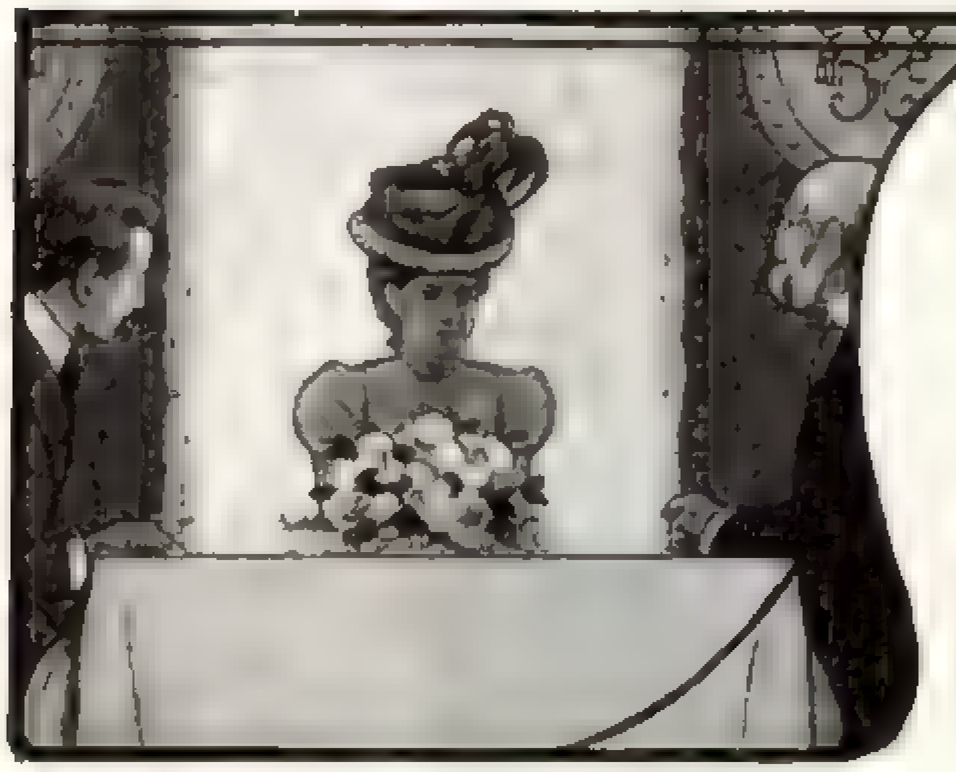
"The shorts we have taken up at an average of one hundred and twelve," Barker howled delightedly, "and we've now got everything. We can put 'em up to two hundred dead easy."

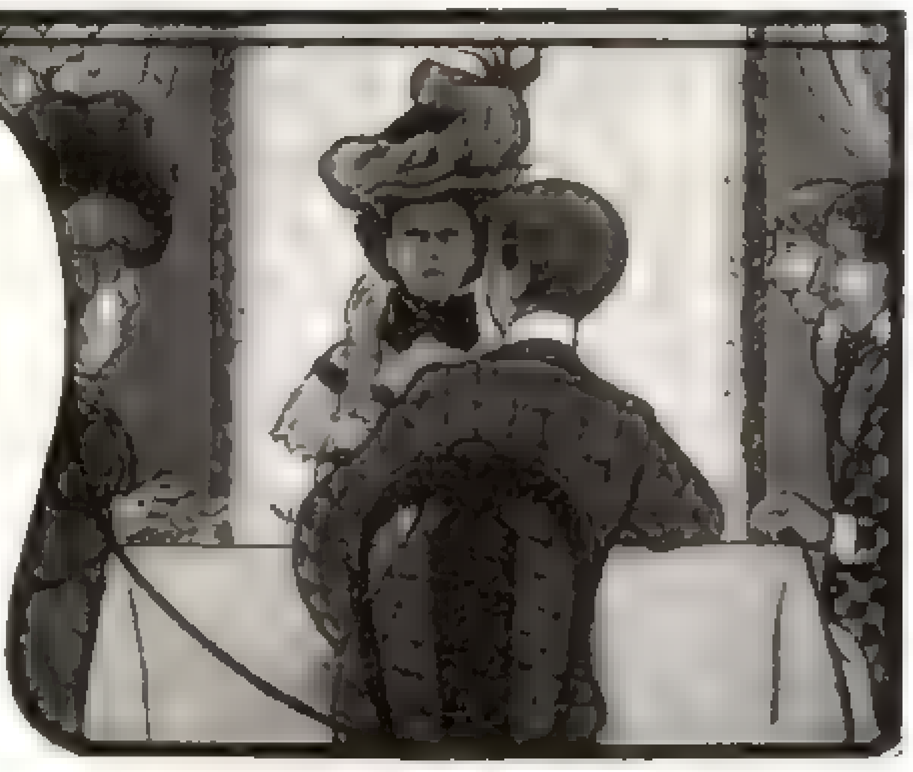
(Concluded on Page 55)

THE TRIPPERS

By E. A. Powell, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL





IT WAS a very big and very red automobile that drew up panting before a certain famous hotel in the Place Vendôme at about the luncheon hour. From the chauffeur in his leather livery and a cap which made him look like a German staff-officer, to the arms conspicuously emblazoned on the panels, everything about that car fairly radiated wealth. In obedience to the siren's impatient bellow the doors of the great hostelry were thrown open and a whole retinue of servants hurried out. Marshaled by the *maître d'hôtel* and the *concierge*, they formed in two deferential, bowing lines while the director, frock-coated, white-vested, suave, himself opened the door of the car. Descended a vision, feminine, fascinating and fashionable, her head enveloped in a rosy cloud of chiffon, her slender figure encased in a tan traveling coat of faultless fit, her feet, showing beneath the trim, short skirt, clad in patent-leather pumps with scarlet heels. In her wake followed one who was obviously the chaperon, chiefly noticeable for her three chins, her diamond earrings and her enormous pompadour of yellow hair, while the rear was brought up by three ultra-fashionable youths whose exaggerated clothes proclaimed them fresh from the university. This cortège, headed by the haughty miss of the scarlet heels, her head high in air, swept into the hotel between rows of bowing and scraping menials. The *maître d'hôtel* himself drew back the chairs at the best table in the restaurant. Half a dozen waiters scurried frantically this way and that in obedience to the party's shrill-voiced commands, while the *sous directeur*, very immaculate and very pert, exercised a supervision from the door over the comfort of his distinguished guests. With visions of a princess, or, at the very least, a grand duchess, in my mind, I inquired of him as to the identity of the divinity of the scarlet heels. "What!" he exclaimed. "Monsieur does not know her? And," reproachfully, "one of her own countrymen! She, monsieur, is zee great heiress of whom you read every morning in zee New York Herald; she is zee celebrated Miss ——," naming the daughter of a family known from one end of our country to the other by its business methods and success. So I left my plutocratic country people, amid the popping of champagne corks and the stares of the hotel guests, to resume my seat in the lobby.

An Unrecognized Queen in Muslin

SHORTLY, there drove up a Parisian *fiacre*, mud-splashed and rickety, the red-nosed, blear-eyed *cocher*, his white leather hat perched rakishly on the extreme back of his head, jerking viciously at the mouth of his decrepit beast. At the arrival of this humble conveyance no hotel portals were thrown open wide, no obsequious servants rushed out.

The door of the *fiacre* was opened from within and two gentlemen, one young and boyish, the other white-mustached and stern, sprang out, clicked their heels together, assumed positions as rigid as though ramrods had been thrust down their backs, and lifted their hats with ceremonious precision as a sweet-faced, rosy-cheeked girl stepped out, dressed in such a simple muslin gown as might be worn by a girl graduate at any rural seminary. This little party entered the hotel almost unnoticed. The interest of the entire caravansary was centered on her of the millions and the red heels, who was apparently taking her first lesson in the art of smoking cigarettes. With considerable difficulty the younger of the two military-looking gentlemen secured a table in the corner of the restaurant, and though the waiter turned up his nose at sight of the simple muslin frock I noticed that neither gentleman made a move to seat himself until their youthful companion motioned them to do so.

From my seat I was enabled to observe the little party closely, and I did not scruple to do so, for there was something strangely familiar about the poise of that head with its crown of golden hair which recalled other scenes and other days. Suddenly it all came back to me and I knew where I had seen her before. So, as the director was passing I nodded to him and remarked carelessly, "Your hotel is indeed honored today, monsieur."

"Ah, yes," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "these rich Americans, they all come here."

"But I am not referring to the Americans," I said, "but to her," pointing to the girl in the muslin frock.

"She?" he exclaimed in utmost surprise. "Pah! She is merely *bourgeoise*. Provincials, doubtless, who wish to get a taste of city life."

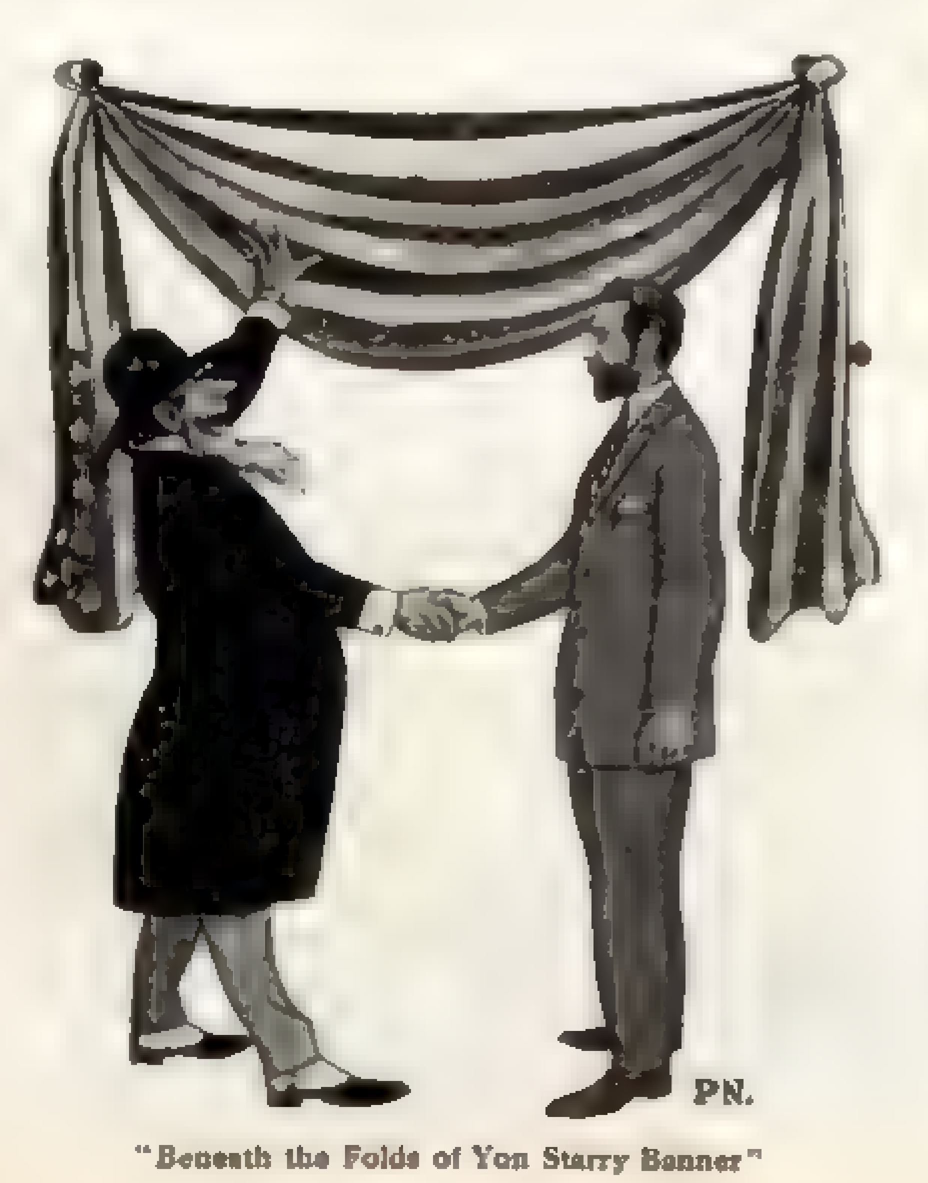
"Can it be possible," said I with malicious exultation, "that you fail to recognize, even under an incognito, Her Majesty, Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands?"

Believe me, gentle reader, when I assure you that royalties are, for the most part (the most part does not include the Kaiser), the most modest and unpretentious of people. The contrast between the representatives of European royalty and American plutocracy or snobocracy is sometimes amusing but far more often disgusting. The Khedive of Egypt, himself a man of immense personal wealth, during his summer sojourns in Switzerland, invariably stays at an unpretentious and little-known hotel — because it is kept by a former faithful servant. Countless Americans, on the contrary, with not a tithe of his wealth or social position, would consider it beneath their dignity to stay at any but the showy and ultra-fashionable caravansaries which flank this modest hostelry on either side.

I never saw men more thoroughly enjoy themselves in my life than three Greek princes who stood amid a group of American athletes in our legation in Athens, roaring out coon and college songs with a gusto that caused the American ladies who had been invited to meet them to raise their eyebrows and their lorgnettes and murmur to each other in tones of disapproval, "How very unseemly!" referring, of course, not to the princes — for royalty can do no wrong — but to the athletes who had the temerity to raise their voices in the presence of the Lord's anointed.

Even Kings Have Good Manners

ONCE, while visiting at the Palace of Halepa, in Crete, I had occasion to pick up and return to my royal host the insignia of an order that had fallen from his coat. "There's a lot of nonsense about this sort of thing," he remarked apologetically as he fastened it in place, "but it is part of the game for us to wear them; the people seem to expect it." King Alfonso, motoring in the Spanish mountains, stopped to assist a party of Americans whose car had broken down. "And would you believe it," one of the party said afterward, "he was just as polite and courteous to us as any ordinary man." Well, why shouldn't he be? It was only a trick of fortune that made him His Most Catholic Majesty instead of A. Bourbon, Esquire.



"Beneath the Folds of Yon Starry Banner"

It seems utterly beyond the comprehension of a very large class of Americans that royalties can and do act like any one else. Certain of our country people, even those one meets abroad and who ought to know better, seem to consider it obligatory on a royal personage never to appear without his crown and to carry a scepter instead of a walking-stick. These are the people who feel as aggrieved at royalty presuming to go about incognito and unheralded, as they would to attend a theatrical performance and have the actors appear without their grease-paint and in their ordinary clothes. Here is a story to illustrate my meaning. It is a true story, I happen to know, because Sir Thomas Lipton, who is the hero of it, told it to me over a Christmas dinner-table.

A Case of Mistaken Identity

SIR THOMAS, while cruising along the Mediterranean littoral some few years ago in his yacht, the Erin, happened upon the Princess Henry of Battenberg, the sister of King Edward, and her daughter, Princess Ena, now Queen Victoria of Spain, who were spending the winter at Cannes. Now the Battenbergs, as all the world knows, are as poor as church mice, and were it not for the laudable desire of hotel directors to be honored with the presence of royalty, they would ofttimes have had to stay at *pensions* instead of hotels. Sir Thomas, meeting the princesses one day, asked them to take a cruise, an invitation which they accepted with alacrity. "And now," asked Sir Thomas, as the big yacht was plowing its way out to sea, "where would your Highnesses like to go?" "Well," said the Princess Henry contemplatively, "now that you ask me the question I will admit that I have always been tormented with a desire to go to Pompeii and have a picnic among the ruins, just as one sees the tourists doing. And no formality, mind you. It must be a real picnic, and we will all wait on ourselves."

So the Erin's prow was pointed Naplesward and the next morning found her swinging at her moorings under the shadow of Vesuvius. A launch was swung overside and the two princesses, Sir Thomas and his other guests — a dozen or more of lesser European royalties and nobilities were put ashore on the stony point where Pompeii comes down to the sea. The sailors carried up the rugs and umbrellas, the hampers and the pails of ice, and then left the exalted picnickers to their own devices. The ladies, clad in the simplest of white duck, and the men in the plainest of blue flannel, set to work with a will to spread the feast.

Just as they were seating themselves beneath the shadow of an ancient temple appeared a party of American tourists. Scenting the edibles from afar, one of their number advanced and asked Sir Thomas if he could direct them to a restaurant "on the grounds." Sir Thomas answered that, so far as he knew, there was no restaurant in the immediate vicinity, and the hungry questioner turned away, disappointment written large across his face. "Let's invite the good people to come and have lunch with us," exclaimed the Princess Ena impulsively. "I'm sure they must be dreadfully hungry after tramping through these ruins," and, the requests of royalty being commands, Sir Thomas hastened after the Americans and extended the invitation, giving no inkling, of course, that he and his party were other than tourists themselves.

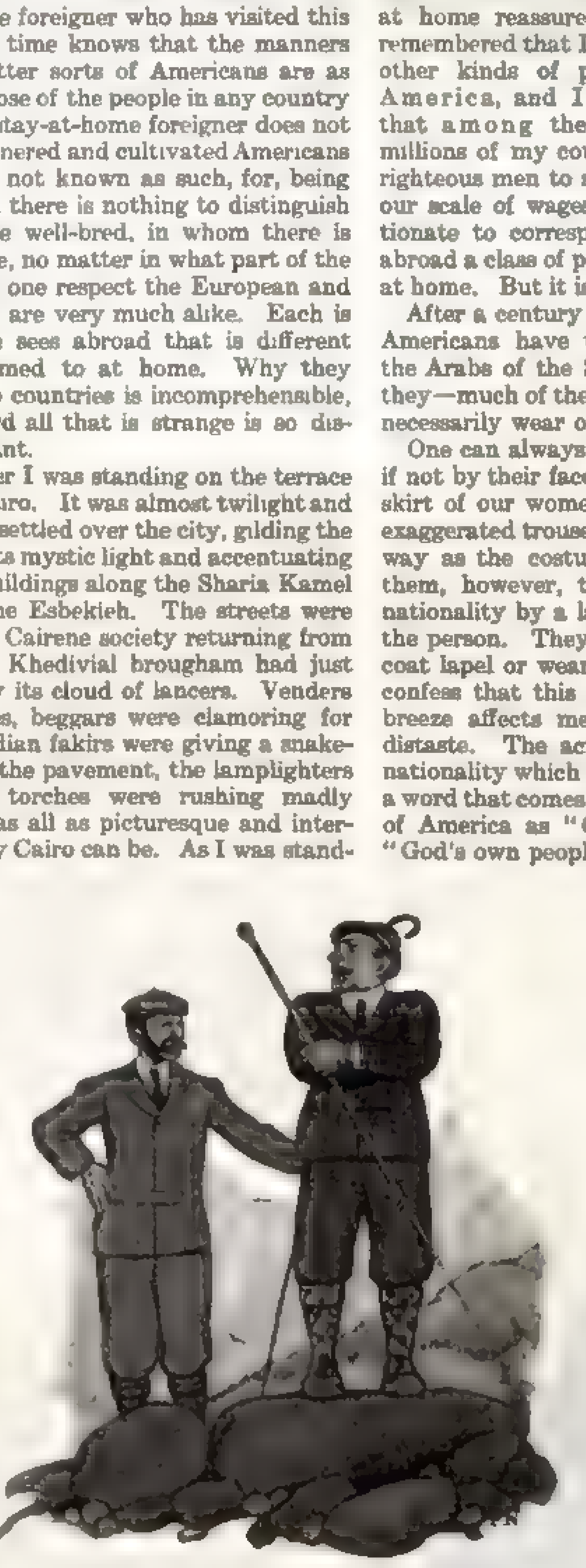
The *al fresco* luncheon progressed admirably. The incognito royalties questioned their guests about bears and rattlesnakes and cowboys, and asked them if they were troubled much by Indians; the guests did not hesitate to inflict the wit and humor of Podunk and Skidoo on their courteous hosts. Finally the tourists, explaining that they had yet that day to "do" Castellammare, Sorrento and Amalfi, rose to go. "Perhaps," said Sir Thomas, as they were bidding him farewell, "you would be glad to know with whom you have had the honor of lunching today. It will be a pleasant reminiscence, you know, to tell your children. The lady at my right, in the white blouse, is Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg, the sister of the King of England, and next to her stands her daughter, Princess Ena, the fiancée of the King of Spain; the young man in knickerbockers is Prince Arthur of Connaught, and talking with him is His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, nephew of the Tsar, while the elderly gentleman is ——"

"Hold on there, mister," interrupted the American. "That will do for you. We may be new to Europe, but we aren't quite so green as we look. Do you think you can make us believe that those people are princes and dukes and things—*dressed like that!* Why, next you'll be telling us that you're King Edward or the Tsar of Russia."

The Boss Who Sighed for the Battery

IT IS by such Americans as these that our people are, I am sorry to say, judged by foreigners. The goods themselves are better than the samples. The impression made by this class of Americans is what gives to many foreigners the false notions they have as to American manners and American cultivation. The foreigner who has visited this country for any length of time knows that the manners and cultivation of the better sorts of Americans are as good, if not better, than those of the people in any country in the world, but this the stay-at-home foreigner does not understand. The well-mannered and cultivated Americans who travel in Europe are not known as such, for, being neither loud nor obtrusive, there is nothing to distinguish them from the rest of the well-bred, in whom there is surprisingly little difference, no matter in what part of the world they are found. In one respect the European and the American ignoramuses are very much alike. Each is angry with everything he sees abroad that is different from what he is accustomed to at home. Why they should go, then, to strange countries is incomprehensible, when their attitude toward all that is strange is so distinctly hostile and intolerant.

One afternoon last winter I was standing on the terrace of Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. It was almost twilight and that peculiar rosy hue had settled over the city, gilding the minarets and domes with its mystic light and accentuating the yellow stucco of the buildings along the Sharia Kamel and the green palms in the Esbekieh. The streets were alive with the carriages of Cairene society returning from its afternoon drive. The Khedivial brougham had just whirled by, surrounded by its cloud of lancers. Venders were shrieking their wares, beggars were clamoring for backsheesh, a group of Indian fakirs were giving a snake-charming performance on the pavement, the lamplighters with their long-handled torches were rushing madly through the throng; it was all as picturesque and interesting and beautiful as only Cairo can be. As I was standing there, immersed in the indefinable charm of it all, I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned to see a self-expatriated American who, half-a-dozen years ago, was notorious as the political boss of our greatest city. "Well, sir," he remarked, his pudgy hands thrust deep into the pockets of his checked tweeds, his aggressive, bulldog jaw with its close-cropped beard thrust forward, "this is a pretty bum town. Their street-car system would be a disgrace to a third-rate burg at home; I can't find a bartender in Cairo who knows how to mix a decent cocktail, and as for these nigger cab-drivers, I can't make 'em understand a word of English even when I shout it at 'em. I wonder what I ever came here for, anyhow?"



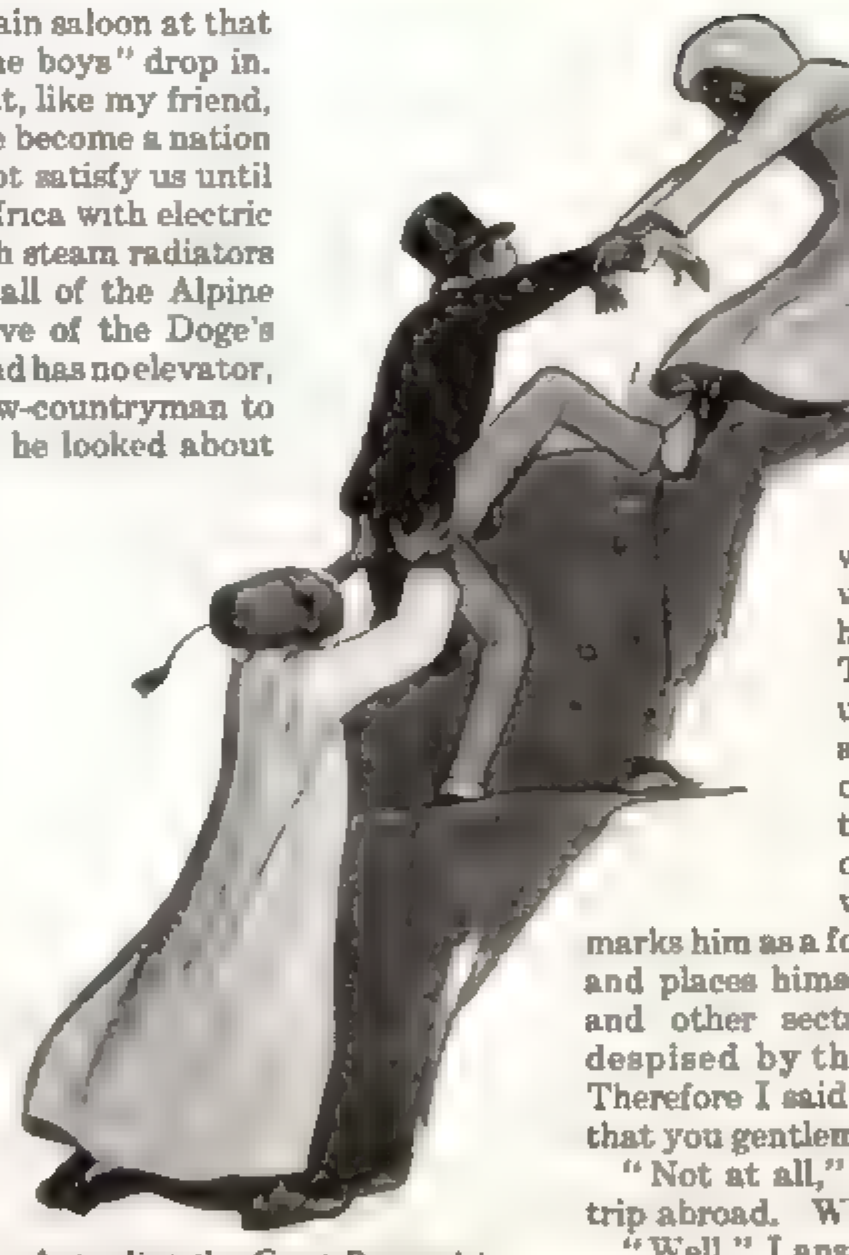
"I'm Hunged if I Can See Anything but Scenery"

I wondered, too.

Later, that same American, stricken with the pangs of homesickness, and learning that I was going home in the spring, after an absence of many years, begged me to walk through Battery Park on one of those spring days when the grass is becoming green and the first robin appears, and to take a drink for him at a certain saloon at that hour of the afternoon when "the boys" drop in.

The fact of the matter is that, like my friend, the homesick politician, we have become a nation of sybarites. The world will not satisfy us until we have illuminated darkest Africa with electric arc lamps, heated the poles with steam radiators and run funicular railways up all of the Alpine peaks. Many Americans observe of the Doge's Palace that it lacks steam heat and has no elevator, and once, after hauling a fellow-countryman to the summit of the St. Gothard he looked about him over the wilderness of snow-clad peaks and, after a tense silence, rewarded me by remarking disappointedly: "Well, now that you've got me up here I'm hanged if I can see anything but scenery."

There was a time when this obtrusive, cocksure, aggressive species of American used to make me pessimistic as to the future of our country. If such were typical specimens of the population, what was to become of us? But, afterward, the very fact that I had not known them at home reassured me. I remembered that I had seen other kinds of people in America, and I argued that among the eighty millions of my country people there must surely be ten righteous men to save us from destruction. Then again, our scale of wages in America is so absurdly disproportionate to corresponding scales in Europe that we see abroad a class of people who in other countries would stay at home. But it is a good thing.



Ascending the Great Pyramid in a Frock Coat and a Top Hat

After a century or so of our mania for travel—for the Americans have today become the world's wanderers, the Arabs of the Sahara not being more migratory than they—much of the provincialism of our isolated land must necessarily wear off.

One can always tell Americans abroad by their clothes, if not by their faces. The neat shirtwaist and trim, short skirt of our women and the broad-shouldered coats and exaggerated trousers of our men are as distinctive in their way as the costumes of the Swiss cantons. Many of them, however, think it necessary to emphasize their nationality by a lavish display of flags, commonly about the person. They will pin the colors in miniature to the coat lapel or wear them life-size at the corsage. I must confess that this waving of the American flag to every breeze affects me with something very much akin to distaste. The act has that air of insisting upon one's nationality which travel ought to dissipate. Patriotism is a word that comes readily to the tongue of those who speak of America as "God's country," and of themselves as "God's own people." It is the word invariably used by those who wear their colors abroad, but there is danger of making it a misnomer for provincialism.

Then there is the class of Americans who go to the other extreme. Wherever they travel they must needs assume portions at least of the dress peculiar to the natives of that particular region, wearing these outlandish and inappropriate garments, at least in their own estimation, as though to the manner born. Should they spend a fortnight at an Innsbruck hotel they will appear at the breakfast-table, not later than the second morning, in full Tyrolean dress, green hat, bare knees and all. When in Italy they feel it incumbent to wear a scarlet sash instead of a waistcoat, and if they happen to spend a few weeks in the British Isles you may depend upon meeting them in the Lake Country or on the Devonshire Moor gotten up regardless in checked tweeds, knickerbockers and leggings. Tourists of this type once called on me at my consulate in Alexandria. The servant brought in their cards with the message that they wished *teskerehs* which would permit of their visiting the Yarmuk Valley and the country beyond Jordan, a particularly unsettled and dangerous portion of the Holy Land.

When they entered I was somewhat taken aback to see that, although obviously American business men, both were wearing the *tarboosh* or native headdress. Now, in the East, if there is one thing more than any other which serves to maintain foreign prestige and to make the lives of Europeans reasonably safe, it is because they cling so tenaciously to their national costumes and customs. I have seen fanatical crowds in Asiatic cities where an unarmed foreigner in a white helmet was in far less peril from mob violence than another foreigner heavily armed but wearing the Turkish fez. The helmet conjures up visions of angry consuls and avenging warships, and the wearer of it is respected accordingly, but the fez hints only at servility and oppression and injustice, and the wearer of it abandons that which marks him as a foreigner to be feared and respected, and places himself on a level with the Armenians and other sects of Oriental Christians, and is despised by the Mohammedans accordingly. Therefore I said to my two Americans, "I take it that you gentlemen are in the Egyptian service."

"Not at all," was the reply. "This is our first trip abroad. Why did you ask?"

"Well," I answered, "you are both wearing the *tarboosh*, which is the distinguishing mark of the Oriental or of the foreigner in the Khedive's service."

"Why," they responded in considerable surprise, "we thought it was the proper thing to do, so we bought these fezes as soon as we landed, just to show that we felt at home."

But, will you believe it, it took my utmost powers of argument to convince those tourists that they would place their lives in imminent peril by venturing into the wild fastnesses of the Yarmuk arrayed in native headdress.

Americans, more than any other people, partly because of their distance from home and partly through their political institutions, are wont to frequent the consulates maintained by their Government in foreign lands. I do not refer, of course, to those whose business takes them before a consul. Some tourists make it a practice to visit all diplomatic and consular officers on their route, "just to pay our respects" as they express it, not knowing or not caring that our foreign representatives are invariably busy and much-harried men. Others call on the consul only in case of emergency—to the caller more or less urgent, to the official in question generally less than more. What consul is there who does not know the slouch-hatted, frock-coated American of the old school who effusively grasps him by the hand and, standing beneath the folds of the American flag—if there happens to be one in evidence—declaims: "Mr. Consul, allow me to assure you, sir, that it thrills me with patriotism once again to set my foot upon soil that is American, and, beneath the folds of yon starry banner, to grasp by the hand the honored representative of our glorious republic beyond the seas."

New Boundaries for the United States

THIS example of abounding patriotism irresistibly reminds me of an incident which occurred at a Fourth of July dinner given by the American colony of a Swiss city. When the gentleman who had been designated to respond to the toast of "The United States" had completed his remarks, he called upon those present to drink "to the prosperity of the great American Republic, bounded on the north by the Dominion of Canada and on the south by Mexico; on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Ocean." Another gentleman, carried away by the whirlwind of patriotic enthusiasm, leaped to his feet and again proposed the toast of the United States of America, "bounded on the north by the North Pole and on the south by the South Pole; on the east by the rising and on the west by the setting sun." When the laughter and the applause had died away there arose, at the far end of the table, a little old gentleman, unknown to the others present. "Fellow-citizens," he exclaimed, in a shrill and squeaky voice, "I beg you fill your glasses and drink with me once more to the prosperity of our glorious American motherland; bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis and on the south by the Precession of the Pleiades; on the east by Primeval Chaos and on the west by the Day of Judgment."

Then there is the much-married man, a veritable Mr. Pipp, accompanied by his wife and several bouncing daughters, who drops in to get the name of a good dressmaker, or to inquire how much they should pay at a certain hotel, or if it is possible for them to see the King or the Khedive, as the case may be. The wife and daughters generally do the talking, but as the party is leaving our

Mr. Pipp drops behind a moment, and, bending forward, whispers hurriedly in a confidential tone: "Say, Mr. Consul, where could I see the houchee-kouchee?" And it is always my disappointing duty to inform him that I, after many years' residence in the East, have seen that notorious dance but once, myself, and that was in the Streets of Cairo at the Chicago Fair.

But such people, with their ill-timed expressions of patriotism and their trivial but harmless questions, are welcome indeed beside that type of American who has been stung by the social bee and comes to the embassy or legation intent on being presented to royalty. These are the people who will not take no for an answer. They come armed with letters of introduction from Senators and Congressmen and Assemblymen, and even aldermen. They inform you, unblushingly, that they are the social leaders of their native town and that to omit their names from the list of *invités* to the court ball will bring down on your luckless head the wrath of the political Powers That Be. The diplomatic or consular officer, be it remembered, is responsible both to his own Government and to that to which he is accredited for those of his countrypeople whom he presents at court, and it is no mere snobbishness on his part that causes him to inquire minutely into the social standing and antecedents of those for whom he vouches.

Our diplomatic representatives are enabled to protect themselves in a measure against the importunities of a considerable bulk of the applicants by giving them the disconcerting information that the uniform every gentleman is obliged to wear at court will cost in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars and a lady's court gown, with ostrich feathers and train, anywhere from five hundred to five thousand dollars.

The Troubles of a Good-Natured Pope

ALL our diplomatic officers put together, however, do not have as many annoyances as the Vicar of the American College in Rome, through whom all Americans must apply who desire an audience with the Pope. Poor, poor man, I do not wonder that he wears a haunted look. During the tourist season his door is besieged by applicants before he is fairly out of bed. Applications come pouring in by letter, by messenger, by telegraph and by telephone. And, although I have never heard the proportion, I should imagine that fully half of these importunities come from non-Catholics. Even when the applications have been carefully sifted down and the coveted cards for a papal audience have been delivered, the Vatican officials have to exercise the greatest care to protect the Pope from the idiosyncrasies of those he receives in audience—and I am very sorry to say that the majority of those who do the fool things hail from the western shores of the Atlantic.

One woman appeared at a papal audience lugging a huge market-basket filled with curios and souvenirs—none of them even remotely religious in nature—which she wished the Holy Father to bless. Another, as Pius X approached her, suddenly produced from under her cape a white *zucchetta* identical with that worn by the Pope, and asked his Holiness to exchange with her, which he smilingly did. She explained afterward that the little white-silk cap would make such a cute lampshade. Another suddenly flashed a photograph before the Pontiff's eyes and flourished a fountain pen with a request that he autograph it then and there.

Americans in Europe may be divided into four classes. First, those who take a flying trip of a dozen weeks or so, realizing that it will probably be their only visit for a long time, and who start in merrily to "do" everything from Naples to the North Cape, ending up in a more or less disheveled condition on board the boat-train from London to Liverpool. It is this type of tourist who rushes through England with a return-ticket in his inside pocket and a Baedeker in his hand; who visits Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London and Stratford-on-Avon, and then gives a two-column interview to the reporter of his home paper on business and social conditions in the British Isles, an interview which is seldom worth the paper it is written on.

The second class consists of those who go abroad frequently, who drop naturally into the social life of the American colonies in London, Paris and Dresden, who have their favorite haunts in the Tyrol or the Bernese Oberland, who spend the season in Nice or Cannes, or Christmastide in Rome. These are the Americans who throng the great caravansaries in every capital of Europe, who occupy the *suites de luxe* on every ocean greyhound, who keep open the shops of the great modistes and milliners in the Rue de la Paix and the fashionable tailors in Bond Street, whose automobiles are to be seen by the hundreds on the Versailles drive, in the Cascina Gardens or along the Corniche Road.

Class three consists of students, and ranges all the way from the university man striving for a Ph. D. at Leipsic or Berlin, and the girl pianist studying eight hours a day in Dresden, Brussels or Milan, to the dilettante who dabbles in art in the *ateliers* of the Quartier Latin. And let me take this opportunity to assure you, Mr. American Father and Mrs. American Mother, that, as far as I am concerned, I would rather put my son behind the bar of a saloon or my daughter in the chorus of a comic opera than send them to study art or French amid the student life of Paris. The peril of the saloon or the stage would be less insidious, the danger less real. Believe me, I am no narrow-minded prude, no intolerant Puritan, but I have seen with my own eyes the effects of this life on American youth, and I know whereof I speak.

The fourth class may be subdivided into several others. To begin with, there are the self-expatriated Americans as represented by William Waldorf Astor and Richard Croker, with whom, as they are apparently contented amid their alien surroundings, we will not further interest ourselves. There is another class of expatriates who live, for the most part, in charming villas in Athens or Tangier, and entertain with lavish hospitality whenever they can get any one of their countrypeople to accept their invitations. These people left their country between two days, and for their country's good, and it sometimes happened that they took with them in their hurry, in addition to the valise filled with negotiable securities, the wife of some other man.

The next is composed of the diplomatic and consular officers whose profession compels them to reside abroad and who, even after leaving the service, have become so imbued with European ideas that they continue to make their home there.

Lastly, there is the very considerable number of people who go abroad to spend several years, either in search of health or to get away from business or housekeeping cares, or for the novelty of an entirely different society, mode of life and environment. If they are wealthy they will take apartments in some city where there is a prosperous American colony, or ensconce themselves in a furnished villa on the Riviera or at one of the all-winter resorts in the south of France. These are the Americans whom one reads of in the New York Herald as playing golf with Russian grand-dukes at Cannes, riding to hounds in pink coats with the hunt clubs of Pau or Rome, hobnobbing with royalty at Kiel and Cowes, or training their glasses on the flying horses from the club lawns of Longchamps or Auteuil, Epsom, Newmarket or Ascot.

A much larger division of this class is composed of those who settle down quietly in some *pension* for the winter. Here one finds retired naval and military officers by the score, business men who have turned over their affairs to a son or a junior partner, spinsters, widows and wives, living both comfortably and economically, free from the annoyances of servants and from the piercing cold of our American winters. One meets so many families living thus abroad whose husbands or fathers are at home at work that one cannot but wonder at times how many American homes must be broken up while these women live on, often idly, winter after winter, with no thoughts of household responsibilities, seemingly, to disturb them.

The Pig Who Wasn't Engaged

I HAVE long been convinced that the American tourist is not only the most interesting but also the most amusing sight in Europe. Who, for instance, has not heard of the American girl in Paris, who, proud of her boarding-school smattering of French and wishing to engage a cab, hailed a passing *cocher* with the astounding question: "*Cochon! Etes vous fiancé?*" to which query the cabman answered in surprise: "*Ma foi! non, mademoiselle.*" American girl: "*Eh, bien, je vous prend.*" Cabman: "*Très bien, mademoiselle; je ne demande pas mieux.*"

Or of the American gentleman, ignorant of Italian, who arrived at Rome and, wishing to leave his luggage at the station while he searched for a suitable hotel, rose grandly above the situation by recalling the Latin of his school-days. Pointing to his trunks he said to the dazed *facchino*, "*Requiescat in pace.*" Then, pointing to himself, he added, "*Resurgam.*"

Perhaps the story is not so well known of the American lady, about to sail from Naples after a summer spent in Europe, who was asked by a friend what statue she had most admired during her tour of Italy. "Well," was the answer, "I can hardly decide myself, but I guess the choice lies between Apollo of the Beveled Ear, the Dying Golfer and the Pharmacy Bull, though I will say that I was real taken with that one where Rampolla is chasing Daphne." It is told of the same lady that she boasted that she had visited every point of interest in the vicinity of Rome with a single exception. "But every time I tried to go to Completo," she explained, "the tram cars were so full that I couldn't get a seat."

Dante as a Modern Club-Man

THE following anecdote was told me of Marion Crawford. The novelist had taken an American lady in to dinner, and with great gusto she turned to him and said: "Do you know, my dear Mr. Crawford, I am so glad to meet you, because I want you to tell me just how many weeks I should spend in Italy to see it really thoroughly?" "Madame," Crawford answered gravely, "I do not feel competent to tell you. I have only lived here a little over fifty years myself."

While I am telling these amusing but harmless stories on my delightful countrypeople, I am reminded that in some quarter of this broad land I am myself being held up as an object of good-natured ridicule. It happened in this wise. In company with a friend I was spending a morning in the Bargello Museum in Florence. At the extreme end of one of the upstairs galleries is a glass case containing the chief treasure of the institution—the death mask of Dante, a card beneath informing the public that it had been presented to the museum by the Marchese Torregiano, a prominent Florentine nobleman. As we approached we found the case surrounded by a group of American girls, from their dress and accent obviously of the Middle West. "That is the gentleman," said I to my companion, referring not to Dante but to the donor, "who proposed my name at the Florence Club." With that, one of the party, who had been near enough to overhear my remark, turned to the others, shrieking with laughter. "Oh, girls, did you hear what that awful person just said? He said that Dante proposed his name at the Florence Club." And so, guiltless though I am, I doubt not that in some Western community I am still held up as a terrible example of the uncultivated American who goes abroad to show his ignorance.

Self-assertiveness is, I regret to say, a striking characteristic of the American tourist. This, added to the noisiness which characterizes so many traveling Americans, is sometimes unpleasantly noticeable. Once, in Lucerne, I happened to dine in the same room with a party of women, selected by the readers of a newspaper as the most popular in the city in which they lived, and sent to Europe as a sort of object-lesson to the effete aristocracy of the Old World of what our American culture is really like. Notwithstanding the fact that the hotel dining-room was filled with people who only asked that they might be left to eat their own meals in peace and quiet, these object-lessons in American culture proclaimed their faith in their own town and people in such a manner that only the very deaf would have failed to hear. They even called it from table to table. "What's the matter with ——?" (their home town, as I took it), one would ask in a loud voice, and the others would respond in chorus: "She's all right!"

Not long ago a steamer carrying a large party of American tourists put into a Levantine seaport. Having come from Egypt, where the plague was prevalent, the vessel was subjected to a four days' quarantine, the passengers, of course, not being permitted to land. Immediately this unwelcome news had been announced, the American consul-general received a message from the ship that the bishop of a certain Southern city was on board, together with a large party of his parishioners, who were on their way to the Holy Land, and the bishop requested, nay, demanded, that steps be taken to obtain the immediate release of him and his party.

The consul-general sent back word that he had no power to interfere with the quarantine regulations of the port, and, unpleasant as the situation was, it must needs be endured.

Then came back a letter—perhaps, epistle would be a better word—from the bishop himself. Every word was

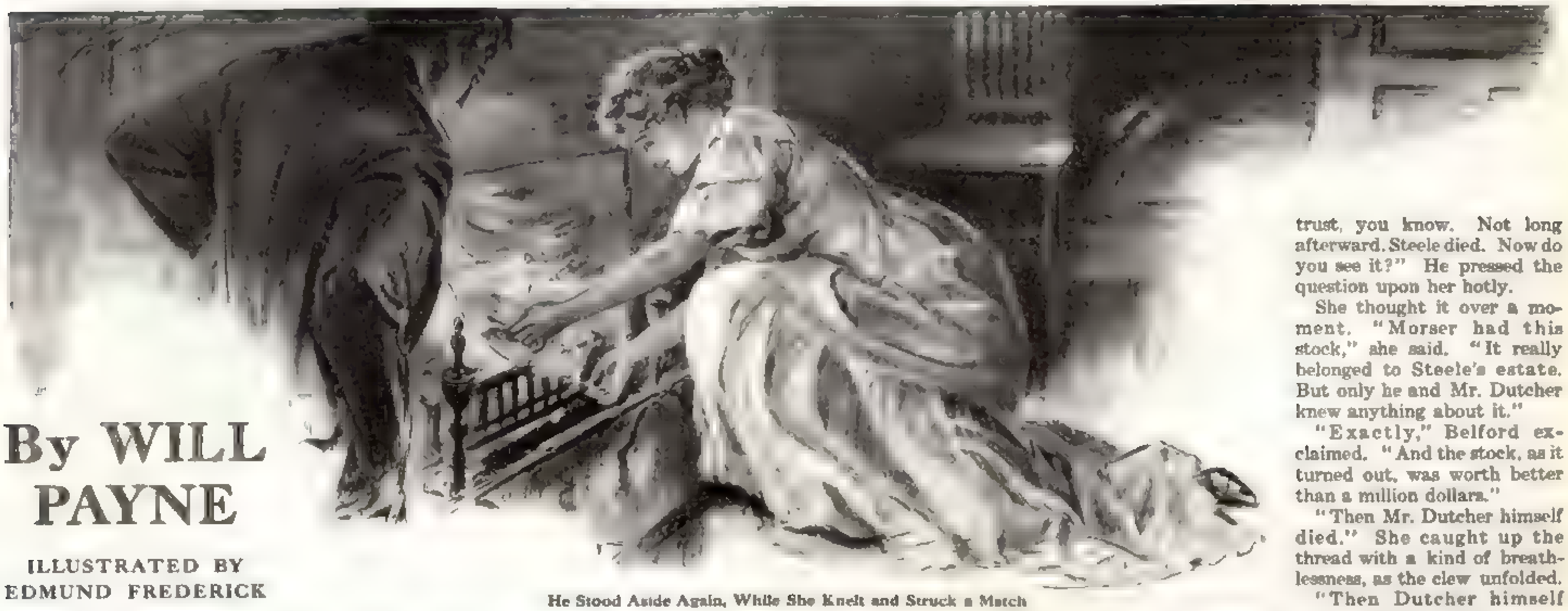
(Continued on Page 66)

Seem to Consider it Obligatory on a Royal Personage Never to Appear Without His Crown

WHAT DUTCHER LEFT

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY
EDMUND FREDERICK



He Stood Aside Again, While She Knelt and Struck a Match

DUTCHER was dead. And half a million was half a million. Like cows picketed out to grass, Belford's thoughts simply could not get away from the stake and rope of those two facts.

He entered the flat abstractedly, his eyes on the floor, and gave a blink of surprise—without any reason—when he became aware of his wife sitting by the window, a magazine in her lap. In her white dress she looked dainty, cool and fresh, so that the sight of her was grateful to his senses, like a breath of air off the water. He observed, aimlessly, that it was hot, and went on to freshen himself up. When he returned to the sitting-room he took a chair some distance from her, and observed over again, aimlessly, that it was hot.

She came over and sat on the footstool beside his armchair. She was never a contentious or explosive person. Now, her lips curved as she looked up at him.

"You're in the stock market again, aren't you, John?" she asked simply.

Without any exact promise it had been tacitly understood between them that he was to keep out of that. He was doing well enough—in a way—with his job in the bond house; saving up something all the time, by close living; preparing for the independent venture he had in mind. But it was very slow work. From time to time attractive combinations in the stock market did present themselves to his mind. He put them by. The circumstance that he was tacitly cut off from that field, and, so far as he could see, was a good deal of a duffer in any other field, was exactly what made the half a million look so important.

"No, I'm not in the stock market," he said, with something of the coldness of virtue unjustly accused. "But I'm going in for something else." The resolution seemed to have formed itself at that instant in his mind. "I'll tell you what it is." That resolution also formed itself instantaneously.

"'Way back, it appears, Dutcher had a sort of silent partner. The man's name was Alvah Steele—a loan shark and all-around skinflint, out there in Minona, as I make it. No doubt he furnished some capital when Dutcher was extending his plow works, and took a fourth interest for it. I don't believe Steele's name was ever publicly connected with the plow works. Whether he wanted to dodge taxes, or just had a miserly instinct to appear poorer than he was, or for whatever reason, his interest in the plow works was kept dark. A while before the works were put into the trust—the Universal Plow Corporation, you know, that Morser promoted—Steele married a woman a lot younger than himself. They separated—evidently had a row. Then, you understand, Steele would have a stronger motive than ever for keeping his interest in the plow works dark. Otherwise his wife might come down on him for alimony. Do you follow it?"

She nodded eagerly.

"Well, a little while before the works were turned over to the trust Steele went off Southwest, looking for health, and left his plow-works stock in Dutcher's hands." In the telling he had warmed up to it, the narrative absorbing some of the heat which surrounded the subject on his mind. "Wait a minute," he said briskly, and jumped up.

He went to the cubby off the sitting-room, which the flat agent had euphemistically called a library. She heard him open the tiny, dark closet in there. A moment later he returned, carrying a rough box of sheet-iron, cubical, about two feet in each dimension, which he put upon the table. Its dented lid bore, in white paint, now considerably specked and peeled, the letters O. D. These were the initials of Orrin Dutcher, the plow-maker and stock-gambler, who had gone to ruin, and died by his own hand.

The box had been fastened by a flimsy combination lock. She saw that the lock had been beaten in and broken with some rude instrument, and it recurred to her how, coming home from a week's vacation in the country, she had found the fireplace poker badly bent. Looking up at her husband she conceived a picture of him, alone in the flat, probably at night, wrenching and bursting the lock. It was almost as uncanny as rifling a grave. She stood up, disturbed, and when Belford tossed back the lid of the box, as though the act were now familiar to him, she laid her hand on his arm.

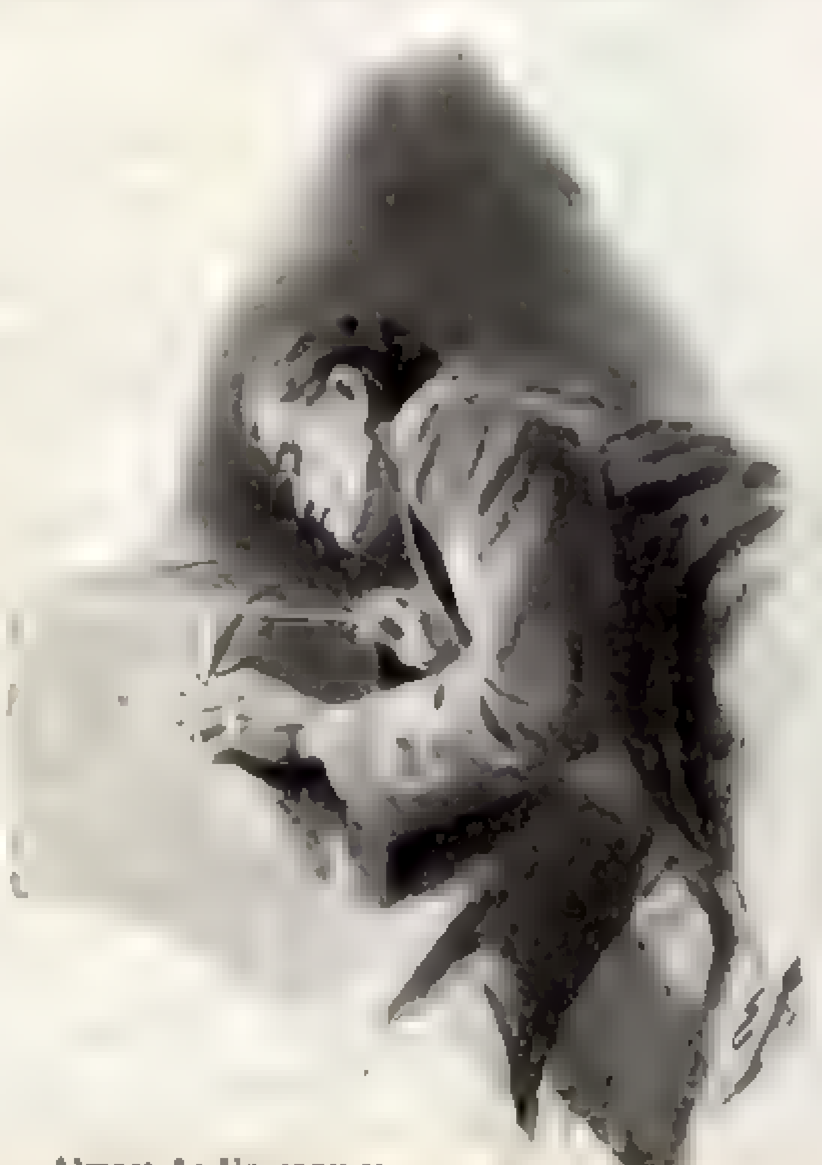
"Oh, John! Ought you?" she murmured. "The poor man's dead."

"But others are alive," he said. "Am not I his executor, in a way? You know, good, helpless Ma Dutcher left everything to me." He thrust his hand briskly into the box, she standing loathly by. Of themselves, it seemed, these words floated into her distressed mind: "Blessed be the man that leaves these stones; but cursed be he that moves my bones."

Belford brought up a large manila envelope, the wax seal of which had, also, been broken. From it he took a folded letter, which he handed to her.

She received it reluctantly, and read, in a small, rapid, difficult hand: "A. S. st'k must be transferred immediately. Have promised underwriters to have every share in hand by thirtieth. They're ready to back out if given good excuse—market shaky. Simply can't afford delay from any cause whatever. [The last three words underscored.] I will see to transfer. Corresponding amount U. P. C. st'k stands my name for S."

"The E. M. at the bottom," Belford explained, "means young Morser. Do you see? The Steele stock in Dutcher's company had to be transferred to form the trust. Steele was off in the Southwest, sick and unable to do business, as it happened. Dutcher, it's clear, didn't care to transfer the stock himself without authority. But he did sit by and let young Morser do it. Morser held the corresponding amount of Universal Plow Corporation stock—that's the trust, you know. Not long afterward, Steele died. Now do you see it?" He pressed the question upon her hotly.



Almost As Uncanny as Rifling a Grave

She thought it over a moment. "Morser had this stock," she said. "It really belonged to Steele's estate. But only he and Mr. Dutcher knew anything about it."

"Exactly," Belford exclaimed. "And the stock, as it turned out, was worth better than a million dollars."

"Then Mr. Dutcher himself died." She caught up the thread with a kind of breathlessness, as the clew unfolded.

"Then Dutcher himself died," Belford repeated.

"And Morser —— John! Did he steal this stock?" she breathed, her eyes very round.

"Morser sold out that stock. That I know. That I can prove," said Belford with decision.

She speculated over it in a shocked fascination, as though she were looking through a window and seeing a knife descend upon a victim. "It was—criminal, wasn't it?" she asked under her breath, half incredulously.

"I believe the name for it would be embezzlement," said Belford; "also, forgery; also, some other things. For, unless I'm mistaken, certain liberties were taken with a yielding probate court down there in the Southwest—afterward, you understand, to cover the trail. And I suspect there's a bogus decree of divorce somewhere."

"Why that?" she asked.

"Why, the heir of Alvah Steele—the person to whom that stock really belonged—would be his widow, one Floretta Steele, if she's still alive, and if she wasn't divorced, as I believe. But if Floretta is dead or divorced, there must be some other heir somewhere; or, if there's no heir, then the estate belongs to the State. So, anyway about, I've got enough."

She turned a puzzled look upon him, in which he read a certain loathness; perhaps a certain fear.

"There's plenty to do, Jane," he said rather harshly. "I can invalidate the transfer of Dutcher's plow works to the trust. As things now stand that would mean something big for Dutcher's widow and daughter—for Ma and Margaret. If I find Floretta, or any other heir of Alvah Steele, or call in the State as heir, I can recover about one million two hundred thousand dollars for the heir. And I think," he added softly—touching it, so to speak, with a kind of miserly gloating—"I think I can pull down the rotten house of Morser level with the ground, which, also, would be a pious act."

"But to rake up all that old, dead, cruel stuff, John," she said, a little line of bewilderment and pain down the center of her white forehead.

"See here," he replied with energy. Holding up the digits of his left hand, he pointed them off with the forefinger of his right. "There was Alvah Steele, an old skinflint. He put a little money into the plow works and it grew into a fortune. He's entitled to no consideration. There's Floretta—a young lady that I hear exceedingly dubious stories about, one of them being that she ran off with a disreputable young man. She's not entitled to much consideration. There's the

Morsers, father and son. They ruined Dutch. They're fat with his money and other people's right now, while his widow and daughter are skimping along on a pittance."

"They have twelve hundred a year," she urged.

"Yes, twelve hundred a year!" he repeated with scorn. "What does that mean, do you suppose—especially while Margaret has still a year in school? I'll bet good Ma Dutcher is living in the kitchen of that Minona house—taking in boarders or washing, for all I know. And when Margaret gets out of school, what then? Why, maybe Morser will give her a job typewriting at ten dollars a week! I tell you, it's just, Jane! What do we have laws for? Why do we send a pickpocket to jail? Is it to sit still when we see Morser stealing a million?"

She could not answer that masculine argument upon a masculine ground. She could only say, lamely, "But, really, it was Mr. Dutcher's affair, John."

"Well—there's Dutch," he said with some hesitation and after a pause. "We'll suppose Dutch meant rather well while he was wholly himself. But latterly, after he came to New York and got in the stock market, he didn't do well by his wife and daughter. See here." He turned again to the box, and produced, with a small, satirical smile, a checkbook. She did not offer to touch it, so he held it up before her, leafing over the stubs. Certain names, often indicated by initials only, or by a given name in diminutive, were repeated there.

"His private checkbook!" Belford commented with a hard laugh. "Here are letters from Margaret." He took a handful of them from the box, the envelopes showing the girl's firm, graceful superscription. "And here are some others." He lifted two or three, and even at that distance she smelled the perfumery with which they reeked. "All neatly stowed away, cheek by jowl, with the girl's in the private box!" he commented, and repeated the hard laugh.

Jane turned away, somewhat sick, with a helpless gesture. "He was crazy, John; simply crazy. You know that—toward the last. And they never knew."

"Yes, I used to think that myself, seeing Ma," said Belford, dropping the lid of the box. "I used to think she didn't know. But I doubt it now—having had time to think it over. With all that going on, wouldn't Ma have known something about it? Looks to me as though she would. Just what do you suppose he is to them now—especially to her—with the memories that he probably left her, and with the twelve hundred a year that she and the girl have to live on? What do you suppose he is to her? You've seen Ma," he smiled. "She's a good, motherly soul; but she's not what you would call romantic; not in the least sentimental; just plain and practical as a piece of homespun, Ma is; knowing mighty well that two and two make four. If she thinks there's any two and two coming to her from the Morsers, don't you suppose she'll want it—for the daughter's sake, at least? However, there's no need of troubling Ma with it. I'll go ahead and do it—as soon as ever I can find Floretta—or find that she is not to be found."

"You're looking for her, then?" Jane asked.

"Strapping myself to do it," he replied. From the inner coat pocket he took an envelope, which contained a bill that he handed to her. It was from a detective agency, for services rendered

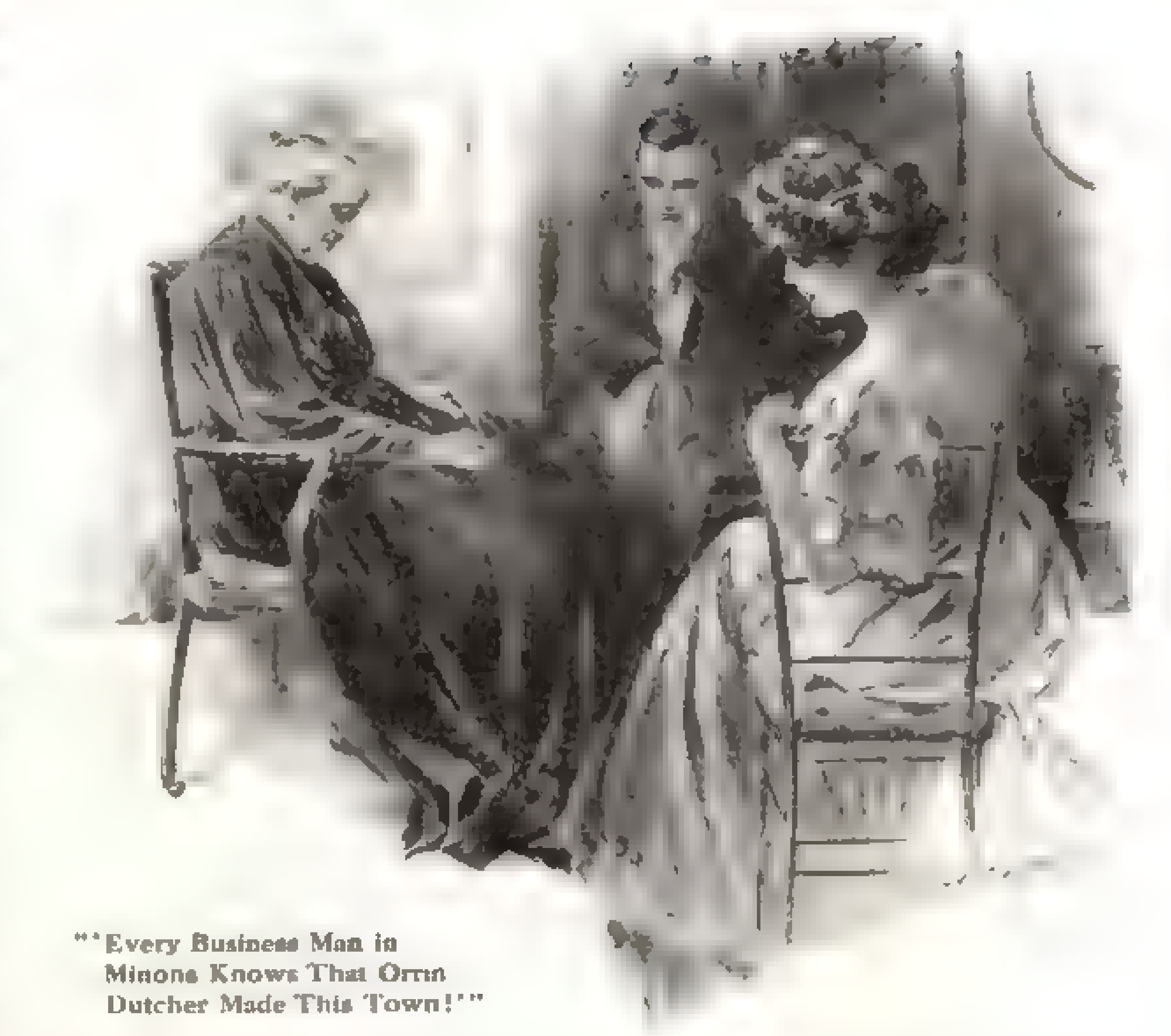
The receipted bill brought up another idea. She turned quickly toward him with it. "You will make something out of it, then?"

"Incidentally," he said, laying an arm over her shoulders, "I can see half a million for us, Jane."

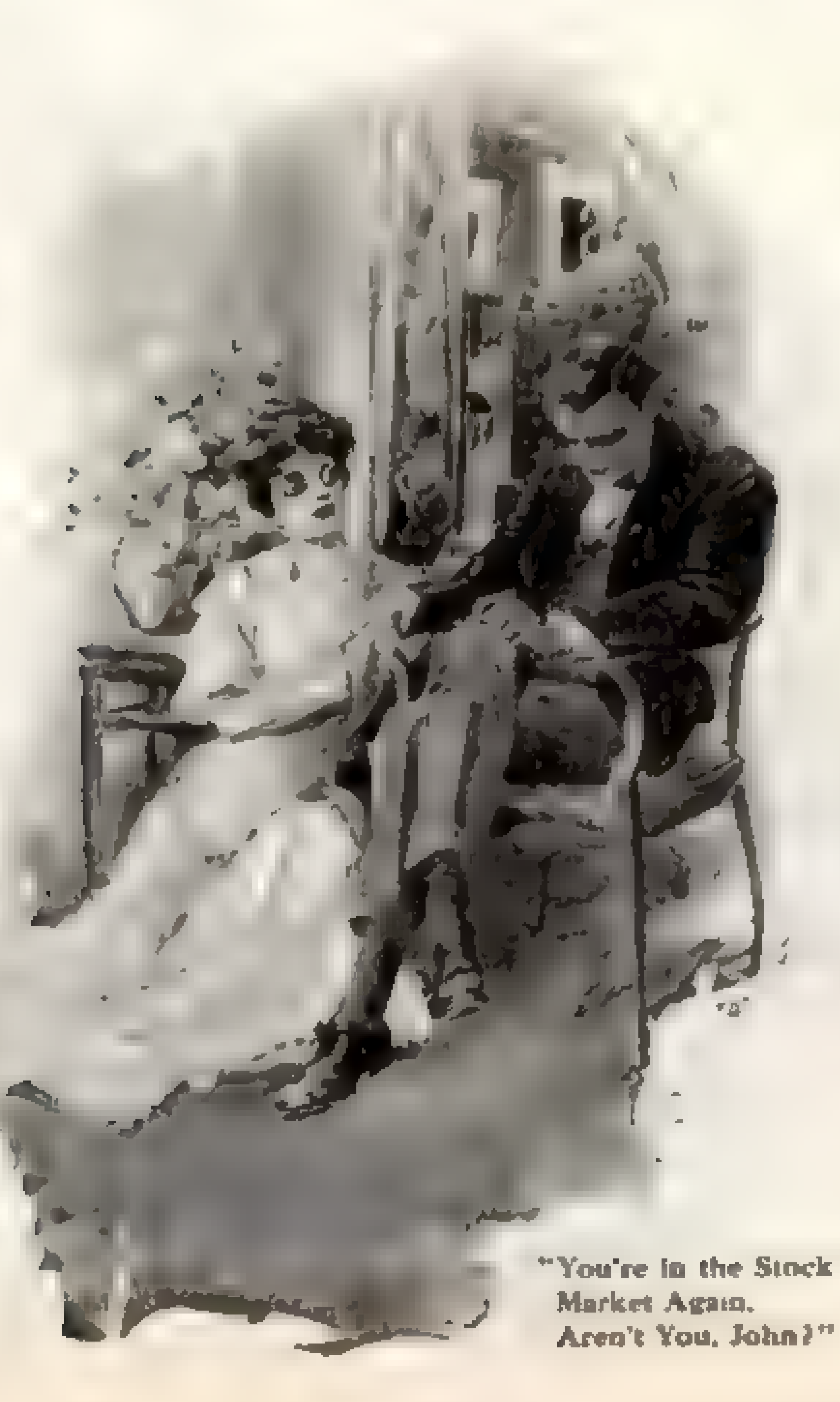
She did not ask how; did not really care to know—even if she could have followed out the combinations of his plan. "But that dead, cruel stuff, John," she said, without an idea to oppose to him; only with a feeling. She put her hands to each side of his face, and said earnestly, with a little shiver, "Let poor Dutcher rest—now that he's dead!"

"The others are alive," he replied, dryly and rather harshly. "There's Floretta. It's her money as much as the dress on your back is yours. She may be in want—very likely is, from all that I've been able to hear of her. She may have a child, and the child in want. No matter what sort she is, aren't they entitled to their own?"

"I suppose so," she assented helplessly, overborne, but not convinced.



"'Every Business Man in Minona Knows That Orrin Dutcher Made This Town!'"



"You're in the Stock Market Again, Aren't You, John?"

The quest, however, proved longer than Belford had anticipated. Earth seemed to have swallowed Floretta, and all recent trace of her. He found his funds running low, for the detectives were expensive, and his impatience steadily mounted. He was by way of becoming a mere incandescent cinder of desire.

Then, one October evening, about nine o'clock, he came hurriedly into the flat. His face was really haggard; but his eyes were bright. From the hall door in the parlor he called out, loudly, to Jane in the sitting-room: "I've won! I've found her!"

Oddly enough, he thought, Jane shook her head, held up a hand warningly, started quickly toward him.

The pressure upon his nerves would not let him stop. "Of all things," he rattled on, "right here in New York; right under my nose; might as well have had her two months ago! But I've got her now, fast enough. I ——"

Reaching out, Jane put a hand on his coat lapel, and said under her breath, "Mrs. Dutcher is here."

It took him a minute to get that idea fairly lodged in his tumultuous brain. Then he was merely confused by it, except that, away back in his mind, there was a vague ache of remorse. He had been meaning, for a long time, to write Ma a friendly letter—only he had been so much absorbed by this other thing.

"I've found her," he repeated stupidly.

"Where is she? What is she doing?" Jane asked, low.

"Why—she isn't doing anything." He obviously fumbled with this. It was, in fact, an awkward incident, a most unexpected and inconvenient tail to his plan. "The fact is—well—she won't ever do anything more. What I found is—why, it's just the wreck of her. You see, she's ——" Unconsciously he was raising his voice again, and he did not hear the step inside. But Jane did, with a warning "S-s-s-h!" and turned toward the sitting-room as Mrs. Dutcher appeared there.

Mrs. Dutcher wore a cheap and baggy black dress. Her figure was ample and homely. Her large hands bore marks of hard work. Her face was broad, rather flat; pleasant rather than intelligent. Her scant, dust-colored hair was parted in the middle, combed down smooth on each side and brought up in a hard, ungraceful knot. She smiled a little, apologetically, at sight of Belford; gave him a hard hand for a timid shake; said nothing except a monosyllable in reply to his perfunctory question.

It was all very homely and awkward; yet, somehow, Belford felt a tension within him letting go; felt an easing, a relaxing, a settling down—as one does sometimes when he turns a fevered face to a quiet, empty prospect with good, green grass and trees in it. When they took chairs he rested his head and crossed his knees, like a man quite at leisure. He and Jane, of course, must start the talking. Ma Dutcher, in the main, could only answer. Inevitably, they spoke to her with gentle voices, as one speaks to a child -touching it, even with words and ideas, only softly.

No, she was not living in Minona; had been there only twice; otherwise, had been with her sister in Wisconsin; sister's husband was a farmer there. Yes, the Minona house was empty. This surprised Belford. Carefully, he pressed for the reason.

"I've got some awful good friends in Minona," said Ma, looking into her lap, her toil-bent fingers noiselessly and slowly laying and relaying a small plait in her black skirt. A faint color touched her broad cheeks. "But, of course, there's some, same as there is in all towns, that sort of likes to see people misfortunate. I guess it sort of reconciles 'em to themselves." She smiled without rancor. "Orrin made Minona. It was just a little village when he went there as a young man. It's near eight thousand now. Whenever there was anything to do Orrin always took the lead and pushed it through. Some didn't want paving at first, and stood out against the electric light plant, and all such things. But Orrin always just took hold and pushed it through. I saw a piece in the St. Paul paper, the other day, that Minona had the best paving and light and water works of any town of its size in the country. Orrin gave a lot of money, too. He built the hospital and library himself, and the block on Main Street that the opera house is in. He got the O. & M. to put their car shops there, and got the big flour mill started, and things like that. It wasn't all for himself that he worked. Mr. French—he's president of the First National Bank—when Orrin died, he wrote to me. He said: 'Every business man in Minona knows that Orrin Dutcher made this town!'"

She told it all quietly, without visible emotion other than the faint touch of color in her cheeks and the slow action of her toil-marked fingers plaiting the baggy skirt.

"Naturally," she said, "they think a great deal of Orrin, he sort of standing for the town, and being an example of what a man can do. But there's always some that likes to see people misfortunate. I couldn't keep up our house there on my income." She looked at the two young people, with a mild wistfulness, as though she hoped they would understand it, although she could not express it well. "It ain't that I care for myself. And Margy wouldn't care for herself. There was a man at the end of our street, named Owens. He wouldn't ever keep up his yard decent. He'd always have a ash-heap and rattletrap things laying around in sight. It used to fret Orrin. He'd get mad and go for Owens, every now and then. Seems to me it would be a sort of mean and pitiful thing for me to be a ash-heap in front of what Orrin built. Not that I'd care for myself."

So they gathered what she meant—that, not from any personal pride, but from a simple-minded, reverent loyalty to the tradition of her husband as Minona's great, successful man, she preferred quietly to disappear to her sister's in Wisconsin, leaving him still before Minona's eye in the full refulgence of his success; trusting to a few discreet friends who knew the facts to give a good account of her there. She looked at them in mild wistfulness, hoping they would understand.

The note of understanding came from Jane—a soft, little cry from her throat.

"I never thought about it as I might have while he was alive," Mrs. Dutcher ventured to say, after a little pause offering something of her inner experience with apologetical modesty. "When I went back there after he died I understood it—seeing the fine town that he made, the big plow works and the solid buildings, so many people busy and getting along in the world, most of 'em owning their own homes, too, for he got up a building and loan plan for all the workmen. It looked fine and solid. I guess it will stand a good while after all of us is gone. It was like I saw all that for the first time. I says to myself, 'This is what he done while he was alive. You was side by side with him all the while. What have you done?' It made me ashamed of myself." She looked from one to the other, with her modest, apologetical smile.

"I've thought about it a good deal since," she continued. "It sort of grew around into my coming here now, for I'd ruther come to you, John, than go to any [illegible] back there." She addressed Belford with an earnest questioning in her look. "I want to arrange it so's part of my income will go to another person in case anything should happen to me."

"It could be arranged, of course," said Belford, perfunctorily.

"Orrin had a kind of partner once. I never liked the man. When he was about fifty he married a girl out of the works, she being about nineteen, and good-looking. I guess she was more or less foolish, anyway, and marrying a man with money turned her head. Seems very strange to me now," said Mrs. Dutcher thoughtfully, "that I should have minded her the way I did. Orrin's position being what it was in Minona, and me being his wife, the foolish girl sort of set at me. I ought to have been sorry for her for being envious and all that; but I was a great deal more foolish than she was. She made a point of making up to Orrin, to vex me, and I let it vex me, though that seems strange now, when I think of the work Orrin was doing all the time. There was a good deal of talk about her—some for, some against. We ain't so big in Minona but everybody knows about everybody else," she explained, for their New York comprehension.

"Orrin would have liked me to talk for her, and I guess that would have settled it, on account of my position there. But I wouldn't do it. When I wouldn't open the door to her, nobody would. I guess her husband was mean to her. He was an awful stingy man. They said her not being taken up by leading people sort of turned him against her. Pretty soon she got discouraged and run away—some said with another man. But even then I felt hateful to her."

Mrs. Dutcher contemplated her lap, slowly remaking the plait in her skirt. "You can't never go back when you've made a mistake, and try it over again. A while after she went away I found a letter she wrote to Orrin, asking for money. He was going to send it to her, openhanded as he always was. But I said he shouldn't. That was a thing I had to think about when I says, 'This is what he done. What have you done?' So I got the child she left with her folks up in Minnesota. They're awfully poor and ignorant. You could hardly blame her, anyway, when you see what she came from. I've got him now to my sister's in Wisconsin. He's a nice, bright boy, four years old."

She reflected a moment, mechanically smoothing down her hair, as she strove to get a firm hold of the difficult idea. "The real things that Orrin done, the things that he really had his life here on earth for, was right and true—the solid buildings and pavement and workmen's homes, and the like of that. It stands there now, good and plumb. That mistake I made was wrong to him, too. So now I want to make it plumb and true as I can. That's all I can do now." She paused a moment, recovering herself, so to speak, after that deep plunge in speech.

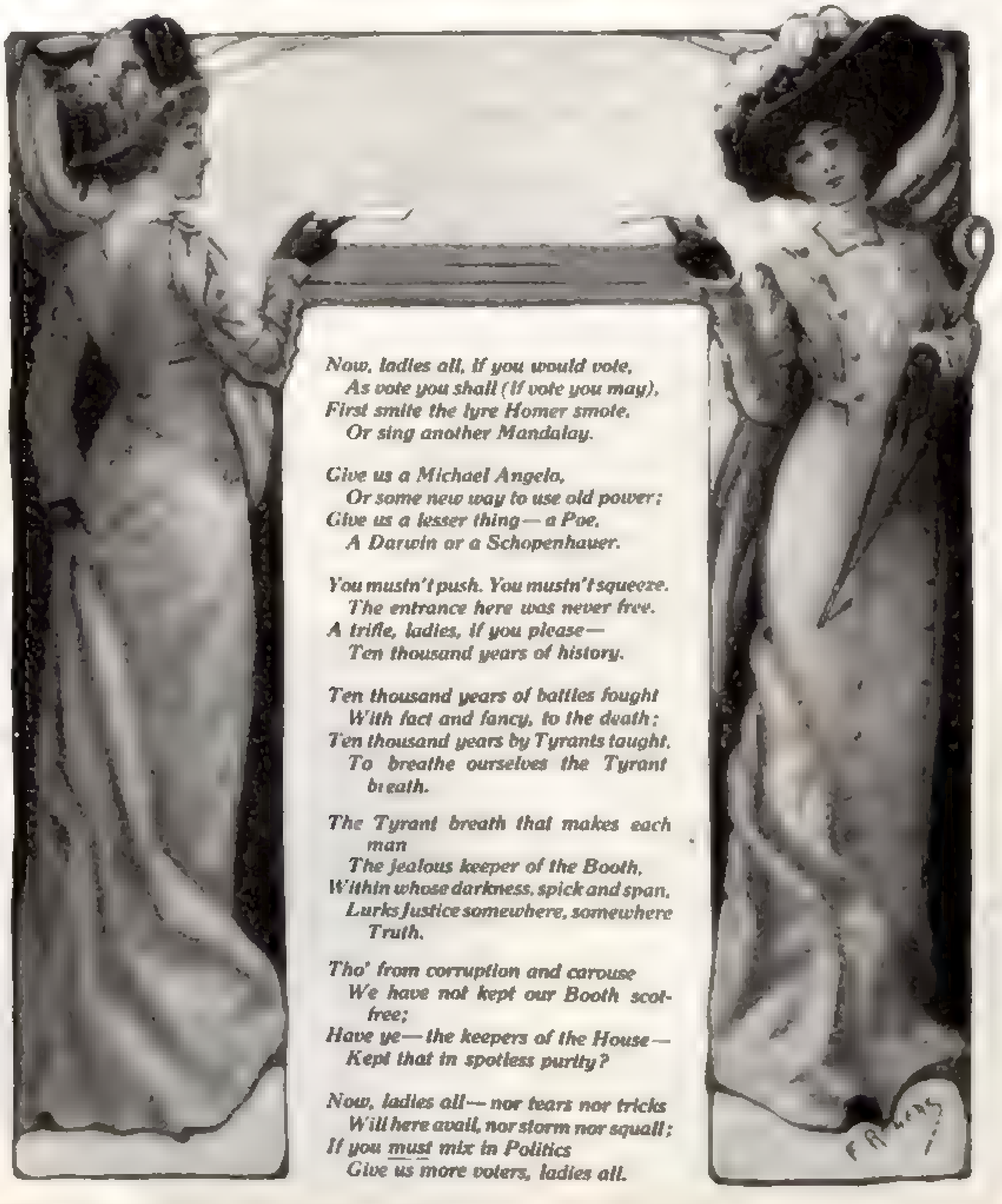
"I want the income fixed so's if anything happens to me the boy will have four hundred a year out of the twelve, same's he will have while I'm alive. I know Margaret will think it right when I explain it to her. It's what Orrin's widow and daughter ought to do."

"Of course, it can be arranged—if you wish," said Belford vacantly.

"Well, that's what I come for." She put her work-marked hands on the arm of the chair to arise, and smiled at them apologetically. "I'm afraid I been keeping you up."

The Keepers of the Booth

By Gouverneur Morris



Now, ladies all, if you would vote,
As vote you shall (if vote you may),
First smite the lyre Homer smote,
Or sing another Mandalay.

Give us a Michael Angelo,
Or some new way to use old power;
Give us a lesser thing—a Poe,
A Darwin or a Schopenhauer.

You mustn't push. You mustn't squeeze.
The entrance here was never free.
A trifle, ladies, if you please—
Ten thousand years of history.

Ten thousand years of battles fought
With fact and fancy, to the death;
Ten thousand years by Tyrants taught,
To breathe ourselves the Tyrant breath.

The Tyrant breath that makes each man
The jealous keeper of the Booth,
Within whose darkness, spick and span,
Lurks Justice somewhere, somewhere Truth.

Tho' from corruption and carouse
We have not kept our Booth scot-free;
Have ye—the keepers of the House—
Kept that in spotless purity?

Now, ladies all—nor tears nor tricks
Will here avail, nor storm nor squall;
If you must mix in Politics
Give us more voters, ladies all.

They protested emptily, and stood up with a sort of helplessness when she did. She looked up at Jane, as knowing where sympathy would be, smiling gently. "I can be thankful the wrong didn't go any further," she said. "Floretta—that was her name—died pretty soon after she run away. She might have lived on and got into bad ways—being the kind she was—and that would have put a heavy weight on me. A person can't be too much afraid of making such mistakes."

It occurred to both of them that, perhaps, in her humble way, she meant it for advice. That thought checked and even rebuked Jane's impulse to fold Ma Dutcher in her arms. They stood in their tracks until the door closed upon her broad, bent back. Then Jane turned to her husband with awe.

"It's wonderful!" she murmured. "Wonderful! He is her hero. She's forgotten all that last, crazy part. She remembers just the good builder." She looked over at the door, as though she would conjure back the figure that had just disappeared behind it and reassure herself whether, in truth, it was heavy, aged, round-shouldered, homely. "He is her hero."

Belford was staring down at the table. "I'll see that Floretta is well taken care of in the hospital," he observed stupidly. "It can't be for long."

Jane bent toward him with a swift movement, as though startled by a thought. "And the other, John; the Morser affair?" she whispered breathlessly. "Of course, you must drop that now."

He made a gesture, as though her saying that were obviously superfluous; but he did not look up. The way he stared at the table struck her; and then, abruptly, she saw just what she knew he was seeing—a rough, cubical sheet-iron box, with the lock broken. She gave a little shiver and stepped noiselessly to his side.

"Do you suppose she told us all?" she said in his ear—"all that she knew about Floretta—and him?"

"Who knows?" he replied, half absently. "What difference? She buries it. It's just as though Ma took the box in her faithful, pious hands and buried it. You see, I've been lying to you right along," he went on, in that toneless and stupid manner. "Dutch must have left that last crazy part of him in the box. I began thinking of the half million I was going to make as soon as I opened the papers. So I went right on lying to you, thinking of the half million with Dutch's own mad mind."

She seemed not at all surprised at this—as though it followed quite as a matter of course. She merely asked quietly, "How, dear?"

"It was the way I told you at first," he explained, if that could be called explanation. "And after I got well into it I found that Dutch had taken his half. It was when he was hard up, crazy to get hold of money. Morser sold out the Steele stock then, and divided with Dutch. Dutch took his half."

Comprehension broke upon her. "And you meant to go on, John?" she said, "to expose him—before her—before everybody?"

"You see, it's no good hitting me any more, now, Jane," he said simply, even quite gently, so that she thoroughly comprehended how battered and numb he was. "You help me," he said. "We'll burn it."

"Yes! Yes!" she assented under her breath.

Moving warily, as though they really feared to arouse the good guest, they went to the cubby. Belford stood aside, indicating this item and that, while she knelt before the box and took out what he directed. It made a good armful, which she carried to the grate. He stood aside again, while she knelt and struck a match. When the flame sprang up she glanced apprehensively at the bedroom door and dragged a chair in front of the grate to blanket the glow. Belford leaned against the mantel, watching the fire. They did not speak again until it quite died out, and only blackened flakes remained.

Then Belford looked at his wife, questioning, dreading. There must be, it seemed, very much to be said between them; to be made right—if he could make it right.

She glided close beside him. "It's not what you did, John," she said tremulously. "It's not what you might have done, but were saved from. That's not it. It's that woman in there—so plain and bent—and so beautiful!" Her lips, close to his ear, faltered. As her head dropped to his shoulder she whispered, "That's why I want to cry."

Spanish Economy

"YES," said Doctor Wiley, the pure-food expert, "we are not the only country that has passed a pure-food law. Now, some years ago, Spain passed a very drastic law on this subject."

"Spain?"

"Yes, Spain."

"How did it work?"

"Well, I am not prepared to go into that, but there was one feature that shows the thrift of the Spanish people."

"What was it?"

"Why, they condemned much adulterated food that was offered for sale, but that food wasn't destroyed. Not at all. The Spanish authorities ordered it sent to the charitable institutions."

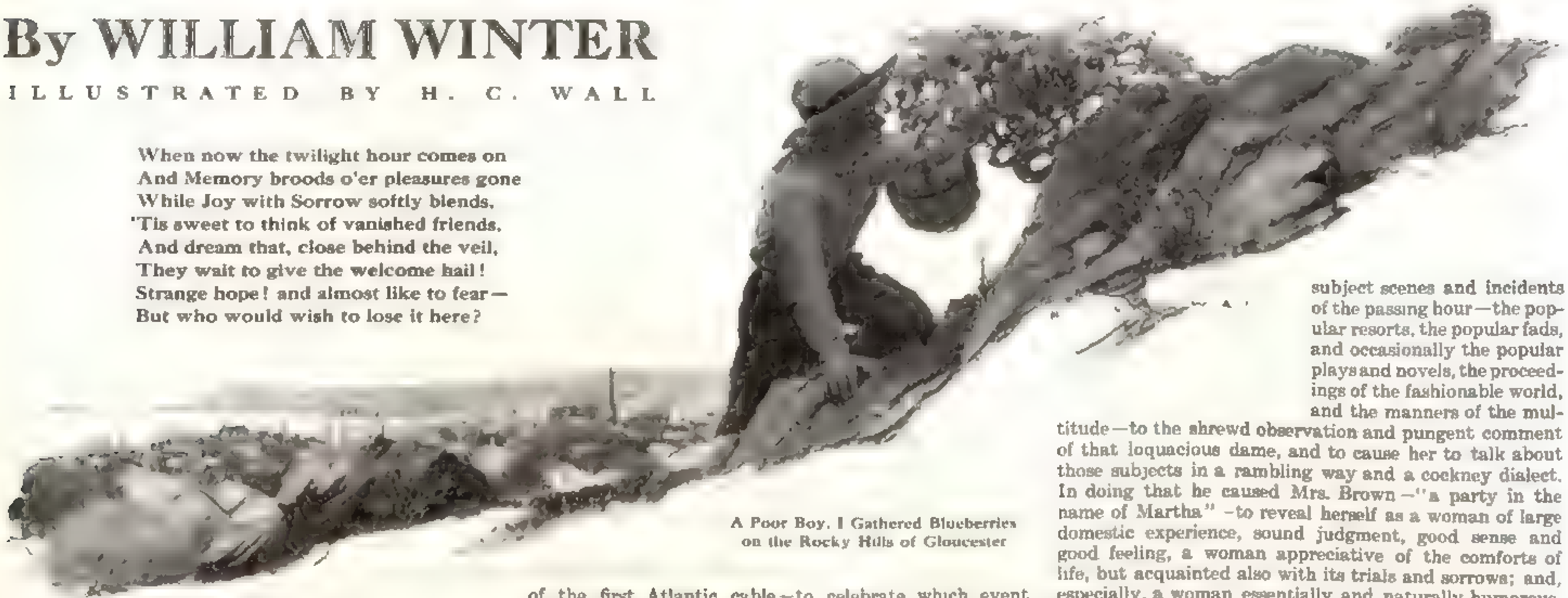
MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

Old Friends—Literary Comrades of Long Ago

By WILLIAM WINTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

When now the twilight hour comes on
And Memory broods o'er pleasures gone
While Joy with Sorrow softly blends,
'Tis sweet to think of vanished friends,
And dream that, close behind the veil,
They wait to give the welcome hail!
Strange hope! and almost like to fear—
But who would wish to lose it here?



A Poor Boy, I Gathered Blueberries on the Rocky Hills of Gloucester

THE suggestion has frequently been made to me that I should write an autobiography—a kind of composition which I have found deeply interesting, as written by great men of the Past, but from which—not being great—I find myself inclined to shrink. It seldom happens to anybody to possess such knowledge as Gibbon was able to communicate or such recollections as those that enrich the golden pages of Henry Crabb Robinson. Some courage has been required for the writing of the series of sketches of my comrades of other days, which now I bring to an end. My sketches have, indeed, been received with many expressions of approval, and, possibly, a narrative of my personal experience—from the time when, as a poor boy, I gathered blueberries on the rocky hills back of Gloucester, or rambled, with other barefooted vagrants, on the wharves of Boston, till this day of active labor as a man of letters—might find a little favor. Perhaps the narrative will, some day, be written—for I have seen and known many persons and things of exceptional interest. Meanwhile, I shall be grateful if this farewell glimpse is approved, which now I purpose to give, of good fellows of a day long past, who once brightened my life with the sunshine of their humor, and gained my affection, and by me are never forgotten.

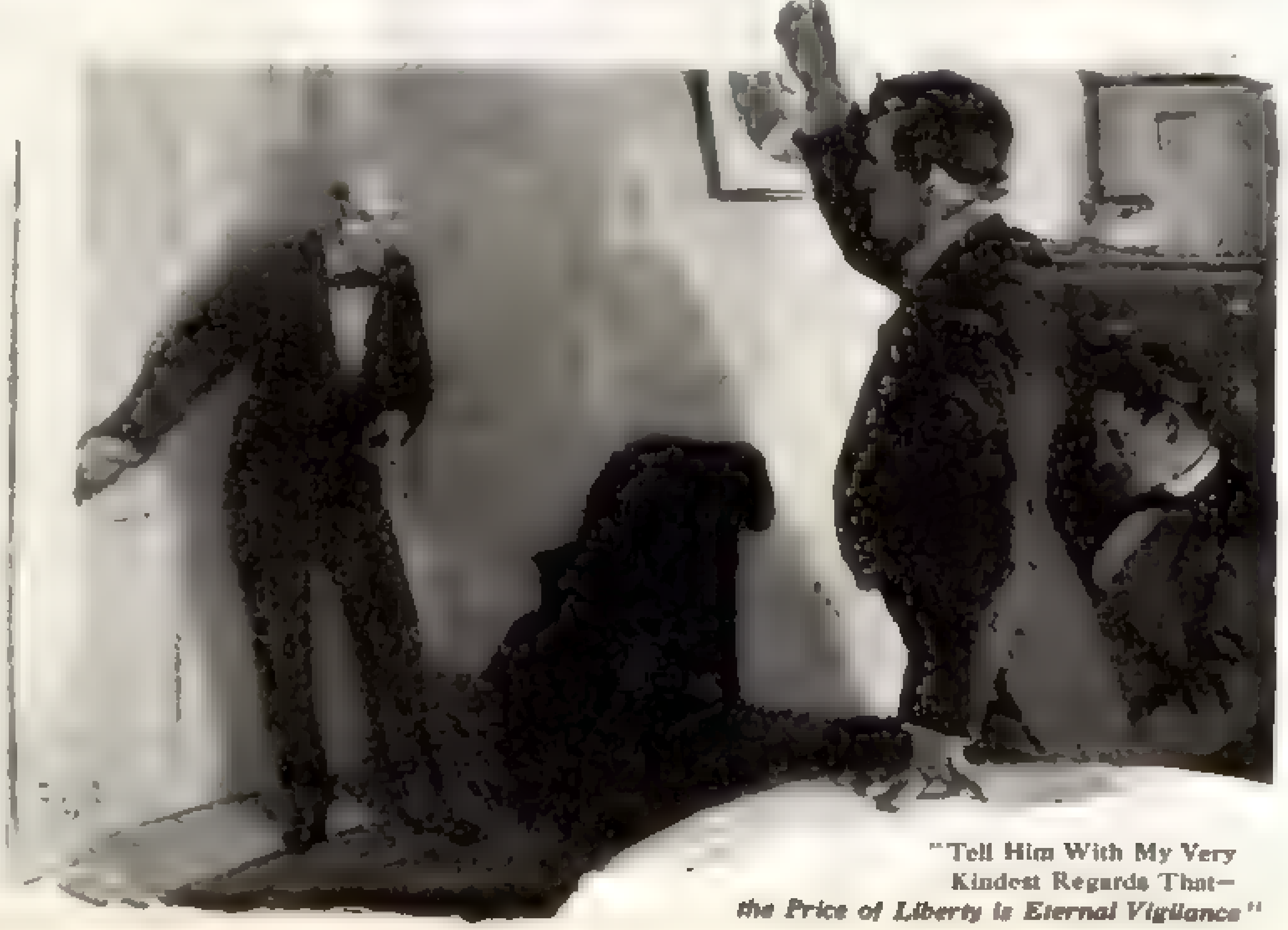
Chance Impressions of Great Persons

IT WOULD be easily possible for me to dilate upon my remembrance of notable incidents and famous persons whom I saw in my boyhood and youth, that time which now seems so distant, that time of dream and drift and thoughtless enjoyment. Channing, the saintlike preacher, pale and thin, standing in his pulpit, and, even to my childish eyes, an object of awe; Story, the great jurist, riding in the long omnibus that plied between Cambridge and Boston, and talking with the passengers; the funeral procession of John Quincy Adams, as, with the black coffin exposed to view, it wound its slow way through Boston streets, to the wailing music of the Dead March; Polk, the President, in his carriage, with long-drawn escort, making triumphal progress, bowing right and left to the shouting multitude; Father Taylor, in his Bethel, rugged and vehement, preaching to sailors, and, as it happened, to me, a sailor's boy; Gough, the stentorian orator of Temperance, who certainly terrified one of his auditors, and probably many others, by his simulation of drunken delirium; the festal adornment of the city, and the general joy of its people, when the Cochituate Water was introduced for common use; the exceeding horror attendant on the discovery of Professor Webster's murder of Doctor Parkman, in the Medical College; Junius Booth, that meteor of tragedy, whom I beheld as Pescara, and trembled to behold; Daniel Webster, most imperial of American statesmen, uttering his clarion tones from the portico of the old Revere House; Shaw, the august and venerable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, presiding in his place, often apparently slumberous, but always really alert, watchful and aware of everything around him; the acclaim that hailed the laying of the first Atlantic cable—to celebrate which event, indeed, I wrote a song that was sung by a vast audience in the Tremont Temple; Theodore Parker, the honest but virulent apostle of liberty, addressing a great multitude, in the Music Hall where he preached, and denouncing Daniel Webster with bitterest vituperation; Rufus Choate, the most magnificent, the most wonderful, the most inspiring of orators, pouring forth the diamond torrent of his entrancing eloquence from the platform of storied Faneuil Hall—those are a few of the scenes that crowd, in disorder, upon my recollection, when I think of vanished years. There is far more display of enterprise in the life of Today than there was in the life of Yesterday; but the Past, as I recall it, was not devoid of action, and it was illustrious with the presence of great persons who, to the eyes of age, seem unmatched in the Present.

The great poet Byron happily notices that Farewell is a word which makes us linger; and certainly, in a parting hour, the disposition is natural to crowd as much meaning as possible into a few words. The particular purpose that I had in view, however, was to close these recollections with a picture of good fellows who lived for merriment and made the hard way sweet. One of the best of them, as good and kind a man as ever lived, was the humorist, Arthur Sketchley. That was his pen-name, and he was commonly known by it, but in writing to me he generally signed his actual name, which was George Rose. His personality was exceedingly interesting, and he possessed that extraordinary faculty of humor which manifests itself by making its possessor intrinsically funny. He was a stalwart, handsome Englishman, of an aspect at once grave and jovial. His manner was both dignified and gentle. His voice was rich, deep and sympathetic, and beneath the facetious demeanor that he often readily, and to all appearance unconsciously, assumed, there was a reverent spirit, a solemn sense of duty, and a conscientious purpose to use his faculty of humor for the public good. The character with which he chose to invest himself (it was first made known in 1863, and he assumed it both as a writer and an impersonator) was that of a garrulous female named Mrs. Martha Brown, a representative, in many respects, of the average, conventional, middle-class English mind. His method was to subject scenes and incidents of the passing hour—the popular resorts, the popular fads, and occasionally the popular plays and novels, the proceedings of the fashionable world, and the manners of the multitude—to the shrewd observation and pungent comment of that loquacious dame, and to cause her to talk about those subjects in a rambling way and a cockney dialect. In doing that he caused Mrs. Brown—"a party in the name of Martha"—to reveal herself as a woman of large domestic experience, sound judgment, good sense and good feeling, a woman appreciative of the comforts of life, but acquainted also with its trials and sorrows; and, especially, a woman essentially and naturally humorous, yet completely unconscious of her gift of humor. In a remote way the character might have been suggested to Rose by the Mrs. Nickleby of Dickens, but more probably (for Rose did not like either Dickens or his novels) it was a study of actual life. At any rate, while Mrs. Nickleby is artificial, silly and tedious, Mrs. Brown is natural, sensible and entertaining; and her inexhaustible vocabulary, blending truth, ridicule, sense, kindness and unexpected felicity of illustration with a tangle of words, is delightfully comic.

Rose's Impersonation of Martha Brown

ROSE came to America in the autumn of 1867 and gave public entertainments in New York and a few other cities, in the character of Mrs. Brown. He did not wear feminine attire, but appeared in the customary evening dress, speaking without manuscript, and, by dint of facile, suggestive impersonation, giving to his auditors a clear and complete mental image of a voluble, elderly English woman of an eccentric order. As acting the achievement was unique and extraordinary. By the American audience, however, Mrs. Brown was not well understood, and her clever and amiable representative did not long remain in America. In Britain, on the other hand, Mrs. Brown appeared before more than a thousand audiences in many cities of the kingdom, and every one of them was delighted. In Australia, also, she met with great favor. Rose was the author of several comedies, some of which were successfully produced and all of which are good. He died in London, at No. 96 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, on November 13, 1882, aged fifty-two, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery—that peculiarly

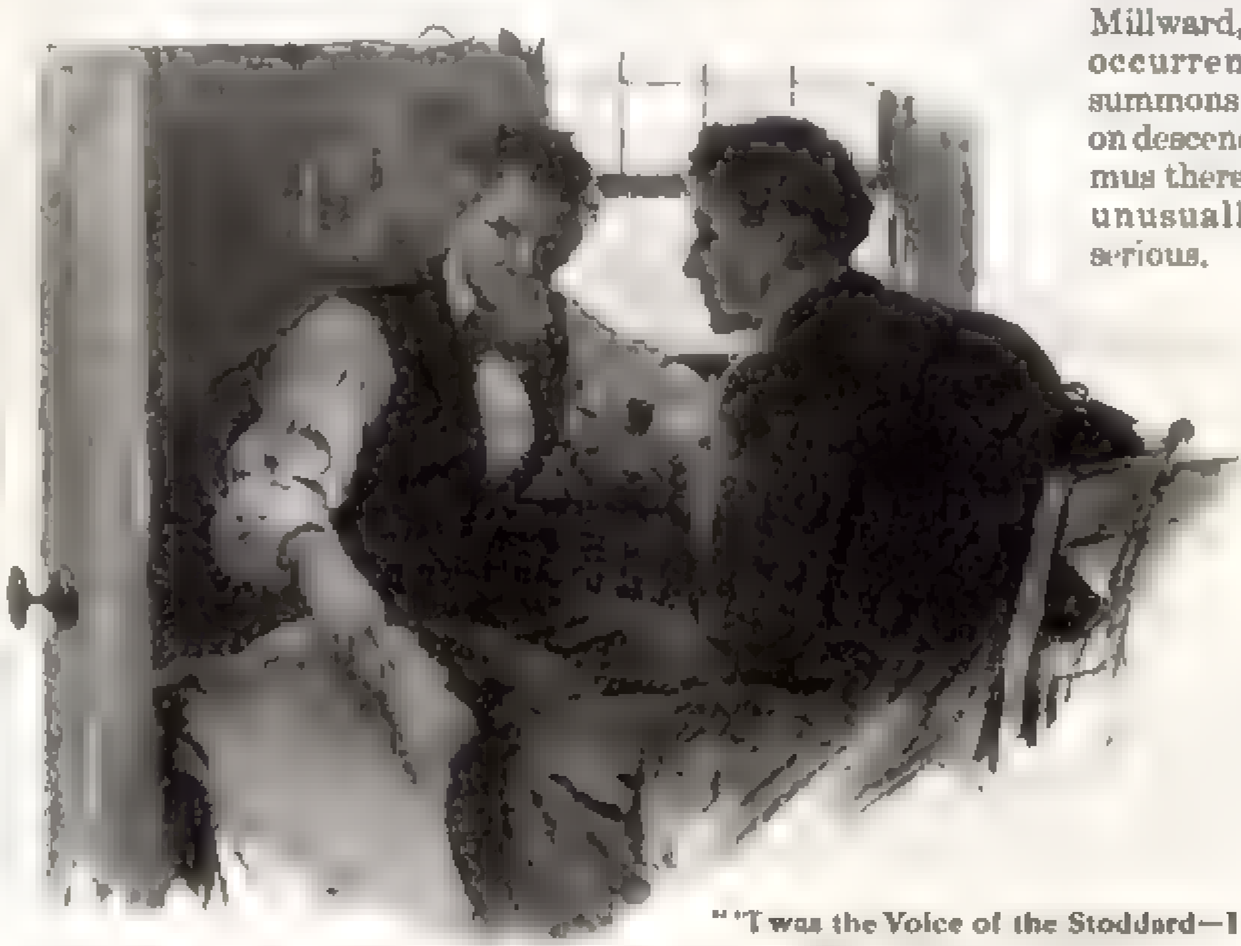


"Tell Him With My Very Kindest Regards That—*the Price of Liberty is Eternal Vigilance*" forlorn place of sepulture, which is so populous with memorials of men and women once distinguished in service of the arts.

One of Rose's marked peculiarities was excessive candor. He uttered disapprobation of many things and persons, sometimes sincerely, at other times in a playful, whimsical spirit—for he was prone to mystification; as when, in a season of much Shakespearian revival, he would cause Mrs. Brown to exclaim: "Oh, Shakespeare again! that dreadful man!" Charles Mathews, the brilliant light comedian, was one of his intimate friends, and I have heard that as often as they met it was the custom of Mathews to forestall his comrade's impending censure by exclaiming: "Now, Rose, damn everything and have it done with—and let's go to breakfast!" Rose was not, essentially, a censorious man, but conventionality—the everlasting sameness of persons, and thoughts, and speeches, and customs—made him impatient and prompted him to satire. When in New York, in the season of 1867-68, he was often in my company, and he was the cause of much mirth. One morning he came to see me at the office of a paper called the Weekly Review, of which, amid a multiplicity of occupations, I was the managing editor (for one of the most accomplished and amiable of men, Theodore Hagen, long since dead); and, being in joyous spirits, he suddenly favored me with a signal example of his humorous aptitude and his propensity for playful satire. A public reading from Shakespeare, by the famous and considerably-overrated Fanny Kemble, had occurred on the previous evening at Steinway Hall, and, as sympathetically related by the morning papers, it had been interrupted at a critical moment by the late and, naturally, vexatious arrival of one of the distinguished performer's female auditors. Fanny Kemble, as is known to persons who know the truth about her, while possessed of intellect, ability and a grand manner, was an imperious woman, somewhat of the Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, order, and the interruption of her recital, which happened to be that of a lurid apostrophe by King Lear, caused her to pause and to fix a baleful gaze of fury on the belated member of her congregation. According to one of her newspaper worshipers "the angry spot did glow on Cæsar's cheek." On hearing a remark about that incident, Rose instantly assumed the character of Mrs. Brown at the Play, and, pretending that the disturbance had been caused by that worthy dame's incursion into the formidable Fanny's audience, he improvised a performance as fine with truth and humor as anything of the kind could be—a performance such as the most glowing of theatrical records attribute to the versatile John Edwin, the incomparable Theodore Hook, or the irresistible Munden. "That ther' Miss Kimbil," he exclaimed, in conclusion; "and a brazen 'ussy as she was, a-sittin' in a black velvet gown and a-glarin' at *me!* 'Rumble your belly full!' she sings hout; 'blow wind!' which I don't 'old with no sich langwidge, and me a respectable widdy, and peppermint drops is good for it."

Rose and Artemus Ward

ROSE, as might have been expected, was cordially sympathetic with the American humorist, Artemus Ward, and he was foremost in greeting him with glad welcome on his arrival in London. They became intimate friends, and it has been said that Artemus, when on his death-bed, asked Rose to obtain for him the ministrations of a Roman Catholic priest. Knowing both those men intimately, and thinking of that death-bed, I surmise that it was Rose, not Ward, who suggested the summons of the Romish ecclesiastic. Rose had been educated for the priesthood; he was eminently pious; he lived and died in the Roman Catholic faith. He naturally would have suggested the presence of a confessor at the bedside of his dying friend, and he would have considered that proceeding conscientious and necessary. Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne) was a good man, but he was not a sectarian in religious belief. My acquaintance with Artemus commenced when he came to New York, from the West, in the autumn of 1860, and began to write for Vanity Fair, of which paper, subsequently, he was for a short time the editor. He was comically eccentric, equally as a character and a writer. His person was tall and thin; his face aquiline; his carriage buoyant; his demeanor joyous and eager. His features were irregular; his eyes of a light blue color and, in expression, both merry and gentle. His movements were rapid and inelegant. His voice was fresh and clear, and, though not sympathetic, distinctly communicative of a genial spirit. His attire was rich and gay, the attire of a man of fashion. He possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty of maintaining a grave, earnest, solemn composure of countenance while making comic or ridiculous statements—as when, in his first lecture in New York, he mentioned the unusual skill of his absent pianist, who, he said, "always wore mittens when playing the piano"—and he could impart an irresistible effect of humor by means of a felicitous, unexpected inflection of tone. There is little in his published writings that fully explains the charm he exercised in conversation or in public speaking. The prominent characteristics of those writings are broadly farcical humor, sportive levity and comic inconsequence—as when, in describing his visit to the grim Tower of London, he mentioned that he saw the "Traitor's Gate," and thought that as many as twenty traitors might go through it abreast. The charm of Artemus Ward was that of a kindly, droll personality, compact of spontaneous mirth and winning sweetness. It is an attribute which words can only suggest, and that but faintly.



"'T was the Voice of the Stoddard—I Heard Him Complain!"

In the days of our intimacy I sometimes urged upon the attention of Artemus the importance of a serious purpose in humorous writings, especially commending to him the example of Thackeray. Those monitions of mine were always gravely accepted, but with a demure glance and a twinkle of the blue eyes that seemed to betoken more amusement than heed. Late one night—in fact, about three o'clock in the morning—when we had been merrymaking with gay companions, we repaired, upon his invitation, to the hotel in which he then lodged, the Jones House, at the southeast corner of Broadway and Great Jones Street, New York, a pleasant abode, long since demolished. On reaching his room he hastily summoned a servant, and, after ordering that copious refreshment should be provided, he earnestly inquired, with an imposing aspect of solemnity, an aspect by which I was completely deceived, whether it would be possible to arouse the landlord. The servant hesitated.

"It is late, sir," he said.

"I know it is late," replied Artemus; "but I have a message for him of the utmost importance. It is urgent, and I am sure he will be glad to receive it. Do you think you could wake him?"

"Yes, sir; I could wake him, if you——"

"Well—I will see that you are not blamed. Will you remember what I say, and be careful and deliver the message to him *exactly* as I tell you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, give him my compliments; be sure you mention my name; he's an old friend of mine; he'll be delighted to hear from me. Wake him and tell him—and speak *distinctly*, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him with my very kindest regards that—*the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.*"

The verbal record of that bit of frolic conveys only a hint of the skill with which the humorist maintained his gravity and the abounding glee with which he exulted over the accomplishment of his playfully mischievous design. That was one way of signifying to me his assent to the proposition that humor can be made to convey a serious truth.

I never saw Artemus after he went to England. He was warmly welcomed in London, where he became widely popular, by reason of his comic entertainment, given at Egyptian Hall, and also by reason of his contributions to Punch; and he gained many affectionate friends. Among those friends were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Millward and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burgess, from whom, when I first visited England, in 1877, I derived much information as to his London life. Millward related an incident that is signally indicative of Ward's character. The humorist had been overwhelmed with English hospitality—a kindness which, once awakened, knows no bounds; he had entered with eager zest into the festivities of the delightful Savage Club and of other kindred coteries, and consequently his health was beginning to break. Mrs. Millward, equally sensible and kind, warned him of his danger. "You must," she repeatedly said to him, "learn to say 'No.'" The home of Millward was in the northern part of London, far from the Strand and therefore distant from Bohemian haunts. "One night, between midnight and morning, we were awakened," said Millward, recounting this occurrence, "by a loud summons at our door; and, on descending, I found Artemus there, in evening dress, unusually composed and serious. Of course I welcomed him, though at a loss to understand the cause of his untimely call. He urgently requested the presence of Mrs. Millward, and would take no denial, having, as he gravely declared, a most important communication to impart, that only *she* could appreciate. Yielding to his earnest importunity I persuaded Mrs. Millward to join us. The moment she appeared he greeted her with impressive solemnity. 'It is done,' he said; 'I knew you would wish to hear of it at once. I have been at the Savage all the evening, and I have said *No!*' The result," added Millward, "was that we sat up the rest of the night and made a feast of it—in which, it is needless to add, he said 'Yes!'"

Ward's Dying Jest

ARTEMUS died in the Southwestern Railway Hotel at Southampton, on March 6, 1867, aged 32. A short time before his death a friend tried to persuade him to swallow some medicine that he was reluctant to take. "I would do *anything* for you," urged that affectionate person. "Would you?" said Artemus; "well—then *you* take it!" His body rested for a short time in Kensal Green Cemetery, London, but ultimately it was brought home and buried at Waterford, Maine, his birthplace. Among the mortuary tributes which appeared in print, none is more touching than a poem, which has been attributed to England's then greatest living poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne, but which was written by James Rhoades, of Haslemere, Surrey, and published in a London paper. One stanza of it is here given:

He came with a heart full of gladness
From the glad-hearted world of the West,
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness;
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest:
For the Man in our hearts lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears,
And those who were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears.

In his New York days Artemus consorted with my old Bohemian companions, and the thought of him irresistibly revives a memory of them; and, besides that it is the way of age to revert to the beginning, that circle of good fellows has been brought again into my thoughts by a public service commemorative of the loved and honored poet, Stedman. The death of that distinguished man of letters befell on January 18, 1908, and on January 13, 1909, many authors and other mourning friends were assembled and speeches were delivered, making due allusion to the literary environment of his youth, the time when he began as a writer, and the Bohemian group of which, erroneously, he was supposed and declared to have been a member. In earlier chapters of this series of literary memories I have adverted to that period and that

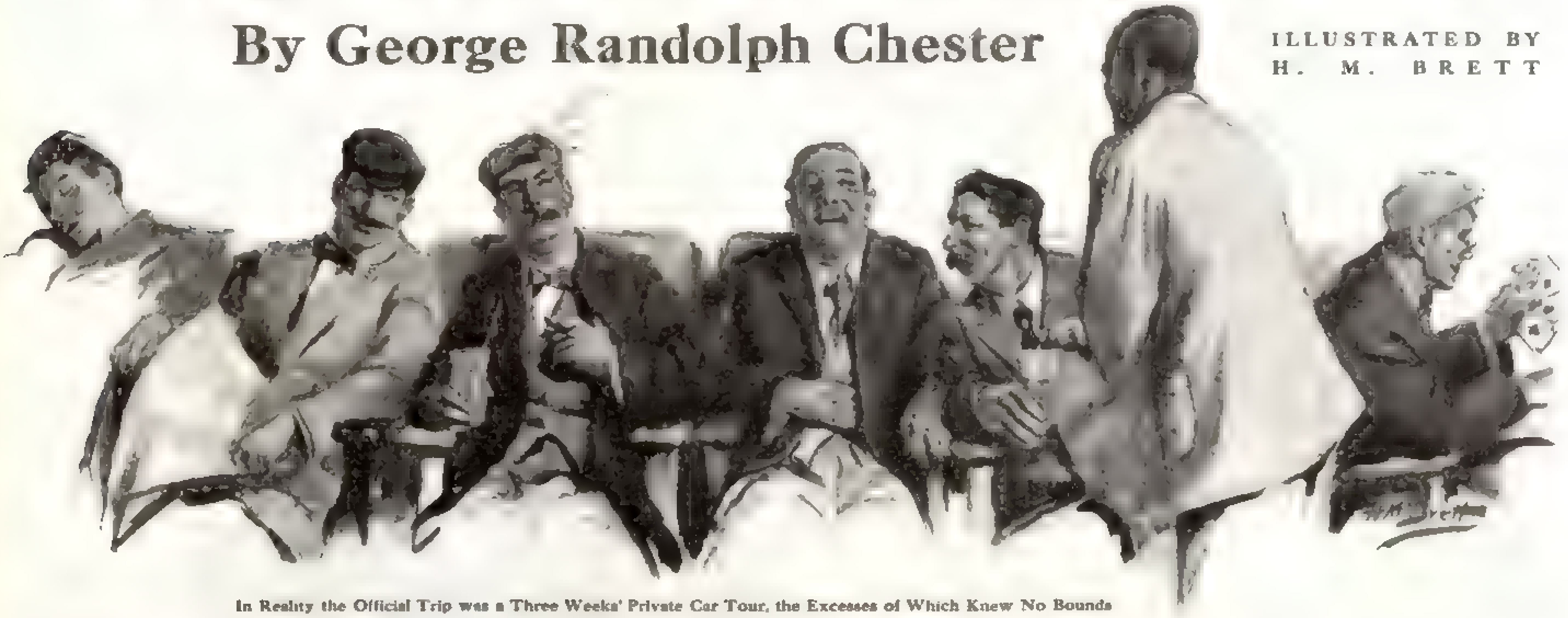
(Continued on Page 71)

THE PAVING STEAL

Mr. Flagg Taps a Fount of Inside Information for the Courier

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. M. BRETT



In Reality the Official Trip was a Three Weeks' Private Car Tour, the Excesses of Which Knew No Bounds

BOYISH-LOOKING Flagg, city-hall man for the Courier, turned into the managing editor's office with a troubled brow.

"There's something doing in council," said he, concealing his sickness of soul in seeming apathy, "and I suppose we're in for another grand little drubbing."

Thomas mopped the top of his partially bald head with a fat hand.

"Go into executive session again?" he asked.

Flagg nodded and resumed his pose of careless vacancy of intellect.

"Reese waited for Dennison, and they walked away together," he added.

Thomas pondered this matter thoughtfully. Reese was on the Blade, the administration paper. Dennison was the gang leader in council, and the right-hand man of Galway, the political Czar of the city.

"Where was Tiernan?" asked Thomas with an impatience which was almost fretfulness.

"He was there, all right, and I nailed him when he came out, but he wouldn't talk. They're on to the fact that he shoots his mouth too much, and somebody has handed him a hot call for it. He's scared stiff."

The big presses down in the basement started with a slam. The regular "late night extra" was coming off, and a boy from the pressroom came up with a bundle of wet copies. Thomas watched him out moodily, and tossed his copy of the paper aside.

"Well," said he grimly, "I suppose we'll find out all about it in the Blade, as usual. Did you come straight here?"

"Certainly not," replied Flagg. "I took another chance at Tiernan. I followed him over to Joe Paxton's and spent a dollar in drinks, trying to loosen him up, but that's all the good it did me. Tiernan drank with gulps of joy, but stuck to it that nothing had happened. He lies as copiously as he drinks. We'll have to lay another pipe line."

The door opened, and Lanning, the spruce young proprietor of the Courier, came in, exuding wrath from every pore. He had felt it necessary to relieve his mind upon Thomas, but seeing Flagg he changed his mind.

"I thought you attended the council!" he charged that young gentleman, who looked like a beardless youth, but was a three times father.

"Went into executive session on me," Flagg monotonously repeated.

"They didn't go into executive session so far as the Blade was concerned," retorted Lanning. "Look at this! Never since I bought the paper has the Courier been made so ridiculous!" and he thrust before Flagg a copy of the Blade's late extra, in which was set forth, with much gaudy type, how council had put upon its passage a bill for an immense bond issue for street improvements. "And in our same edition," went on Lanning hotly, "we carry four front-page photographs of rotten streets that need repair, and ask, like a lot of driveling idiots: 'What is council going to do about it?'"

Silence too thick to pour reigned in the stuffy little office of the managing editor, until the irrepressible Flagg suddenly doubled up in a leg-slapping fit of laughter. The joke was truly upon the Courier. Driven to the only resource of an opposition paper handicapped for local news by gang-ruled departments, it had harped upon public improvements as a means of keeping alive before the public, and had feverishly insisted, for the past month, upon the necessity of better streets.

"The only result of this campaign," summed up Lanning, glancing scornfully at his own paper, "has been to urge upon the gang a fresh field of graft, and to give the Blade another scoop."

"I don't see how we can help it," protested Thomas. "Galway has given jobs in half the departments to ex-Blade men, and, of course, they'd be loyal to their own paper, even aside from motives of party interest. There's no way we could bribe, threaten or jolly any member of the council to give us a chance at this item, for instance."

"Then we must have a different council," declared Lanning. "I'll promise one thing. If, during the coming campaign, we don't stir up enough noise to defeat the Galway slate, I'll decapitate the entire office force!"

Flagg, idly sharpening a pocket-knife upon his shoe, felt tenderly of his neck, but decided not to carry the joke any further.

II

OF COURSE they came in shoals—granite men, cedar-block men and representatives of all other paving materials—suave, pleasant gentlemen with money to spend and to give away. Never were such liberal visitors in the city, but they one and all paled before the sumptuousness of the composition-paving crowd. By an ingenious little fiction three of these "competing" firms were represented, the Levelite, the Graditum and the Broadline companies, all these being, however, but branches of the one cheerful monopoly. It was this combination which engineered the afterward notorious inspection tour. In solemn deliberation assembled, council decided that it was in duty bound to inspect the paving systems of other progressive cities before committing itself to so grave a matter as this huge expenditure of the public funds; moreover, privately the city fathers saw here an opportunity for a colossal junket, which their duties to themselves forbade them to overlook; so they voted, out of the city trough, a generous sum for the official trip. This sum they quietly divided among themselves, for in reality the official trip was a three weeks' private car tour, the excesses of which knew no bounds, and every cent of the expense was borne by the generous composition-paving monopoly.

The great Hanworthy himself, who was the monopoly, just happened incidentally to be in the city on their return, but he was not there to talk business. By no means. Also Boss Galway, as a strictly private citizen, holding no office whatever, did not talk business. The real conversation was between Millet, the gentlemanly agent of the Levelite Company, and Dennison, leader of the city council. In a pleasant room of the Hotel Nouveau these two worthies had a bit of very blunt conversation.

"What you want, Mr. Dennison, is Levelite," confidently announced the fastidiously-groomed Mr. Millet, bending over to sniff delicately at the carnation in his buttonhole. "The Levelite Company is our branch for high-priced contracts only."

"That's us," asserted big Dennison, he of the huge frame and thick neck, whose face was an outdoors red and whose gentlest whisper was a roar. "I've talked with all these other guys and they none of them got our kind of coin. They're all willing to rebate right, but we been through the mill, and we want ours in advance. Then, if anybody drops dead, we got ours, anyhow."

Millet nodded his head sagely.

"The Levelite Company is in shape to do that very thing; makes a specialty of it, in fact. The only question is about the figures. How much do you fellows need?"

"A chunk," replied Dennison firmly. "We're going to make this a grandstand play. There's going to be a fight made on us, anyhow, and we might as well pull off a good one while we're at it."

"Of course, you know how much they'll stand," admitted Millet slowly. "As a basis for figuring I may as well tell you that the Levelite Company must have a dollar and five cents net for every square yard of paving put down. Expense of all kinds must be added on top of that."

Dennison was thoughtful for a while.

"We'll make it an even break," he decided. "If you get a dollar-five, we get a dollar-five."

Millet whistled.

"Will they stand for that here?" he asked incredulously.

"They'll stand for anything," chuckled Dennison. "Say, man, what we did to the waterworks job was a sin and a shame. The Courier frothed at the mouth for four long years over that, and you'd 'a' thought, to hear the honest workin'-man howl, that Galway was to be run through a sausage grinder; but when the new waterworks began to spout, and little Mr. Common People turned on his kitchen faucet and saw clear water comin' out in place of the mud he'd been used to—say! it's a shame we didn't take a bigger slice for ourselves!"

Millet, with a pad of paper in front of him, merely nodded his head, and beneath the dollar-five he had already put down as the Levelite Company's share, he put down another dollar-five for "expenses."

"What next?" he asked, being a man of experience.

"A salary-list," announced Dennison promptly.

"In addition?"

"In addition. Beginning with the first contract and lasting to the finish, there's to be a hundred and fifty a week for the boss, a hundred a week for me, seventy-five a week for Dan Packard ——"

Millet, putting down the names, paused with his pencil poised.

"Who's Packard?" he wanted to know.

"Packard? Him? He's the boss of the other party."

Millet at last began to laugh.

"I suppose his job is to go down to overwhelming defeat year after year."

"Sure!" agreed Dennison, in surprise that the question should be asked. "Seventy-five a week for Packard and seventy-five more for him to spread around," he went on; "then fifty a week for Riley, Powers, Krug, Helfiman and Tiernan."

"Any others?" asked Millet, still chuckling.

"No," responded Dennison, considering the matter seriously. "The others'll get theirs out of the split-up. How much does that make?"

"Six hundred and fifty a week," announced Millet, putting down the amount under the head of "extra expenses." "I'll have to figure on this. I don't like the salary end of it, and if we take you on that I'll have to be guaranteed a certain number of miles of paving, and in writing. The guarantee won't be worth a second-hand toothpick, except that I want a document to blow you up with if you renege."

"I'll give you anything for enough coin," Dennison assured him. "You see, that salary thing has to go. No matter how much we get, there's some of us boys have to have a little driblet every week for spending-money. It costs to keep an organization like ours in line."

"So I should judge," agreed Millet dryly, beginning to loathe his man—as he sometimes did himself, especially if he dined too liquidly. "Any other rake-offs you fellows want?"

Dennison took a big cigar from the box on Millet's table and lit it, crossing his legs and sitting back in comfortable satisfaction.

"That's about all," he concluded, and looked out of the window while Millet figured.

It was nearly half an hour before the latter was ready to talk business.

"I have had to add fifty cents a yard for your salary-list," said he, "and twenty-seven and one-half cents for extra expenses. You know, we're not spending money for our health, either. The total amounts to two dollars and eighty-seven and a half cents a yard!" He took the carnation from his buttonhole and twirled it in his fingers in perplexity as he looked at the appalling figures. "If you can get away with this you have the most perfect organization I have ever run across in my life," he finally declared. "Honestly, I'm afraid to submit the figures. That's the highest rate that we have ever named."

"Don't you worry about that," growled Dennison. "Let us do the worrying. We're used to it."

Millet shook his head.

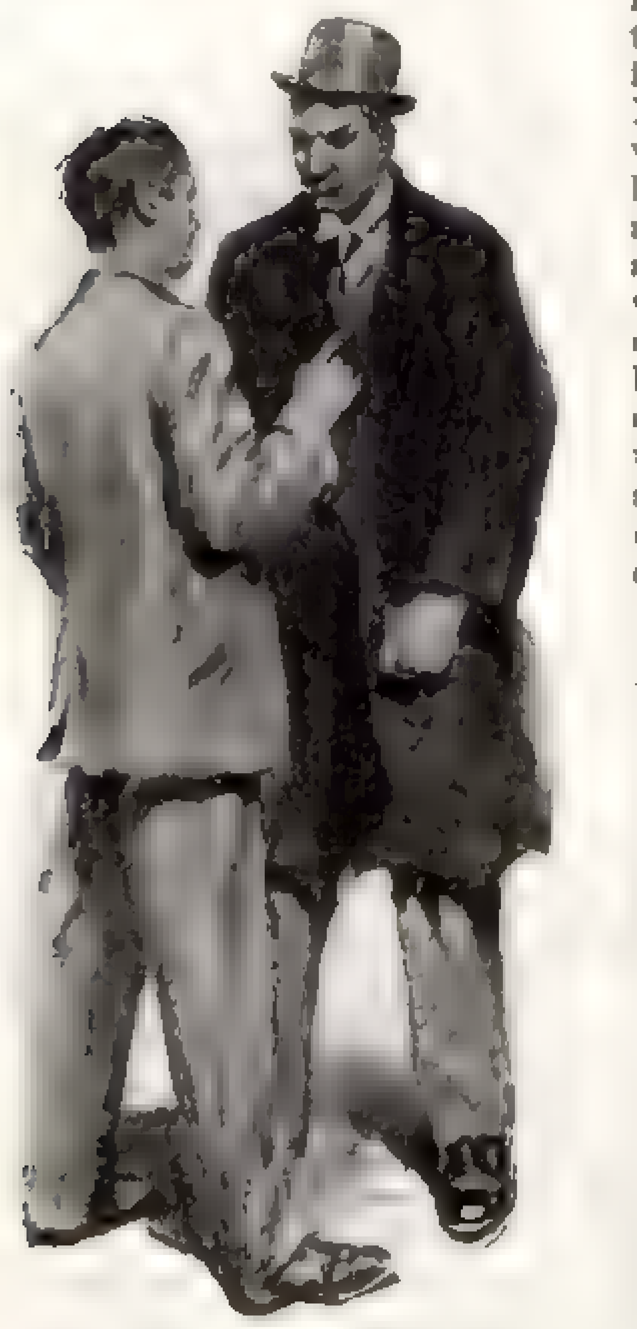
"I'll talk this over with the boss."

"Sure," agreed Dennison. "I'll have to do a little talking with my own boss. I'll see you this afternoon."

As soon as Dennison had gone Millet went to the waiting Hanworthy, and without a word laid a little slip of paper in front of his chief. That gentleman glanced indifferently at the price per yard. He was a very short and thick man with marble-cold eyes between his slits of eyelids, and a perpetual appearance of being about to smother in his own fat.

"I looked for about that," said he. "It won't do."

"It must do," protested Millet. "The Reliable Company, who are our only competitors, stand willing to provide just as heavy a rake-off as this. The only difference is that the Reliable people will only put up half the graft in advance on each street, and we are willing to pay cash on the nail at the beginning of each contract. Rather than have their share of the plunder cut down, however, these pirates will accept the Reliable's half-payment stand."



"If Ever You So Much as Lay Your Finger on Me I'll Pump You So Full of Lead That They'll Have to Haul Your Coffin on a Dray"

"We are not going to lose the contract," Hanworthy assured him, "and we are going to give them just what they want. I've made some quiet investigations here, and I find they can deliver the goods; but for their protection and ours we must gloss it over. We'll have to invent a special paving and a new company to put it down. Call it Asphaltulithic."

Millet grinned.

"That makes about the sixth name for the same old material," he observed. "How are we going to make such an enormous difference in the product as will account for this price?"

"Ship it in pink cars," replied Hanworthy.

III

WHEN the contract price of the new paving was announced the Courier went straight up in the air and never came down again. The Blade gravely printed columns upon columns concerning the wonderful new paving substance, Asphaltulithium. The Courier pointed out in shrieking hysteria that a rival city, now under reform administration, had secured from Millet's own company an excellent paving for a dollar and ten cents per yard. The Blade showed photographs from that city explaining the folly of cheap pavements.

Dashing Forward at the First Trumpet

Cheerfully disregarding such trifles as newspaper attack or defense, Mr. Millet brought one Kelsey upon the scene to represent the company for three or four years of rich pickings; began paying Dennison six hundred and fifty dollars a week for distribution to the gang; paid to Galway, through Dennison, for distribution as he saw fit, thirty thousand-odd dollars in advance for the first mile of paving contract; and tore up Market Street. Merrily the work went on. Galway phlegmatically added bales of solid currency to his accumulation in a New York safety vault, against that evil day when he might wish to leave the country for his country's good; Packard's wife quietly purchased some more suburban property in her maiden name; Dennison bought him a red automobile and ran over an old woman, while the public rejoiced in smooth, new streets at nearly triple cost, and paid for them without much murmur, as Providence had thoughtfully provided them to do.

It was about this time that Lanning, finding the inexcitable methods of Thomas too flabby, deposed that gentleman and put a strenuous reporter named Johnson in his place as managing editor of the Courier. Johnson, whose backbone would have done excellent duty as a piston-rod, and whose face was black with beard two hours after shaving, signalized his accession to office by scooping the Blade on a big defalcation in Galway's own bank. Galway responded to this defiance by buying up some notes of Johnson's and forcing collection; by having Ringling, the bulldog of the Courier's staff, indicted for an old fist-fight in which his opponent had unfortunately died; and by beginning an anti-advertising crusade against the Courier. Lanning, who had marrow and intestines despite his almost foppish appearance, loaned Johnson the money to pay his notes, established an alibi for Rough-house Ringling, and began a counter crusade against those firms which, under pressure from Galway, who favored them with winks at the law, had withdrawn their advertising, thus establishing the Courier as the yellowest among yellow papers.

"Now, go ahead and rip them up the back," Lanning directed Johnson. "From this minute on we'll give and take no quarter."

"Fine business!" exulted Johnson. "I've been aching for this. Watch me break the speed limit;" whereupon he sent for Flagg.

"Flagg," said he, "every Saturday evening Dennison goes to see Kelsey at his cheap hotel. From there he goes up to Fliegler's, where Galway meets the gang every night until ten o'clock. From there he goes to Dan Packard's office. Right after Dennison goes away Packard shuts up his office and goes home. He don't shut it up until Dennison comes. There are *no other stops* between Packard's office and Joe Paxton's poker-room, where Dennison now sits in the game every Saturday night with a roll of bills heavy enough to list him two feet to starboard. He never used to weigh in with more than fifty dollars; now he flashes three or four hundred. I've been watching that program of Dennison's for two months, and intended to keep my finger on the story myself until Lanning put me here. Now I'll turn it over to you."

Flagg pondered.

"The answer is on the first page of the kindergarten book," he announced. "Dennison and Galway and Packard are on the paving pay-roll, and Dennison collects the money."

"Right the very first guess," agreed Johnson; "but don't you suppose that if Tiernan and Riley and Powers and Krug and Helfiman knew about this pay-roll they'd make a noise like a circus calliope? It's a cinch they don't get any, or Dennison wouldn't run the risk of losing their money in a poker game. He'd split up with them before he played."

"Maybe he leaves it with Galway," suggested Flagg.

"Not on your life!" objected Johnson. "I know Galway too well for that. He never passes any out direct. What Galway gets is his, and never goes any farther. The only way I see to spring this story a-leak is to put a bug in Tiernan's ear and start trouble."

"I'm the grandest little bug-placer in the business," commented Flagg, and strolled out with contemplative joy.

That evening he succeeded in finding Tiernan at one of his numerous thirst-assuaging stops.

"How's tricks, old man?" asked Flagg, performing the proper signal to the bartender.

"Oh, so-so," replied Tiernan unresponsively, determined to be on his guard.

"Isn't there anything going on that you can tell a fellow about?"

Tiernan, a man with a scraggly mustache and scraggly hair and scraggly clothing, one from whom scraggliness seemed fairly to drip, as it were, looked around him nervously. There was no one in hearing.

"No," said he. "I told you before that I don't know anything; and I ain't going to know anything."

"I should say you're not going to know anything," sneered Flagg. "Any tip I got from you would be stale as last night's beer. I know more than you do about your own business."

"What do you mean?" asked Tiernan with rising eagerness, scenting information.

"Well, about the paving rake-off, for instance."

"Paving rake-off!" scorned Tiernan, hermetically sealing himself again. "You think you're wise, don't you? There ain't any paving rake-off that I know of."

"No? I notice you paid off the mortgage on your house mighty quick after the contracts began."

"I got that money from my wife's folks," stated Tiernan clumsily.

"Sure!" replied Flagg soothingly. "Everybody knows that. But your wife's folks are sending out some money you're not getting in on."

Tiernan surveyed him darkly.

"Come outside a minute," he invited, suddenly interested.

Nothing loth, Flagg went out with him and walked down a dark side street.

"Now, then, what are you talking about?" demanded Tiernan.

"Oh, nothing," replied Flagg. "Only, I would like to have you tell me where Dennison goes every Saturday afternoon."

"I don't keep cases on Dennison," grunted Tiernan, again taking alarm.

"I should say not!" responded Flagg. "Well, I do. Dennison goes down to see Kelsey right after the construction gang is paid off, then he goes to see Galway, then he goes to see Packard, then he goes into Joe Paxton's poker game and digs up a bundle of bills like the wheel of a steam roller."

"Every Saturday, did you say?" demanded Tiernan.

"Every Saturday since the street paving began. Three or four hundred a week."

A long silence ensued, which Tiernan broke with an oath.

"I thought there was some game going on," he declared.

"I'm surprised that you're not

wise," returned Flagg commiseratingly. "Look here, Mark, this is none of my business, only you're a friend of mine and I don't like to see you get left. I know there's a weekly splitoff passed out, and, if you don't get yours, you ought to."

"If it's there I'll get it or go to the mat with somebody!" asserted Tiernan, and Flagg, pleased with the acid he had instilled, went home to bed.

IV

TIERNAN, next morning, walked into the office of the Asphaltulithic Construction Company with scraggly determination.

"Say, Kelsey, it's about time you was sending me a box of cigars or something, ain't it?" he said.

Kelsey, a raw-boned fellow with a stubby mustache, who wore "hand-me-down" clothes from blunt choice, looked at him quizzically.

"I guess so," said he. "If you want a box of cigars I suppose I can dig one up for you."

"I like my cigars in green wrappers, you know; about a fiver poked around each cigar."

"I don't understand you," returned Kelsey, puzzled. "I should think you ought to be satisfied."

"Satisfied? What with?"

"There's no use to beat about the bush," protested Kelsey, always impatient of subterfuge. "You know what you're getting every time there is a contract let, and every week when the men are paid off."

"That's it!" Tiernan exploded. "What I want to know about is this pay-roll business! There was some talk about a weekly spending-money proposition, and I don't like to have money-talk drop dead."

"Do you mean to tell me that you're not getting your bit every week?" demanded Kelsey.

"I should say not!"

Kelsey flushed with anger. He did not like Dennison, anyhow, and he was a rather hot-headed man to put in charge of such diplomatic relations as he was compelled to assume here. He opened his safe with a jerk, and from a double-locked inner compartment produced a slip, in Millet's handwriting, which he shoved before Tiernan. It was headed "Extra Pay-Roll," and set forth the list originally agreed upon by Dennison and Millet. Tiernan saw his name set down for fifty dollars.

"I've paid that whole chunk over to Dennison every week!" Kelsey declared hotly.

Boiling mad, Tiernan went immediately to Dennison.

"Settle!" he demanded.

"For what?" asked Dennison.

"My fifty a week. I want it."

"Go home," growled Dennison. "You're drunk."

"I just left Kelsey, and he didn't say so," retorted Tiernan.

"So you have been talking to that cheap office-boy," snapped Dennison angrily. "Look here, Tiernan, I don't know what conversation you've had, but I'll tell you this much: you'll lay still and take what I give you, or you won't get anything."

"I'll get all that's coming to me, or I'll split on the whole works," threatened Tiernan. "I just saw Kelsey's pay-roll, and I want my fifty! You hear me!"

Flagg, loafing all morning about the door of the café opposite Kelsey's office, with the satisfaction of a chess-player who has correctly gauged his opponent's probable attack, saw Dennison drop off a street car and stride into the Telford building across the street, as he had seen Tiernan stride in an hour before. Every move was coming out just as he had planned, and he could wait now with gleeful patience.

Dennison, arriving in Kelsey's office, plunged at once into the business at hand.

"How did you come to show Tiernan that pay-roll?" he asked.

"How did you come to hold back Tiernan's money?" countered Kelsey, in no more conciliatory tone than his questioner had used.

"That's nobody's business but mine!" flared Dennison. "You're here to pay me that money, and that's where you get off with me. You tend to your own business and I'll tend to mine."

"If you were on the square that program would go, but you're a double crook," charged Kelsey. "I have fifty dollars a week here set down for each of five councilmen under you. I'll be held responsible that they get it, and hereafter I'm going to see to it that they do. I'm going to hand you yours, and I'm going to hand the rest of them theirs."

"You try it and I'll have your head!"

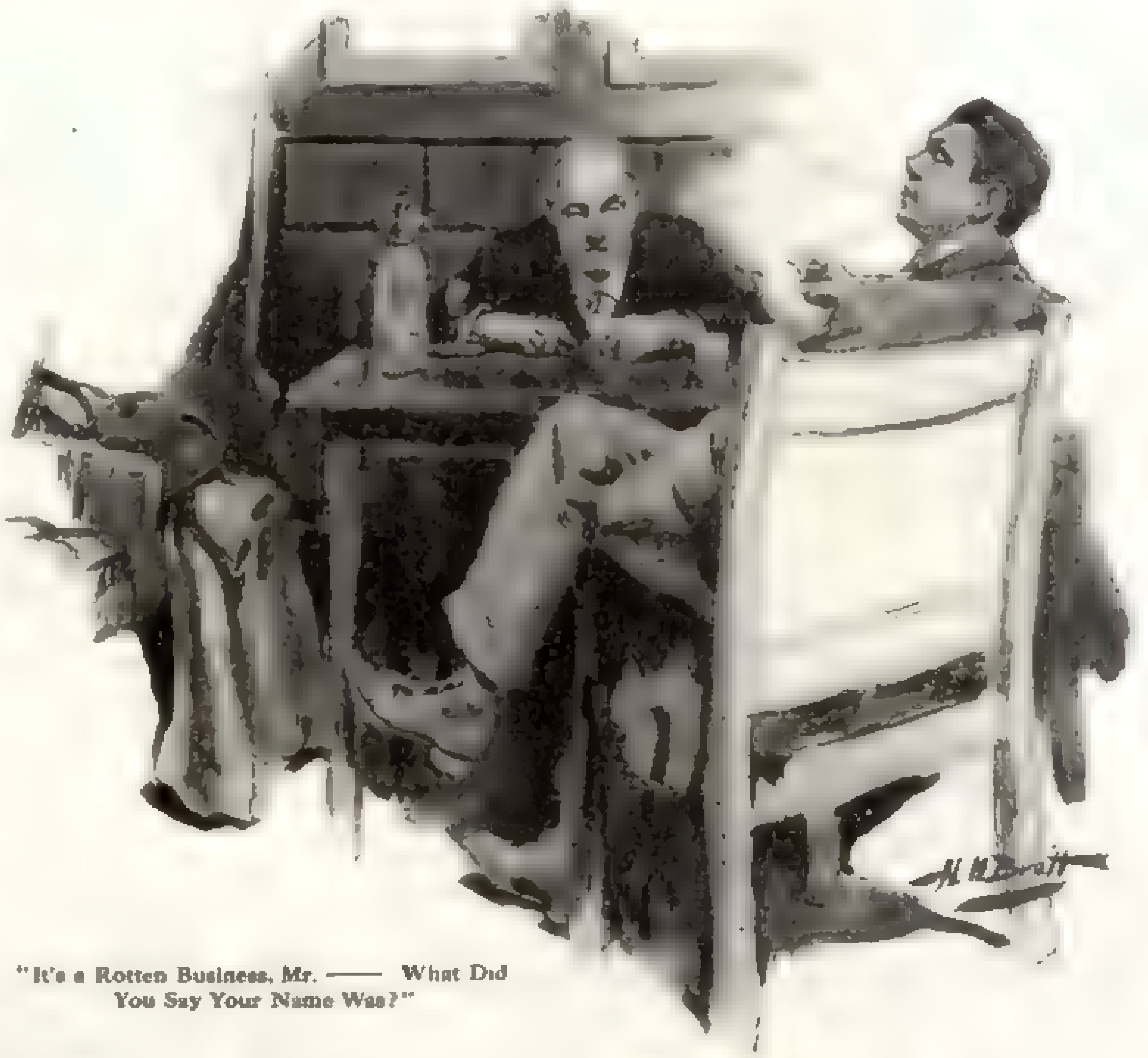
"You try that and I'll have yours, if I have to knock it off!" shouted Kelsey. "You can't bluff me. I've been in this business for years, and know exactly what I'm doing. I've dealt with your stripe before, and I can't be bulldozed by any ex-grand-larceny bird!"

Kelsey should have known better than to say that. Dennison's brief stretch in the penitentiary was a matter upon which he was naturally somewhat sensitive, and without any volition on his part his fist shot out. That it but barely grazed Kelsey's ear was due to the agility of that gentleman, and there, in the narrow confines of that sedate office, a lively little bout ensued, in which Kelsey, being a smaller man, though a tough one, was rather severely handled. Dennison had been educated in a ward where politics was a matter entirely of physical supremacy.

The waiting Flagg was gratified to see Dennison leave the building nursing a cut knuckle, and his grin was almost diabolical as he recognized the success of the merry little war he had started. He hurried up to Kelsey's office and found the construction superintendent bathing a badly-bruised eye and attending to sundry other cuts and marks. Also Kelsey was fairly frothing at the mouth.

"Tough luck, old man," sympathized Flagg, who had previously cultivated Kelsey as a speculation. "I just met Dennison outside, and he says he's going to take the next train straight to New York and get you fired."

Kelsey turned, trembling with rage.



"It's a Rotten Business, Mr. —— What Did You Say Your Name Was?"

"I'll kill him!" he viciously exclaimed. "Get me fired! I'll put him on the bum if it's the last thing I do in this world!"

"It is time somebody was doing it," agreed Flagg. "That man's a disgrace to this town. He isn't on the level with anybody. What were you scrapping about? The pay-roll?"

"The pay-roll? What do you know about that?"

"That? Oh, we know all about it," returned Flagg, very carelessly indeed. "Dennison, of course, is holding out on the rest of the boys, and you put them on to it."

"No, I didn't put them on," denied Kelsey, too angry to guard himself. "Tiernan already knew about it. He came up to see me this morning about the fifty a week that he and Powers and Krug and Helfiman and Riley are to get. Dennison's been knocking down on the whole crowd of them."

"Except Galway and Packard, of course," still carelessly suggested Flagg in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Of course," agreed Kelsey, falling into the trap. "Galway gets his hundred and fifty for himself, all right, and Packard his hundred and fifty to divide, but Dennison is down for more than any of the rest. His hundred a week ought to satisfy him, —— him! But, in place of that, he's holding out an extra two hundred and fifty a week! Think of it! An extra two hundred and fifty every week!"

"Grand!" approved Flagg, looking at his watch. It was then nearing ten o'clock. "I might just remark in passing, Mr. Kelsey, that the Courier's going to stop Mr. Dennison's little graft, also that of Messrs. Powers, Riley, Krug, Helfiman, Tiernan, *et al.*," and he started out of the office.

"Hold on a minute!" cried Kelsey.

"See you later," returned Flagg with a highly illuminative grin, and dashed for the Courier building.

V

THE ten-o'clock rush was on when Flagg strode with an elastic step through the long local-room of the Courier. Reporters were pounding furiously away with sledgehammer blows at their typewriters, most of them punching out their articles with their two forefingers, but making marvelous speed, nevertheless. Copy-readers were executing marvels of swift editorial judgment, fluttering dexterously through loose sheets of typed paper and crossing out words, lines, paragraphs and whole pages with unerring swiftness of decision, and slamming manuscripts, with haste that was almost vicious, on hooks from which copy-boys took them with maddening indifference, if any one had had time to be maddened. The hum of a dozen instruments back in the telegraph-room told of equal activity there. Brest, the city editor, from the door of his office was howling down the long room to know if Ringling was in yet. The entire floor, clean two hours ago, was one big waste-paper basket.

Noting these feverish preparations of closing up for the first edition, Flagg quickened his pace. He found Johnson reading proof, and swearing, as editors usually do on the eve of a sensation, that there was no news, never had been any news, and never would be any news.

"Cheer up, old scout," drawled Flagg, "for I have it; also I've got it!"

"What? Paresis?" inquired Johnson sulkily.

Flagg, with his always deceptive appearance of laziness, sat comfortably on the edge of Johnson's desk with one leg, bracing his other foot on the floor.

"No," he stated with the nonchalance born of triumph; "facts and figures on the paving steal. Galway drags down a hundred and fifty a week, Packard seventy-five, with seventy-five more to split, Dennison a hundred, and the rest of them fifty each; with Dennison, as you guessed, knocking down everybody's but Galway's and Packard's."

Johnson jumped up from his chair and started for the door.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"Kelsey."

"Any documents?"

"No."

Johnson did not wait for the telephone. He opened the door of his office and yelled for Brest, his voice roaring through the room with all the effect of a Zoo at dinner-time. Brest, across the length of the building and through a tight wooden partition, heard it and came running. Johnson turned toward Lanning's office. Lanning was already on the way.

"Mr. Brest," directed Johnson decisively, "slaughter everything on the first page! I want a sixty-four-point double-head clear across, the first three columns set triple width, a four-column cut, half a page deep, and a two-column read-over inside."

"That tenement-house story ——" began Brest.

"Kill it!" roared Johnson. "We have the goods on the paving steal."

"I apologize," said Brest with an appreciative grin, and hurried back to his desk, where certain rapid-fire decisions of his own would have to be made.

"Now, Flagg, tell us all about it," said Johnson.

Flagg did so with much boyish glee. It delighted his whimsical side that he had been able to stir up this gaudy little muss in the camp of the enemy.

"The point is," set forth Johnson gravely, as soon as Flagg had finished, "that when Kelsey cools down he'll deny everything. If we publish this stuff without a scrap of proof we are casting down the gauntlet, not only to the Galway crowd, but to Hanworthy's billion-dollar trust. We're making a mighty serious charge. If we're not able to substantiate it, Galway, especially since backed by Hanworthy, can put us out of the business."

Lanning nodded and turned to Flagg.

"You're perfectly sure that this secret pay-roll does exist, are you not?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE McGREGOR ROSE

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VI

ALTHOUGH Mr. Watkins took all his meals in his suite at the Hamblen, he usually went out in the middle of the evening. Those who watched the entrance of the Hamblen knew that he followed a pretty regular route. He took a subway express at Ninety-sixth Street, got off at the Grand Central Station, and proceeded to a Broadway hotel. Sometimes it was one hotel, and sometimes another. He would stroll through the lobbies, peep in at the barroom, inspect the grill; watching his chance he would sidle up and look furtively over the register. He never remained long; after ten minutes or so he would proceed from the Astor to the Knickerbocker, or from the Knickerbocker to the Astor, and repeat the program. Sometimes, again, it was the Manhattan, and sometimes the Belmont; but he always finished up at the Waldorf-Astoria. The crowded, huddled lobbies of this crossroad in the life of the United States seemed to fascinate Mr. Watkins. After he had inspected the place he would find a seat in Loungers' Row in the Thirty-fourth Street corridor, from which he would survey the passing throng. To the left of this vantage-point stretched Peacock Row, gaudy with Parisian costumes, quivering with ostrich plumes that nodded to the gestures of their wearers, pungent with blended perfumes. Before him strolled all the middle-class luxury and success of America—flashy Wall Street brokers chatting of the market; smooth, sleek citizens from the Middle West, in town to give their wives outing and amusement; bejeweled mining promoters with stock to sell; traveling salesmen of the more successful class, towing customers through the festivities of New York; cowmen and ranchers of the Far West, whose gait and swing betrayed them even in their town clothes. From time to time one in the throng would cast a glance of recognition on Mr. Watkins, look over the men lolling to right and left in the hotel chairs, and say under his breath, "Hello, Al!" To such advances Mr. Watkins would respond by a gesture, hardly distinguishable, of his thumb and fingers—the crook's "office," which means, "Don't show that you know me." Then the inquirer would nod and pass on. Only Mr. Watkins and such as he know the alloy of Broadway, the creatures of the dark who lurk even in the light, the goblins who seem to ooze out from between the paving-stones.

This nightly excursion was the only luxury of publicity in which Mr. Watkins indulged himself. It was rather a dangerous luxury, too; he, better than any one else, knew that. But city hotels with their flash and glitter fascinated him, drew him. They were his breath of life, the recompense for the hardships of his career.

. . . .

On the night after his business conversation with Rosalie Le Grange, Detective Stapleton, watching from the window of the saloon across the street, saw Mr. Watkins leave the Hotel Hamblen and make for the Ninety-sixth Street Subway Station. Stapleton waited until his man was at a safe distance down the street; then he himself signaled for a taxicab, drove to his own room, and made a change of costume. He put on his quietest black suit, a modest tie, thin shoes, and gold spectacles of plain glass—his own eyesight was perfect. Rushing back, then, to the taxicab, he hurried to the Waldorf-Astoria. There he found a seat in a quiet corner of the men's café and waited until half-past nine. Jump with the clock, Mr. Watkins strolled in.

Detective Stapleton turned his back and buried himself in his newspaper. It was ten minutes more before he lowered the paper, paid his score, and peeped out into the corridor. The moment was favorable. Mr. Watkins sat scanning the gauds of Peacock Row, and he sat alone; the chairs to either side were vacant.

Stapleton strolled down the corridor. Watkins looked toward him as he approached. Stapleton, seeming to notice him no more than the others, scanned, with an intent yet timid air, the whole row of loungers. He scanned the passing crowd, too; and then he let his eyes rest on Mr. Watkins and the vacant chair beside him. As though arrived at a sudden decision, Stapleton approached the vacant chair, sat down and addressed Mr. Watkins.

"May I ask you, sir, if you are a stranger in New York?" he said. His normally gruff speech had become suave; his careless language had become correct and proper.

A film of defense clouded the eyes of Watkins. He hesitated before he answered: "Yes." His manner, his tone seemed to add, "but what is that to you?"

"I have an unusual proposal to make to you then," resumed Detective Stapleton. "This is my card. Please do not give me yours—I do not wish to know your name." He handed out the card. Watkins took it mechanically. Stapleton noted with satisfaction that he gave the very slightest start in the world as he read:

PROFESSOR JOSEPH WARREN
SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"This is my proposal, sir," continued Stapleton. "We have under investigation Mrs. Fife, probably the greatest psychic the world has ever known. In our recent tests with her we have been bringing her only absolute strangers for sitters—persons whom we do not know. We make it a rule not to ascertain even their names. It is harder to find such sitters than you think. Lately, I have been going to hotels and picking up in the lobbies strangers from out of town. That's why I have come to you tonight."

Mr. Watkins shifted in his chair.

"Does she see them alone?" he asked.

"I usually sit with Mrs. Fife and take notes of her answers. Afterward, I ask the sitter to tell me whether the answers are correct. Understand, in our reports we never publish real names.

"Of course," continued Stapleton, "you may be prejudiced against what is called spiritualism. That ought to make no difference. This is a scientific inquiry. On the other hand, I must say that if you are a believer in spiritualism we are offering you a priceless privilege—a sitting with Mrs. Fife, a thing which money couldn't buy."

Mr. Watkins considered this for a moment.

"I guess I don't care to do it, thank you, Professor Warren," he said at length.

Detective Stapleton rose.

"Very well," he said. "Thank you for listening to me." He started to move away.

"Say!" spoke Mr. Watkins. Stapleton turned back. In that instant he knew that he had succeeded.

"Say, do you always stay with your sitters?"

"Usually. Sometimes, of course, Mrs. Fife's controls say things which should be secret from every one. Family disgraces, for example. There have been a few such cases. When that happens I make it a point to leave the room at the request of the sitter."

"If I go with you—you'll do that?" said Watkins.

"Oh, certainly!" said Stapleton. "Though it doesn't often happen. Mrs. Fife's controls are discreet. Spirits vary a great deal in that particular. Mrs. Bascom, the next best medium we ever had, was controlled by Doctor Cushing. He was a strong control, but wicked in the way he brought out secrets and sore places. But Laughing Eyes, Mrs. Fife's control, is kind."

Watkins rose with a jerk and began to put on his overcoat.

"All right—I'll go," he said, "but you leave the room when I tell you."

"Certainly—if anything of the kind should come up," answered Stapleton.

At the door they took a taxicab and rode to the Hotel Magnolia, on Stuyvesant Square, where Rosalie Le Grange was registered, non-committally, as Mrs. Anna Fife. On the way they spoke but little. For Detective Stapleton, the educated speech which he must needs assume in the character of Professor Warren was like holding himself up by the wrists. As for Mr. Watkins, he seemed inclined to silence. He was characteristically silent in his hours of ease, perhaps because he had to talk much and well in office hours. Whenever "Professor Warren" looked out of the window, Mr. Watkins raked him with his glance; once Mr. Watkins felt for that hip pocket where derringer and slung-shot lay concealed.

"Professor Warren and another gentleman to see Mrs. Fife," Stapleton announced at the desk. "Mrs. Fife" was in. They found her in a soft, lavender-and-lace negligée. For that occasion Rosalie had eschewed marcel waves and puffs; "Mrs. Fife" appeared with plainly-parted hair. Half revealed, half shadowed behind a reading lamp, she had a womanly appearance. Rosalie, carefully considering her part, had decided to play for that womanly effect.

She looked up, but she did not rise.

"Good-evening, Professor Warren," she said, addressing herself to Stapleton. Then her eyes began to droop.

"She's going under control," whispered Stapleton to his sitter. "You can speak as you wish now, because the first stage is like sleep. She has grown so accustomed to assuming control for me that she passes into it as soon as I enter with a sitter. She is just like a psychic machine, I may say. This is the convulsive stage. If you have never seen a medium go into control before you may be frightened. Don't let it alarm you."

"Walla-walla-umpa-goog-oo-gup!" muttered Rosalie Le Grange. Then the child's voice spoke, silvery and clear. That sudden outbreak of the little voice, from the mutterings and rumblings of her early controls, was one of the best things in Rosalie's art.

"Good-morning, Joseph," it piped and shrilled. "Tain't morning—he-he! It's night! Good-morning, other gentleman! Laughing Eyes don't know you very well, but you're there!"

Stapleton saw that Mr. Watkins was sitting bolt upright in his chair, his hands on his knees, and staring straight at Rosalie.

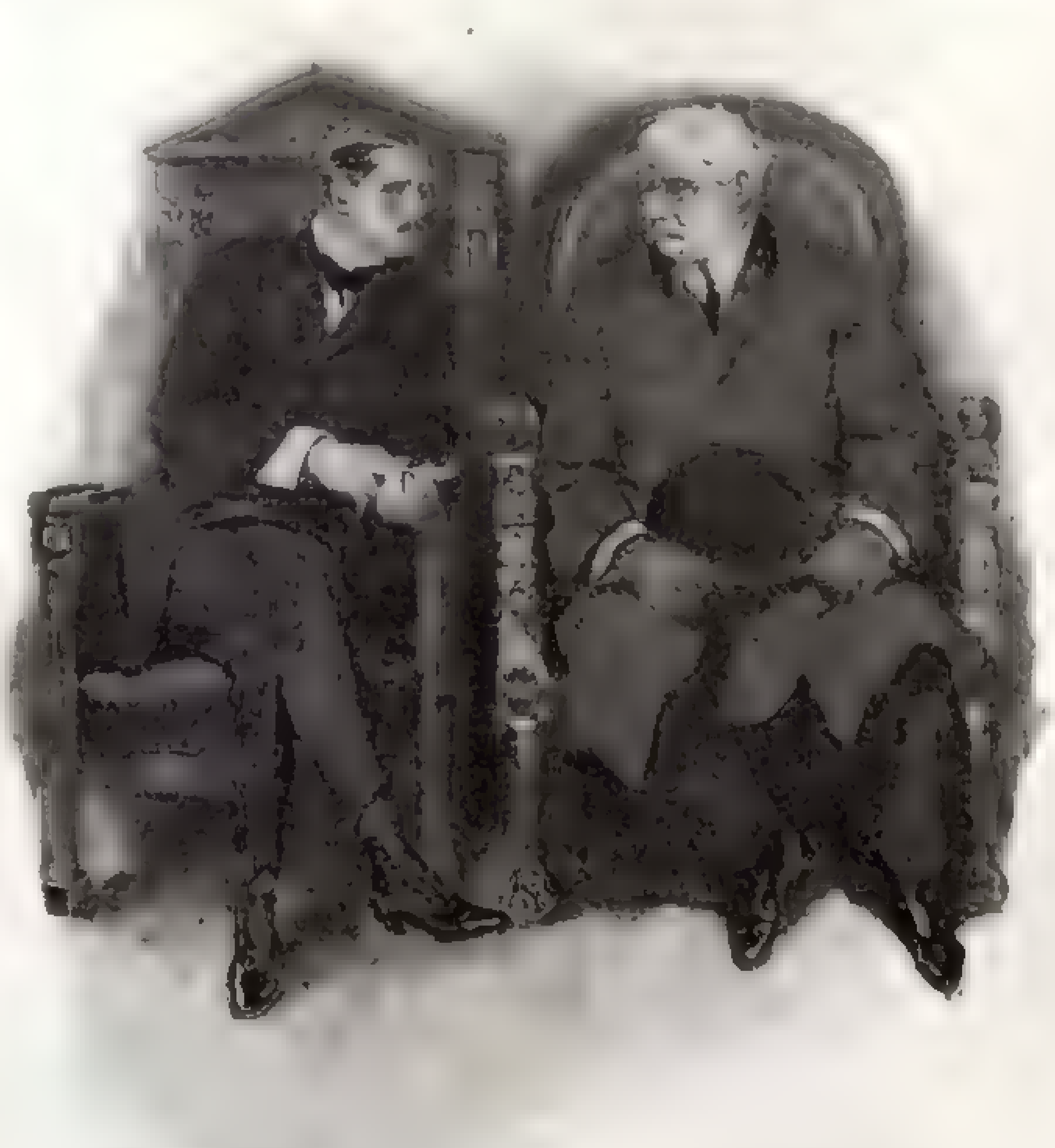
"I like you. Can't I call you papa?" said Laughing Eyes. "Professor Warren" drew a notebook and began jotting. "Papa Alfred!" went on Laughing Eyes. "I get a J and an O, too, but I won't tell—never, never, never! Oo! A beautiful lady wants to talk to you. She wants my medie. I won't let her have my medie. She says E—E—Elsie wants to speak to you."

The expression on Watkins' florid face passed from wonder and amazement to a sudden softness; then it hardened unaccountably.

"You stop that writing," he said to Stapleton.

"Don't you bother my medie!" said Laughing Eyes, from the entranced lips of Rosalie. "Elsie's gone now. You sent her away. But oh, I sensed something dreadful. It was like love and bad thoughts all mixed. Oh, I see John!"

"Do you know a John?" asked the supposed professor gravely.



"We are Offering You a Priceless Privilege—a Thing Which Money Couldn't Buy"

"Well—it's a common name," answered Watkins. Then, in a tone of awe, "Is he old?"

"Iss! He's come with an influence, like he was a father. An' he tells me you're troubled. There are bad men who'll hurt Alfred. Oo! Elsie's back. She wants to talk. I won't go! Wanna-tooka-oog!" Rosalie was gurgling again

"That is the phenomenon of changing control," said Stapleton. "Spirit Elsie is trying to control her." And now Rosalie was whispering in the voice of a normal adult woman:

"Al, you know. I loved you. You've got the scar of hate on your shoulder because I was a strong woman in the flesh. After we broke the wedding ring, I loved you I always loved you to the end. I was yours, and I never married again."

Mr. Watkins was breathing heavily. He had lost utter control of that uncreased, florid mask which was his face. It was crumpled with emotion. His caution was gone now. Again the gurgle muttered on Rosalie's lips, and again it ended in the childish pipe. Laughing Eyes was back.

"John says he comes back to the place where they kept bossie-cows and little piggies!" said Laughing Eyes. "I see Marian, too. I can't make John stop worrying. He says he's afraid —Ooo! I see something pink, Alfred; you're afraid, too! Afraid about something bright. Pretty itty stone!"

Awe was gone from the face of Mr. Watkins, and caution had come back. And immediately Laughing Eyes lowered her baby voice.

"My medie is tired," she said. "Elsie was a strong influence. I want to speak to Alfred before I go out. Hurry, Alfred! I want to whisper."

As though drawn by invisible hands, which he resisted even while they dragged him on, Mr. Watkins put his ear to the entranced face of Rosalie. She threw a white, bare arm over his shoulder. From the corner of his eye Mr. Watkins saw that the "Professor" had retired discreetly.

"I got lots to say to Alfred," whispered Laughing Eyes, "about something bright. Something awful bright. Bad man is after it—you come back to see my medie. You come alone. I'll influence my medie. Good-by. Kisses for Alfred. Laughing Eyes is going away. You come back. Good-by." This was only the ghost of a whisper. Then Mr. Watkins felt the arm over his shoulder jerk in convulsions; and the gurgling recommenced. He disentangled himself with difficulty. A moment later, Rosalie had rolled to the floor. Stapleton hastened to her with a glass of water; and they both lifted her to a couch. A series of wiggles, diminishing in intensity, and she was opening her eyes, rubbing the elbow which had struck the floor, and asking:

"Was I out long?"

"It was a very short sitting," said "Professor Warren." "We'll say good-night, Mrs. Fife." Then to Mr. Watkins, "I hope you don't mind going now. It is our policy to have sitters see as little as possible of the medium in her normal state." And while they waited for the elevator, he added: "Was the sitting satisfactory?"

"Some things were right, some wrong," said Watkins. But Stapleton saw that his look was of a man striving to control himself

"If I mail you a synopsis, will you indicate which were right and which were wrong?" pursued the "Professor."

Mr. Watkins paused for a second.

"I'm going away from New York," he said; "and I don't know yet where my next stop is. You just let me mail you my name and address—I've got yours."

"That will be satisfactory," responded Stapleton. He threw open the door of the taxicab, but Mr. Watkins hesitated

"I've got some business over on Fourteenth Street," he said; "and I guess I'll walk. Good-night, Professor, and thanks."

"Oh, thank *you*." The taxicab sped away.

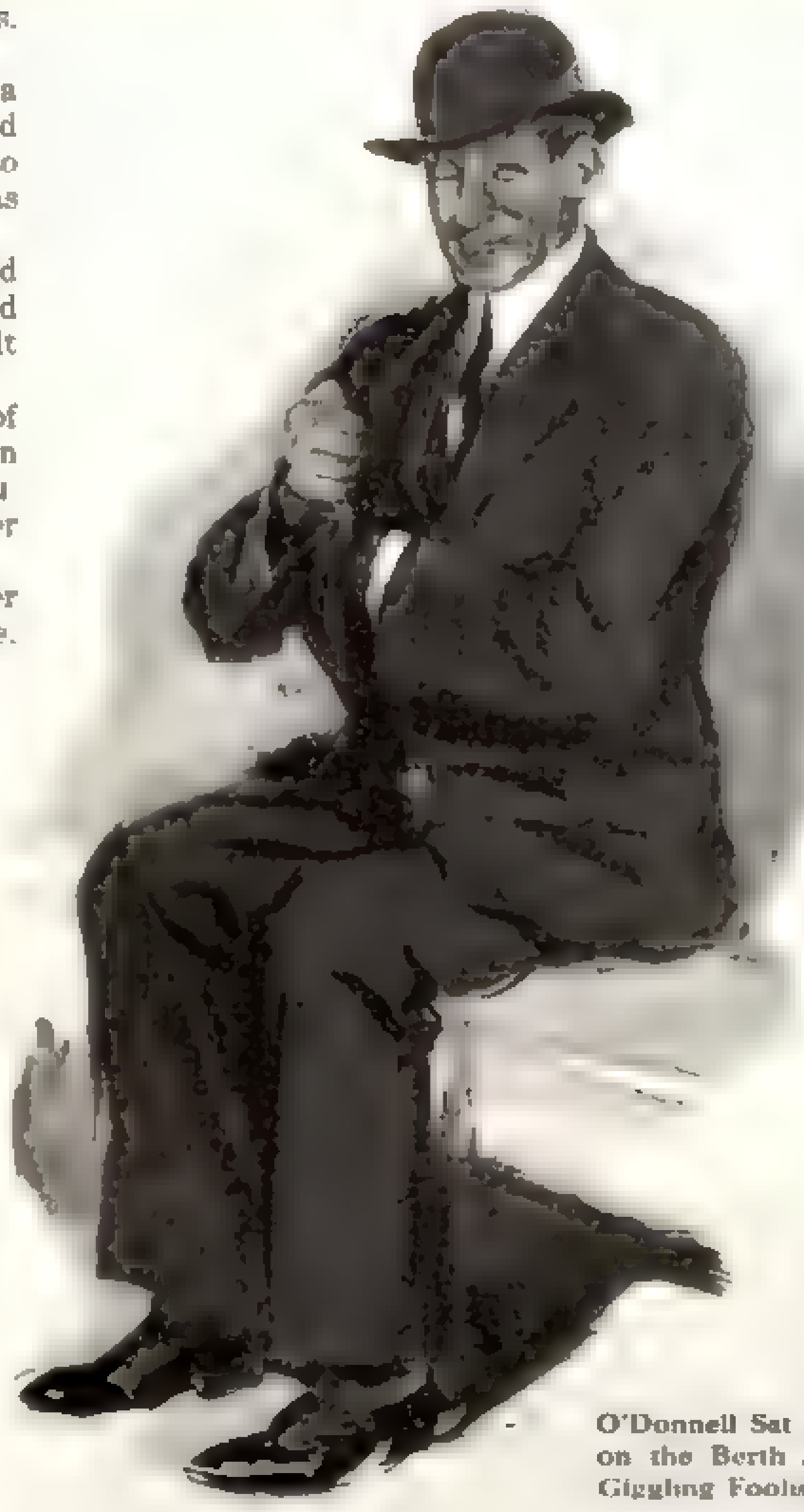
VII

MR. WATKINS, when the "Professor" was out of sight, stood for a moment, clicking his thumb-nails against the nails of his forefingers—a sign of deep meditation with him. He turned and walked, at an irregular pace, twice about the square. On the second turn he halted before the Magnolia, scrutinizing the street in every direction, and then, as one who had thoroughly made up his mind, he walked in.

"Tell Mrs. Fife that the gentleman who was here a few minutes ago wants to see her again," he said at the desk. He clicked his nails furtively until the telephone operator announced:

"Mrs. Fife says to come right up."

Rosalie had waited. It was an even bet, she told herself, whether he would come back immediately or whether he would wait until the next night. When he opened the door she still sat in negligée behind the reading lamp, as though she had not stirred in the interval. Mr. Watkins faced her with as much embarrassment as he ever showed.



O'Donnell Sat Down on the Berth Again, Giggling Foolishly

"I don't like to bother you, Mrs. Fife," he said, "but you—your control, when I was sitting with you a while ago, said that you—she—wanted me to come back alone. I was thinking of going out of town tomorrow, and I wanted to hear what she had to say. You see—it was something important."

Rosalie, speaking out of the shadows, had the air of a divine seeress.

"Yes, I know. They often come back, because there's troubles and mistakes they have on their minds that they can't talk out to nobody but the spirits. But I'm a tired vessel tonight, and while I like to accommodate, I can't be sure that my body, which is a poor, worn-out old machine, will transmit any more messages. Did Laughing Eyes seem anxious?"

"Yes, ma'am. She said she wanted to speak to me particular."

"I sometimes sense things when I'm going out of control," said Rosalie, "like I was jest wakening out of dreams, and I got an impression then that you was troubled something exceptional, and it was about a matter so secret that it couldn't be told before ears in the flesh. My ears are sealed when I'm in trance. I'm like the dead ——"

She stopped here; and her torso gave three convulsive jerks. She passed her hands over her eyes as though waking from sleep. "It appears like spirits was callin'," she went on; "I could feel trance comin'. The spirits wants me. There's no use arguin' with that. It must 'a' been they influenced you to come back, sir. Well, I'll try it. Set a little closer and keep your feet on the floor, sir. Put yourself in rapport, help the controls with your answers, an' don't disturb me, don't—don't—you—wah-walla-goog-grr!" Rosalie was falling into all the preliminary stages of trance. It took longer than before. Mr. Watkins, sitting like a statue, breathed hard, irregularly. But, presently, Laughing Eyes was speaking, silvery clear.

"Hello, Alfred!" she said.

"Hello, Laughing Eyes," he whispered on a dry tongue

"I had an awful time getting my medie. My medie's tired. Elsie wants you. But Elsie ain't strong like me. I'm a little, weeny girl, but I'm awful strong! I'll tell you what pretty Lady Elsie says, Alfred. Pretty Lady Elsie's worried. She ain't happy. Oh, I'll tell him, Lady Elsie."

Out of a convulsive twitch of her face, Rosalie said three words in a normal woman tone:

"Be careful, Al!" Then silence; then the voice of Laughing Eyes speaking again.

"Pretty Lady tried but couldn't. I'll talk to Alfred. I know. It's about the pretty little stone! Pretty little stones. One, two, three—but one's big and pink, and that's got the bad influence! Dreffull! Somebody wants it. I sense a bad influence, an' it ain't far off. Do you know a bad man that wants pretty stone?"

Mr. Watkins spoke again with the same effort.

"Would it be," he asked —"Would it be a tall, dark man, smooth-shaven, with one ear all swollen up!"

Never in her whole career did Rosalie Le Grange come so near being jarred out of trance as at that instant, when vague suspicion became a certainty of which she had never dreamed. Luckily, the lampshade hid the quick blink of her eyes; and she passed off the catch of indrawn breath by a gurgle in her throat. In a second more her quick nerve had reasserted itself, and Laughing Eyes was saying.

"No, he's little an' his hair's red an', he-he! what funny freckles! Elsie says he's got a bad heart for you. It's awful. I feel like a murderer's influence—go 'way, bad man!"

"Where is he?"

"Elsie says she sees snow an' country an' lots of towns between you an' him. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sat'day. Ooh. Before Sat'day! He knows! He'll know where pretty thing is. He'll get it Sat'day! Dreffull!"

In the pause which Laughing Eyes injected here Mr. Watkins breathed like the exhaust of a locomotive.

"Get it away!" shrilled Laughing Eyes. "I sense it in a dark place. Ain't there—ground over it?"

"Yes!" It was as though this answer were pulled from Mr. Watkins, against some adhesive force which tried to hold it back.

"Elsie said so. She told me so! She wants that you should git it under a roof. He won't find it under a roof. But if you don't, she sees the red man digging Sat'day. Bad red man. Ooh!"

And now the talk of Laughing Eyes began to drift away from pretty stones and the baneful little red man. She told Mr. Watkins again about the scar on his shoulder, and said that Elsie sent kisses to it, because she loved him though she hurt him. She assured him that Elsie had forgiven all and was happy. Perceiving, a little late, that this involved a contradiction, Laughing Eyes brought her conversation around to say that Elsie was happy except when she thought of him. Elsie didn't like his way of life; and he must remember that, though there were other affinities on the brighter shore, she was watching over him. Then Laughing Eyes got back to the main subject of their mutual interest.

"Bad reddy man, he'll dig Sat'day. One, two, three days. Today's Wednesday, ain't it, Medie? I know about week-days. I's smart. Laughing Eyes is smart! Bad little red man—he's ready to come. Somebody watched! But Elsie says it's safe before Sat'day! Oog! bub-walla-grr!" A silence, then a whisper.

"Good-by, Alfred. Elsie loves ——"

A convulsion shook Rosalie's whole figure. As before, she finished the sitting by rolling prone upon the floor. Watkins raised her, laid her on the sofa, as he had seen Stapleton do. He pressed a glass of water to her lips, let a drop or two drip on her eyes.

Rosalie, listening with all her ears, heard him tiptoe from the room, heard the door close. When she dared open her eyes he was gone.

She waited for five minutes to guard against return. Then she called up Stapleton on the telephone

"Watch him tonight," she said. "And meet me at seven in the morning in Battery Park." She set the alarm for six and went quietly to bed.

VIII

THE street lamps were still burning in Battery Park when Detective Stapleton came out of the subway station and looked about him. A few bundled workmen, trudging drearily through the gloom and chill, were the only humans in sight. But he was aware, as he turned into the park, that a bundle of fur had lifted itself from a bench, and was moving forward with a lightness which belied its bulk.

"Got you up hours early," said Rosalie, as he drew up beside her, "but this is the one time when he surely won't be around. And if he was, he wouldn't be sittin' in no parks!"

"That's right," said Stapleton. "Is he landed?"

"He's hooked," said Rosalie, "but he ain't landed yet." They walked for warmth along the deserted paths while Rosalie told him what fear and what suggestion of action she had planted in the mind of Mr. Watkins. Rosalie, it might have been noticed, omitted one thing: she gave no description of the mysterious man whom Laughing Eyes had described—the "bad reddy man" on the trail of the Rose. It was always simply "a man." Stapleton, returning short answers and quick exclamations of admiration, stopped to question her on that point particularly. Then, with a furtive, sidewise glance, he added:

"Say, he didn't drop anything else about the job, did he? Didn't mention anybody else being in it with him?"

"No," said Rosalie innocently; "there's the one place where I fell down. I couldn't get nothin' out of him. He was as close-mouthed a sitter as I ever had."

"If he only falls for it!" said Stapleton. "If he only don't get cagey!"

"He'll fall for it," said Rosalie, "or I haven't spent twenty years studyin' out dopes and their ways. He'll hold off, but he'll bite. Friday night he'll go dig it up; and I'll bet my hundred on it. But don't take no chances on him before."

Stapleton stopped in his tracks on the birth of a thought.

"Suppose he starts out to the place in the subway or the elevated?" he said. "How am I going to shadow him? He knows me."

"Well, you've got other detectives in your agency, haven't you?" asked Rosalie. Stapleton made no answer.

"What's the matter with Hunt and O'Donnell?" she pursued. Stapleton was walking a little in advance, so that he could not notice how she smiled when she added: "An' you're goin' to call in the regular city detectives to do the pinchin', ain't you?" That question produced its effect. He stopped, stiffened and flew to explanation.

"No!" he said, "the Hennessy Agency wants the credit for this."

"Oh, I see," answered Rosalie, in a bland tone. "Well, that's all. Now don't any of you show your faces around the Hotel Magnolia until after Friday. He may come back. You can come Sat'day—with that hundred dollars. My partner is writin' all over to find where I am; an' if he don't git me next week he'll have to find another voice for his trumpet séance."

"If it works," said Stapleton.

"Oh, it will work!" said Rosalie. "You'll all be in the papers Sat'day!"

IX

ACTING Captain Martin McGee, of the Central Office detectives, was opening his morning mail when the telephone rang. His secretary, Sergeant Hollis, heard this one-sided conversation over the telephone:

"Yes!"

". . ."

"No, can't come myself. Suppose I send ——"

". . ."

"What! Rosalie Le—well, I'm damned!"

". . ."

"Oh, sure. Why don't you come up here?"

". . ."

"All right. Hamilton Park. Let's see, it's nine now. Make it nine-thirty."

". . ."

"Yes, I'll be in plain clothes."

He found her walking Hamilton Park, her fur coat turned up tight against her cheeks, all ruddied by the cold, her marten-and-silver hair straying out from under a turban.

"Chances are I'm givin' up a hundred dollars to follow the call of the spirit and make your reputation again," said Rosalie. "Do I git my hundred guaranteed if I tell you?"

The Captain hesitated.

"You've got the secret police fund and a pull," she added. "I know that as well as you; but you'd be doin' well to pay it out of your own pocket after what I've got to tell you."

"All right," said Captain McGee.

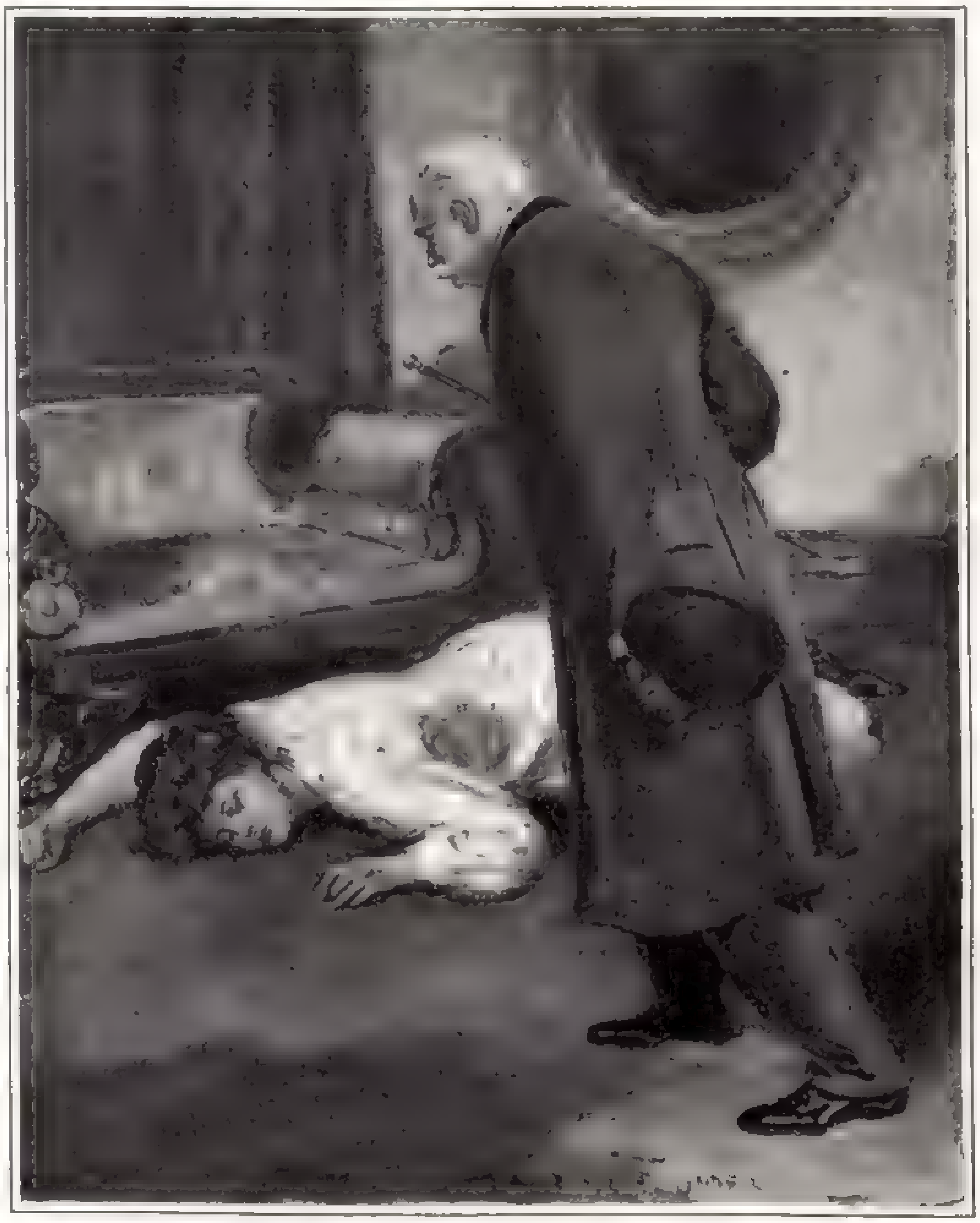
When Rosalie had finished her tale and laid her plot, when Captain McGee had ceased bubbling with the enthusiasm of a baying hound who scents the trail, he put in a question.

"Say," he said, "I never understood just why you do things. You never told me straight and square what made you put up the old job for me—the one that convicted Hayward. What's behind the game? Why are you taking all this risk?"

"Well," said Rosalie, "bein' mysterious is my business, but this time I'll tell you fair. Nobody knows better than a medium that women can't keep their hands off of love an' affection, no more than men can keep 'em out of business. Some women takes it out on husbands, which is a nuisance, and some on lovers, which is worse. I've got 'em all beat. I take it out on other people's love affairs. See?"

"No, I'm blamed if I do," said Captain McGee.

"Well, anyway, you're answered," said Rosalie. And from eyes and cheeks and dimples she smiled.



She Finished the Sitting by Rolling Prone Upon the Floor

X

IT WAS Friday night, and Mr. Watkins had not left his apartment in the Hotel Hamblen since his Wednesday evening session with Rosalie Le Grange. That discreet mulatto, Jonas—he never knew with what large counters he was playing—sent reports now and then to those who lurked among the shades, avoiding ever the street upon which the windows of the Watkins apartment looked, watching ever the front entrance. The shadows were thick about the Hamblen that night; they flitted in and out among the gaudy pleasure-farers of Upper Broadway the watchers, and those who watched the watchers.

A little after midnight Jonas stepped out from the hotel entrance. As he cleared the awning and stood forth in the light, he raised his hat with his right hand and scratched his head with his left. It was a signal. Stapleton, sitting by the window of a saloon, woke to action; O'Donnell poked his head out of a cellar doorway like a sewer rat; Hunt, from his stand behind a night-hawk cab, buttoned his ulster close about his throat and pulled his hat down over his eyes.

A moment later a figure stepped from the entrance of an awning; a thick figure wrapped in a fur coat. Between collar and hat the watchers caught the glint of a gray mustache. Mr. Watkins had taken the bait. He walked a half a block south, turned, started north. On the first street corner he hesitated. Stapleton and Hunt, at their respective stations, were in shadow; O'Donnell caught the motion in time, and stepped into a doorway. In a moment more Watkins turned the corner.

With the gait of pedestrians hurrying home in the cold, the three shadows sped forward to the corner. He was making east. Hunt, as by agreement, took one side of the street; O'Donnell and Stapleton the other

Shadows themselves, they never thought to look for shadows. They did not know that the night-hawk cabman had exchanged his top hat for a derby, his fur coat for an ulster, and followed. They did not know that the loud drunk who had been singing in the saloon with Stapleton had lurched out after him, suddenly become sober in gait and gesture, and followed also. They did not know that a half-dozen units in the dancing, glancing crowd of Upper Broadway were following them as closely and as skillfully as they were following the doomed and driven Watkins.

He walked two blocks east; he turned, struck north, and looked back no more. At about the moment when he turned, a limousine automobile, a plain, inconspicuous black machine, passed him up the street. It ran three blocks ahead, turned into a side street, and drew up at the curb. Twice more, in his progress north, that automobile—only one of a hundred, all nearly like it—glanced back and forth along the line of march. He was not watching automobiles, but men; and as for the three shadows—they were watching nothing but the derby hat, the fringe of white hair and the fur coat which designated Mr. Watkins.

And now he looked back no more. Straight as an arrow he led to a vacant lot near Cathedral Heights. It was a corner lot, open to the street, and piled high with the accumulated snow of that early, severe winter. On the two sides which did not border the street were fences; and the back fence, dividing it from still another vacant lot, stood high above it on the hill.

As he stopped before the lot the shadows nearest him dropped each in his own place; so did the shadows of the shadows. Mr. Watkins turned full circle, scanning all approaches. After his survey he hurried, with a gait which was almost a run, to that point by the side fence where the light was dimmest. So dim was it, that in spite of the white background one who had not seen him enter might have passed along the street twenty times and never perceived him at all

The black automobile was now just around the corner, hidden by an apartment-house. At the signal of a hand in front it drew up, and a man and woman alighted—he, bundled and capped in furs until his face was only a blur; she, swathed not only in a shapeless automobile coat, but also in a heavy automobile veil. As they alighted, a pedestrian, strolling casually down the street, stopped to speak a quick sentence. The fur cap nodded. Arm in arm, the man and woman strolled past the vacant lot, drew level with the back fence. Once past it, they took a quick look around, crouched, and turned their course, feeling along the boards.

"Here's my knothole!" whispered the woman, so low that the man hardly caught it. A second later he stooped. He, too, had found his knothole.

Over by the side fence was the dim form of a man, half-hidden now in the snow. It appeared that he was digging desperately with a trowel or some other small and sharp tool. For five minutes they watched the regular movements of his elbows, listened to the slight rustle of snow and dirt. Of a sudden he stopped, stooped lower. Then, their eyes grown accustomed to the dim light, they saw him rise—a stout, florid man, whose hair and mustache glittered white—look carefully at something he held in his hand, nod, slip it into his overcoat pocket.

On that motion the vacant lot became all action.

Over the fence vaulted two men and fell upon him. A third, breaking from an alleyway across the street, ran to join them. As he came through the band of light they saw that his face was freckled and his hair was red. The two leaders had seized the figure in the shadows; one caught him by the throat before he had a chance to cry out; another pinioned his arms; the third, arriving just then, dived on the explosion of an unrecognizable sentence straight for the overcoat pocket. He brought out something which looked like a little black box. The pinioned man, still feebly struggling, grasped at it. The robber of the pocket drew it farther away. He wrenched at it, seemed to open it; suddenly he held out his palm to the others. Then he slipped whatever he held into his pocket.

On that, the captors let go their man. He stood where they had dropped him; he seemed to be parleying, pleading. The tallest of the three drew back his arm and struck him full in the chest. He staggered back against the fence. All three of his assailants sprang at him, shaking their fists in his face. Suddenly he backed away from them, turned and walked toward the street. His was a slow gait; there was something limp, beaten, unexpressively dejected in his whole attitude. Once he turned; the

(Continued on Page 40)

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Protection and Poverty

THE British Board of Trade lately completed a careful comparison of wages and cost of living in English and French towns. It found, in brief, that, in like occupations, French wages were to English as 75 to 100, while the average hours of work were as 117 to 100. Rent was cheaper, but the space occupied generally smaller. In Paris one-room tenements were 26.7 per cent of the total number against 14.7 per cent in London. Excepting milk and butter commodities generally were dearer, so that a French workman's living expenses, including rent, were to an English workman's as 114 to 100. As to meat and bread, France nearly supplies her own wants, yet those articles are dearer than in England—because in France they are protected by a tariff, while England draws freely upon the markets of the world for her foodstuffs. In short, it is quite certain that protection raises the cost of a French workman's living, and quite doubtful whether it has any effect whatever upon his wages.

It is of some interest to note that, in the cases covered by this investigation, the average French workman's wages were to the average Englishman's as 75 to 100; also, the average French workman's family was to the average Englishman's as 75 to 100.

The Affliction of the Rich

THE county treasurer deposited public funds in banks which paid him interest thereon, and put the interest in his own pocket. For feeding prisoners the sheriff charged the county about twice what the food was worth, pocketing the profit. Such arrangements were quite common over the United States a dozen or so years ago, and still obtain in some communities. If the treasurer's rake-off amounted to twenty thousand a year and the sheriff's to fifteen, the former was required to pay four thousand and the latter to pay three into the party campaign fund. The graft was a luxury, and the party taxed it. The main difference between that and "taxing the luxuries of the rich" in a tariff bill is that in the latter case the tax is far lighter.

Over six hundred million dollars a year is the value of the lumber produced in the United States. About six million dollars a year is the value of the champagne and other sparkling wines imported. Ruthlessly true to the principle of "taxing the luxuries of the rich" the Senate will raise the duty on champagne—but not, it seems, remove the duty on lumber. Having to pay twenty-five cents a bottle more for champagne may be a heavy affliction, but if you have a mere bagatelle in the lumber line—only a few million feet—you could probably stand it in consideration of a duty on the lumber.

The chief luxury of the rich is money. Senator Bailey, it is true, proposes to tax that; but every one knows he will not succeed.

Pride and Peculation

YOU may suppose that, given the simple alternative of stating that he did not have ten dollars, or of stealing the ten in order to be able to say that he did have it, no sane young man would hesitate. Literally, hundreds every year, however, do not only hesitate, but choose the theft.

We have before us four fresh newspaper accounts of young thieves—one already sentenced to six years in the penitentiary, the others on the way to sentence. The four accounts are substantially one. The culprits, already in positions of trust, responsibility and promise, "got to living beyond their means."

The details vary, but that is the substance of the oft-told story.

We are convinced there are hundreds of cases in which the first cause of ruin is vanity rather than any more noxious vice. The man simply can't bear to confess that an expenditure in which his companions indulge is beyond his means. His peculiar self-respect finds a firmer support in "front" than in common honesty. A person no longer young, and more highly placed than those we have been considering, died some time ago by his own hand, leaving behind him a sad mess of financial and moral liabilities.

Investigation showed that he got himself into the mess by trying to vie in expenditures with the rich associates whose money he was taking.

"Excuse me for stealing this bill; but I'm afraid you won't respect me unless I show that I have as much money as you."

That is a strange code, yet an incredibly large number of people adopt it. Contemplating the number, we find ourselves quite in love with Poor Richard's simple old philosophy of stinginess.

Solving the Naval Problem

IF ENGLAND must have ten Dreadnaughts to Germany's five, and Germany must have seven Dreadnaughts to England's ten, what's the answer?

For some time this difficult problem has been engaging the earnest attention of the ablest financiers of both nations. The other day a member of the London Stock Exchange discovered a solution of it—maybe.

England is committed to a naval expenditure of thirty-two million pounds this year and thirty-five millions next, and the rage for big ships appears still to be growing. A section of the press will scarcely admit that the one hundred and seventeen smaller craft—besides four new Dreadnaughts which the present program provides for—are anything more than mere tucks and ruffles. Every new English battleship alarms Germany; every new German ship alarms England. The former, in order to keep up the pace, has already laid a tax upon advertisements.

The London broker—whose proposal is commended by that eminent authority upon British finance, the Economist—suggests that the Government levy a tax of half a penny upon each newspaper issued.

He calculates that such a tax, after allowing for a great shrinkage in circulation, would still bring in twelve million pounds a year—most welcome to a heavily-burdened exchequer—and that "at the end of one year, or probably earlier, the press would discover that our navy was quite adequate."

With such a tax for naval purposes in both countries each would be daily instructed to love its neighbor better than itself, and a statesman who proposed building anything more formidable than a ferryboat would be denounced as the enemy of mankind.

Spring Styles in Newspapers

AN INLAND metropolis is promised the last word in modern journalism—namely, a genuine all-day-and-all-night newspaper.

At present even the most enterprising metropolitan journals do not, as a rule, issue extras between 1:15 and 4:30 A. M. This unfortunate hiatus is due to the fact that, between these hours, the mechanical facilities of the strictly modern newspaper are employed in printing the regular edition—that is, the regular morning edition, which goes to press at about 1:00 A. M.; the regular extra nine o'clock edition, which goes to press at 1:45; the regular special extra noon edition, which goes to press at 2:30; the regular very special double extra one o'clock edition, which goes to press at 3:15; and the regular special extra two o'clock edition, which goes to press at 4:00. The regular three and five o'clock editions are printed in daylight.

Only the other night, at 1:26, a great newspaper received a report from its Trenton correspondent that a prominent colored citizen of that place had just butted a goat off the sidewalk. So burdened were the presses that fairly superhuman exertion was required to get out an extra thirty-two minutes after the report was received, which was only three minutes before the Trenton correspondent wired that the colored citizen turned out to be a former convict and there wasn't any goat. By so narrow a margin was the news saved; three minutes later and it would have been lost to the world forever.

The all-day-and-all-night newspaper, as we understand it, will overcome this mechanical handicap by discarding all regular editions. It will consist entirely of extras, to be issued punctually one hour apart, unless something important has happened—in which case, of course, there will be no issue at all. Those who understand the most modern journalism are well aware that periodicity has nothing to do with the distinction between a regular and an extra edition. The regular edition is simply that one which contains whatever news there may be.

The Fate of the Model Boy

WILLIE JONES was a good boy. The school-teacher, the Sunday-school superintendent, and many parents united in saying so, ever finding in the perfection of his conduct a reproach to the imperfections of others. So Willie was hated.

Nearly all readers of this magazine can dress out the fable from their own youthful experiences.

We begin to be alarmed for Willie Taft. In nearly all safe and sane quarters his conduct is the subject of praise—especially as it contrasts with the behavior of a certain unruly boy who afflicted those quarters more deeply than they were ever afflicted before. The President's poise, deliberateness and respect for forms are described as virtues which are raised fairly to the height of beatitudes by comparison with the lack of those qualities in his predecessor.

Willie, in short, is being considerably advertised as the bright mirror which reflects all the horrid deformities of Theodore. Already we detect here and there an unpleasant growl, and we recall, with concern, what happened to the Jones paragon when the Robinson boys caught him alone behind the barn—not, you understand, that he had done a thing in the world except just to be so unbearably good.

Finding in Taft a text to condemn Roosevelt would naturally appeal to persons who disapproved of the latter. But the Administration is yet young. We suspect that Willie may not live up to the cherubic reputation with which our conservative friends are so busily investing him.

Bucket Shops in Thin Disguise

THE other day a firm of brokers failed. The reports say that it employed thirty-two traders on the floor of the Consolidated Stock Exchange to execute its orders, maintained fourteen branch offices in different cities and had about a hundred agents in smaller towns, and there were more than two thousand open accounts upon its books.

That means, indubitably, a huge drumming up of trade among the small fry; it means a large, systematic effort to get the merchant, doctor, clerk and who not, to gamble in stocks. The difference between such a business as that and a bucket shop is simply that a statute—procured by interested persons—smiles upon the one and frowns upon the other. The argument that bucket shops are obnoxious because they don't execute the "orders" given them is all poppycock. The evil of a bucket shop is that it goes out among a multitude of foolish people of small means, who cannot afford to lose, and entices them into the game. For every ill purpose its place is completely supplied by the duly licensed broker who maintains a big plant and goes out after business—anybody's and everybody's business.

The Consolidated Exchange has not had a monopoly of such concerns.

A law which forbids bucket shops merely in order to give a monopoly to brokers who cater to the bucket shop trade is about as useful as a statute forbidding the sale of liquor to minors except on certain streets.

A Chance for Freight Experts

AN ARKANSAS dealer had an opportunity to sell some coal in Texas. He asked the railroad what the transportation would cost, and was informed that the rate on coal between the two points was $1.25. He shipped the coal. Then the railroad discovered that the rate was $2.75—which it proceeded to collect, not only absorbing all the dealer's profit, but also letting him in for a loss on the transaction. He sued for the damages, but the United States Supreme Court held that he could not recover, because $2.75 was, in fact, the regular published rate and the railroad was forbidden by law to accept less.

The theory was that the $2.75 rate being "published"—that is, printed somewhere or other in an obscure mass of papers which only an expert could decipher—the shipper could have found it out for himself instead of simply taking the railroad's word for it. But it is not intimated that the railroad acted on any but the best of faith when it said the rate was $1.25. In other words, the railroad itself couldn't tell, on short notice, what the rate was.

It will be recalled that the second trial of the famous Standard Oil rebate case collapsed because the court held there was a reasonable doubt as to whether the lawful rate was six cents or eighteen cents. To get a picture of this freight-rate business, find a crowd of newsboys and throw a handful of pennies among them.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Achilles and the Serpents

COLONEL DICK BALLINGER kicked the editor out of the post-office in Virdin with one drop kick and two punts, thereby establishing a kicking record that stood for many years in that part of Illinois, and Richard Achilles Ballinger swatted Lawyer Jones a lovely swat around or about the Adam's apple on a beautiful spring day in Alabama, thus proving the truth of the theory of heredity (for Colonel Dick was the father of Richard Achilles), and, furthermore, leading us pleasantly to the story of the snakes.

It is the invariable rule of the Biographers' Union, when a new public servant connects with the pay-roll and proceeds upward to the dizzy heights of fame, to pin a good, serviceable story to him, a story that can be used on every occasion and that shall be identified as his particular anecdote. We have the Root-and-Taft horse story, the Loeb rabbit story, the Corbin-and-the-King story and many others, each serving its part when occasion arises; and now that Judge Richard Achilles Ballinger has flashed across our gaze we tag him with the story of the snakes. That is his

Hereafter, when the name of Ballinger comes unbidden to the lips, scorning the obvious rhyme with Gallinger and all that that implies, it will be proper to say: "Oh, yes—Ballinger—Secretary of the Interior—by the way, did you ever hear the story of the snakes?" and tell it whether the other person has ever heard it or not. Tell it—that's the plot.

Hence, it shall be told: The Judge was a good deal of a man out in Seattle, but, what was more to the point, had been a college mate of James Rudolph Garfield, retired to private life at the present time, but once, as may be remembered, Secretary of the Interior himself. Jimmie wanted a new Commissioner of the General Land Office, which institution needed a little fresh air, to put it mildly, and he told President Roosevelt that Ballinger was the man to open the windows. Whereupon, T. R. telegraphed an invitation to Ballinger to come to Washington somewhat like this: "If convenient, come to Washington immediately, and come anyhow, on the jump, whether it is convenient or not. Hurry up. Get a move on. Take the first train. Get a special train. Hustle. Yours obediently, T. R."

"I'll Kill Your Dumgasted Snakes for You; but After I Get Them Killed, Me for Seattle!"

Ballinger arrived and went over to the White House. "Ballinger," said T. R., "what detained you? Go right up and take charge of the General Land Office. Pleasant weather, isn't it? I'll have one of the boys show you where it is. If you move fast you can get in half a day today."

"But," protested Ballinger, "I can't afford it. I want to practice law in Seattle. I'm busy. I don't care for public life. Lemme alone, will you? I'm going back home this afternoon."

"Ballinger," remarked T. R., "you're not going home this afternoon. You're going to be General Land Commissioner. You may not think so, but you are. Come over to the White House tonight and we'll talk it over."

Whereupon, Jimmie Garfield unloaded on Ballinger that impressive precept that an invitation to the White House is a command, and Ballinger got past the policemen at the door about nine o'clock and went up to the President's library.

Thinking to divert the mind of the President until train-time, Judge Ballinger vivaciously led the conversation around to natural history and told, with great declamatory effect, how he had killed some rattlesnakes on a camping ground out West when he was a cowboy.

The President was interested. He listened intently and, when Ballinger had finished the yarn, leaned forward and said: "You say you cannot afford to come down here and take charge of the Land Office?"

"I can't afford it," protested Ballinger. "I have got a big law practice to look after. I ——"

"Ballinger," broke in the President, "how did it come that a cowpuncher like you, worth his forty dollars a month of any man's money, could afford to stop punching cows long enough to kill those snakes?"

Rough on Reptiles

WELL, T. R. let that soak into R. Achilles, leading the conversation off into other channels, but doing the most of the talking, for R. Achilles was engaged in calling himself names, inwardly, for leaving his guard down long enough to let T. R. land one like that on him. So, when it came time to go, Ballinger said: "I'll kill your dumgasted snakes for you; but after I get them killed, me for Seattle—do you understand? You can't chain me to that desk forever."

"Get on the job," said T. R., and Ballinger got on it, and at the end of a year the General Land Office was giving a fairly-good imitation of Ireland after St. Patrick had finished with it, and Seattle once more had Ballinger for a resident.

Meantime, the Great Taft Movement began to be shoved, and Ballinger, out in the Puget Sound country, was for Taft. When the Chicago convention was on, Ballinger was there, looking out for the Taft desires in the platform. Subsequently, he had an active hand in the campaign, and when Taft was elected he sent for Ballinger to take charge of the Interior Department, where formerly he had engaged in de-reptiling the Land Office, which is an adjunct to the Interior Department.

Being Secretary of the Interior doesn't mean much to the dwellers in the effete and landless East, but to the West, where there is still ground that is not covered with houses with all modern improvements, the Secretaryship of the Interior is the big job of the Government, which view is pretty nearly right; for, when it is all summed up, the Secretary of the Interior has more power and more material interests under his control than any other Cabinet member. He is boss of the Land Office that controls all the public domain, of the Patent Office, of the Pension Office, which pays out a hundred and fifty millions a year or more, has charge of the Indians and all their lands, of the vast reclamation service that is irrigating the arid lands of the West, of the Geological Survey and of the Bureau of Education. So far as power goes, the Secretary of the Interior is a king in land and Indian affairs.

Judge Ballinger's Varied Avocations

BALLINGER'S father read law in the office of Abraham Lincoln and quit the law to go into the Army. After the War he tried sheep-raising for a time, and Richard Achilles, at the age of seven, was herder. Then the father went to Virden, where he was made postmaster, bought a little country paper and did his kicking of the opposition editor, while the boy learned to set type and ran a news-stand. The family emigrated to Kansas and young Ballinger became a cowboy, punching his father's cows. Various experiences followed until the boy had enough money to go to school at Lawrence and Topeka. Finally, he got to Williams College, and after a lot of hard work and self-denial he graduated, aged twenty-six. He became a lawyer, practiced in Illinois and in Alabama—where he swatted Lawyer Jones—and in 1890 he went to Washington State, eventually becoming mayor of Seattle and serving as a judge. He is the author of Ballinger on Community Property and of several other law books.

While he was mayor of Seattle he cleaned up that lively town in a manner that surprised the inhabitants. He suppressed gambling and deprived the Seattle folks of several other forms of amusement that had been popular with certain elements. Likewise, as has been told, he did some stunts in the Land Office, and, now that he is Secretary of the Interior, he can go as far as he likes in the way of killing snakes, for there are still a few to be found in and around that institution.

He is an active, alert, broad-shouldered, square-chinned, clear-eyed citizen, who looks as if he barbors a prejudice in favor of having his own way. There are a large number of gentlemen who operate in and with the Interior Department who ardently desire their own devious ways, also. Thus, if Mr. Richard Achilles Ballinger keeps up the good work he is likely to be one of our busiest little Cabinet officials for the next four years, a tempestuously-agitated diminutive beaker of Oolong, so to speak.

The Pleasant Politician

MR. JUSTICE BREWER, of the United States Supreme Court, was in New York, talking to a New York lawyer of high standing and of Tammany Hall political affiliations.

A Tammany Hall leader came along. The lawyer hoped he would pass, but he didn't. Instead, he butted cheerfully in and waited for an introduction. The lawyer gritted his teeth and mumbled the introduction.

"Justice, hey?" inquired the politician pleasantly "Now, what court did Charley Murphy stick you into?"

A Natural-Born Dentist

JOHN WESLEY GAINES, of Tennessee, went on the war-path when the bill authorizing the appointment of thirty dental surgeons for the marine corps came up in the House of Representatives. The bill provides that the dental surgeons shall be between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-five. John Wesley allowed the age limit should be reduced to twenty-one and cited the case of a dentist in the town where he lives who was extremely able.

"Was he so competent when he was twenty-one?" asked Representative Longworth.

"Why," shouted Gaines, "you do not understand the case! He was a natural-born dentist."

Some Cause for Joy

THERE was a little game of poker on board a palatial private yacht, and two of the players were a young Boer doctor and a war correspondent.

The young Boer doctor had been learning the game, with the learner's luck. The war correspondent was losing. There came a big pot. The war correspondent, elated behind three tens and a pair of queens, put in his entire wad. The young Boer doctor called, and timidly showed four measly threes.

The war correspondent glared. Then he leaned over the table and hissed: "Dod gast you, I saw Cronje surrender and I'm glad of it!"

The Passport to the Banquet

A SOCIETY was holding its annual banquet at a certain hotel in St. Louis, and a former chief of police was master of ceremonies.

"Waither," said the chief to the head waiter, "how manny did we guaranthee for this banquet at five dollars the plate?"

"One hundred."

"How manny have we?"

"Ninety-two."

"You fellies is always getthin' th' best av us. Who is that young fellie lukin' in the door over there?"

"He is a traveling-man stopping in the house."

"Call him in and lave him sit down. He has a fine face."

The Only Excuse for an Exit

NOW and again it is announced that some patriot will be appointed to the United States Supreme Court, provided Mr. Justice Harlan or Chief Justice Fuller retires, as either can do with full pay, by law, if he feels so inclined.

There has been talk that General Luke Wright, former Secretary of War, will be appointed Chief Justice. Mr. Justice Harlan was asked about it.

"No," he said, "I don't think so. You see, Mr. Fuller isn't going to resign."

Then the big Justice paused, looked across the street and continued:

"You see, Fuller and I have decided we'll let them take us off feet first. Good-night."

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The Senator's Secretary

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, the new Postmaster-General, has changed the general landscape-garden effect of his hair by shifting the part from the middle to the side, but he will be doing more than that with it if the William H. Taft Justly-Celebrated Lawyer Cabinet does not find itself pretty soon. He will devote a few half-hours each day to running up and down his room, tearing out said hair and tossing the blond locks in the air while he shouts: "Oh, yes, send 'em all to Hitchcock! Send 'em to the Boy Wonder! He hasn't a thing to do but talk to them, to jolly them, to placate them, to get jobs for them while these dignified lawyers are trying to find their way to their revolving-chairs without getting lost in the corridors."

Poor Hitchcock! He has become the Administration Buffer. He works while the rest of them play golf or find out what bureaus have automobiles so they can go calling in them. When Pelatiah Webster Knox is leaping lithely from tee to tee, when Judge Jacob McGavock Dickinson is wondering what there is about a Quartermaster's Department that gives it a seventy-five horse-power machine while he has to buy his own, when Samuel George Woodward Wickersham is discovering a new way to elude the reporters, when Charles Nagel is Nageling about Richard Kerens going to Vienna as Ambassador, when Franklin MacVeagh is carefully scrutinizing the incidental promotions and determining whether they are all made on the basis of pure merit, when Richard Achilles Ballinger is riding the horse he bought from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt—then Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General, is trying to see all the people there are, and then some, and rapidly forgetting what sleep is like.

If a President sets out to appoint a Cabinet of lawyers he can generally find sufficient legal luminaries to fill the jobs. It was President Taft's highest ambition to have nine lawyers out of a possible nine in his Cabinet. There were exigencies that thwarted him; said exigencies being Mr. George von Lengerke Meyer and James Wilson. The reasons for Wilson remaining are brief. He is irremovable. Having served twelve years, going on thirteen, as Secretary of Agriculture, the Constitution forbids his transportation back to Iowa; or, he made it stick that it does, which is the same thing. But, of Meyer, it is a long, sad story. Meyer is the Roosevelt-Lodge-Loeb pound of flesh, in addition to the tenderloin Loeb got himself.

The Workings of a Legal Mind

It fell out in this wise: Colonel Roosevelt, after Taft got around to the subject of making a Cabinet, suggested in dulcet tones one day: "Now, Will, I have on'y one request to make. I desire to leave you free and untrammeled in fol'owing out My Policies, as you must know, simply reserving the right to kick you rapidly and successively if you do not carry them out, but, meantime, presenting on'y this modest requisition, craving none but this trifling boon: put Loeb in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy."

'Twas but a little thing, but William Howard Taft had his mind set on that grand, golden, glorious and glisten'ng gathering of lawyers, and he said T. Roosevelt nay, said him nay with a full chest tone and with a fearless look in those calm, gray eyes.

"Nay?" inquired T. Roosevelt. "Say not so, and if you do say so why do you say so?"

"I intend," asserted the President-elect, "to collect into my Cabinet a large number of eminent lawyers. I have, as you must know, a legal mind. Ergo, I desire to be able to tell a whole bunch of legal minds what I have in mind, knowing full well that their minds will remind me of my mind and that they will mind."

Not so bad for a judicial temperament, eh?

There was consternation in the White House for two reasons: (1) because this presaged independent thought and action on Taft's part; (2) because this left William Loeb, Jr., out on a limb. Colonel Roosevelt persisted. Mr. Taft, while

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avowing the highest regard for Mr. Loeb, stuck to that lawyer idea. Then the crafty Henry Cabot Lodge came to bat.

For years the chief concerns of Henry Cabot Lodge have been to keep George von Lengerke Meyer out of Massachusetts and to be T. Roosevelt's bosom friend. George von L. Meyer is a man of large means and an insatiable appetite for public office. He first manifested this when there came a chance for Senator Lodge's son-in-law to get into Congress and, in deep distress, Mr. Lodge besought an ambassadorship for Mr. Meyer and got it, thus putting him far away from the paths of Gussie Gardner, the son-in-law.

Presently, however, Mr. Meyer desired to come back home, and Mr. Lodge, with much manœuvering, had him appointed Postmaster-General, thus still further postponing the parlous day when Meyer should stroll debonairly into Massachusetts and not only put the hooks to Gussie Gardner, but, perchance, take a shy at Papa-in-law Lodge's toga its sacred self.

"If Taft will not appoint Loeb to the Navy," said Lodge to Colonel Roosevelt, "make him get some other place for Loeb and, as a salve for your wounded feelings, extract from him the promise that he will give Meyer a Cabinet job."

No sooner said than done. "William," said T. Roosevelt to Taft, "while it grieves me sorely that Loeb will not have a place in your Cabinet I shall, in a measure, have that grief assuaged if you will make Meyer Secretary of the Navy, thinking to oblige my bosom friend, Cabot, and we will find another place for Loeb. I am free to admit that a President should choose his own Cabinet officers, William, and far be it from me to dictate anything in that line to you, but I merely want to say that this is the final word, and I shall expect to hear that Mr. Meyer has been slated."

Well, what is a poor President-elect to do in such a case? Here was his old friend, Colonel Roosevelt, going out for the Colonel's old friend, Cabot. There was a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand. Lest the cloud should increase in size Meyer was made Secretary of the Navy and held safely out of Massachusetts, Loeb got a mighty good job in New York, and President Taft was chagrined to find he had two men in his galaxy who were not lawyers.

The Useful Mr. Sherman

However, those negotiations are long past. The fact that is now making Hitchcock jump up and down and emit low, inarticulate cries for mercy is that the lawyers in the Cabinet are lawyers, and nothing else. Taft grabbed them from their law offices. None of them knew much about politics, and, it is sad to relate, there is a certain amount of politics about this Administration, a certain number of patriots who desire jobs and recognition and all that, a certain number amounting, all told, to about ninety-six per cent of the people who voted for Taft and a smattering of those who voted for Bryan. Somebody has to see these people. The President is so constituted that he cannot see them all, for he likes to let every visitor talk as long as he wants. The lawyers, coming from their law offices, know nothing about meeting and getting rid of people. They do not know how to go through a crowd of waiting patriots and shoo them away. Also, they know very little about the politics of it all, and the consequence is that all are being hustled down to Hitchcock. Meantime, the pressure is beginning to show on the President, also. The way they are laying down on him is a sin and a shame.

When Vice-President Sherman was nominated at Chicago Mr. Taft was not particularly overjoyed. He wasn't enthusiastic, although he knew and liked Sherman. Now, it is all changed. The President is of the opinion that the nomination of Sherman was a direct act of Providence. Taft knew little about Congress. He had had some trying experiences up there, especially with his Philippine legislation. He isn't on to the curves of Congress yet

Still, in his opinion, that is all righted by the knowledge Mr. Sherman has. Sherman has been in Congress for twenty years. He knows the game up there on the hill backward and forward. Thus, he is the Congressional adviser for Mr. Taft. You people who wonder why the President is likely to favor the Cannon program in the House, or the organization program in the Senate, why it seems so easy for

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the organization, on either side, to get what it wants, kindly remember the fact that James Schoolcraft Sherman is Vice-President and is Congressional adviser to the President, and any time James Schoolcraft Sherman runs counter to the wishes, desires or determinations of the machine on either side, on that day the Washington Monumen- will do a cake-walk.

When it was first announced that Charles D. Hilles, of New York, would be appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury there was a general inquiry of "Who is Hilles, and why?" Finally, it was discovered that Hilles came, originally, from Ohio, and knew Taft out there. He is an expert on reform work and penology, and was the manager of an institution of which Henry Taft is an officer. But that is not the reason he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The reason for that is because he is the man who carried New York for Taft.

Nobody in New York knows this, but it is true. After the election, when Mr. Taft was in New York, he sent for Colonel William L. Ward, of Westchester County, Republican National Committeeman for New York.

"Bill," said Mr. Taft, "I am going to appoint Hilles to a place in the Treasury. He comes from your county, and I want you to understand about it."

"All right," Ward replied, "I don't care whom you appoint, or what you give this chap, only you must not charge him to me and take him out of my quota."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Taft. "I am making this as a personal appointment, but there is another reason, too."

"What is it?" asked Ward.

"Why," continued Mr. Taft, "Hilles is the man who did more than any other to carry New York for me."

"Is that so?" asked Ward. "I hadn't heard of it."

"Do you mean to say you do not know him?" asked Mr. Taft.

"Oh, yes, I know him."

"And didn't he do a great deal to help carry New York for me? You do not seem very enthusiastic about it."

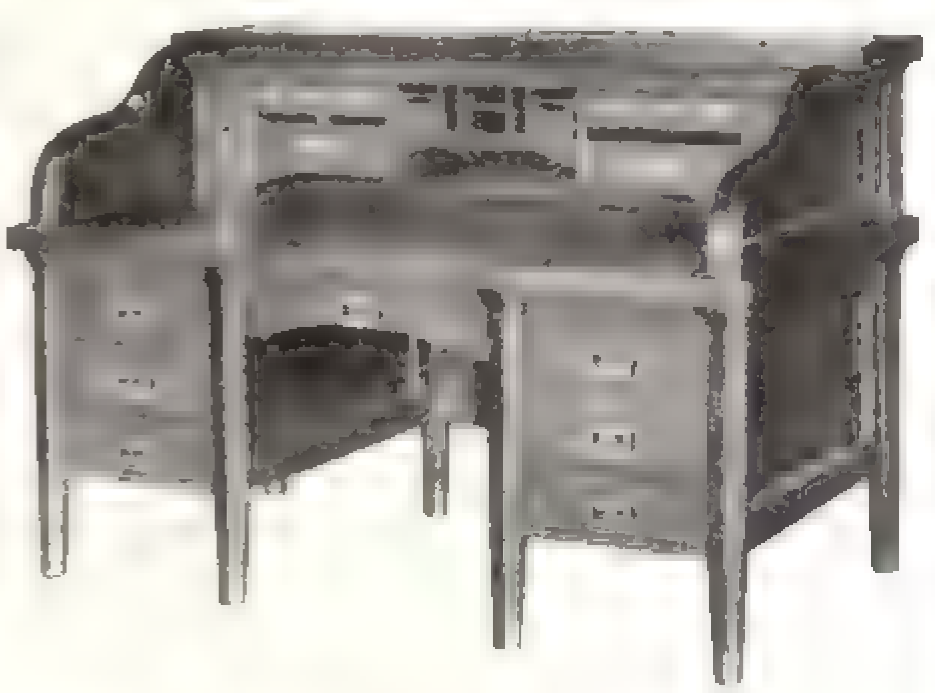
"Well," said Ward, "I am not disputing your claim, but I was at headquarters pretty frequently, as you know, and had an eye on what was going on. The only time I saw this man Hilles there was when he wasted a whole afternoon for me trying to get a ticket to go on your train through the State."

The Education of Mr. Wickersham

The Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, has at last perfected a way to get the news out of the Department of Justice. Until this time there has been no way, for the Attorney-General has not been in sympathy with visits of newspaper men who desire to find out what has been going on—nobody would dream, in the present régime, of trying to find out what is going on, but there have been a few efforts to discover what has been happening, on the theory that, perhaps, something has been accomplished and it would not be inimical to the interests of the Government to print a few words about it.

However, Mr. Wickersham, after studying the matter for a month or six weeks, evolved his plan. It is this: Whenever any official in the Department of Justice has anything on his mind he thinks it is proper for the people of the country to know about, which is not often, he is directed to write out the facts and his comment carefully. Then he is to send what he has written to the Attorney-General, and the Attorney-General will decide whether the matter shall be given out. He will edit and prepare the matter submitted and, in the course of a week or two, some few thoughts concerning the subject may trickle out to the public.

That is a distinct advance. When Mr. Wickersham first came here he decided that nothing of any kind about anything would be given out. Now he has fixed up a way to give some things out. He is gradually learning. Presently, the old system of giving out what there is to be given out will prevail, and another lawyer will have been educated to an acute appreciation of the fact that the Attorney-General of the United States is working for the people, not for an individual, that his retainer is twelve thousand dollars a year, and that his client occasionally evinces a desire to know what is going on: insists on it, in fact.



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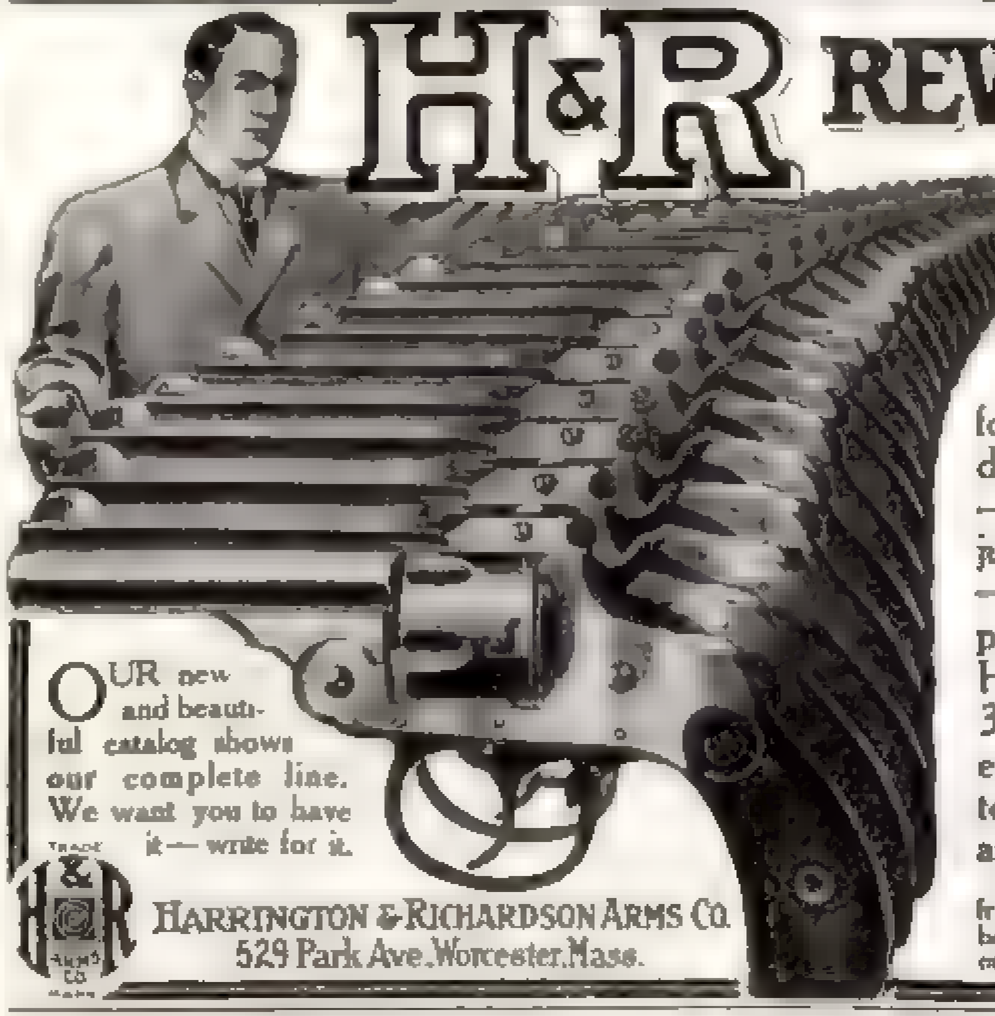

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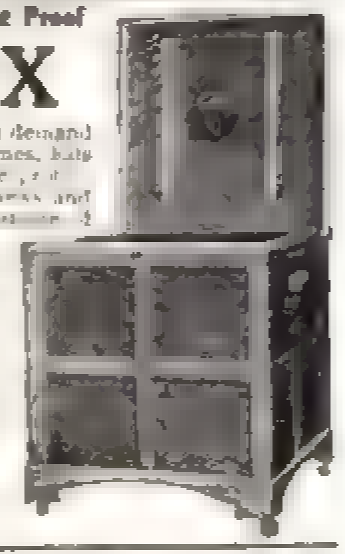

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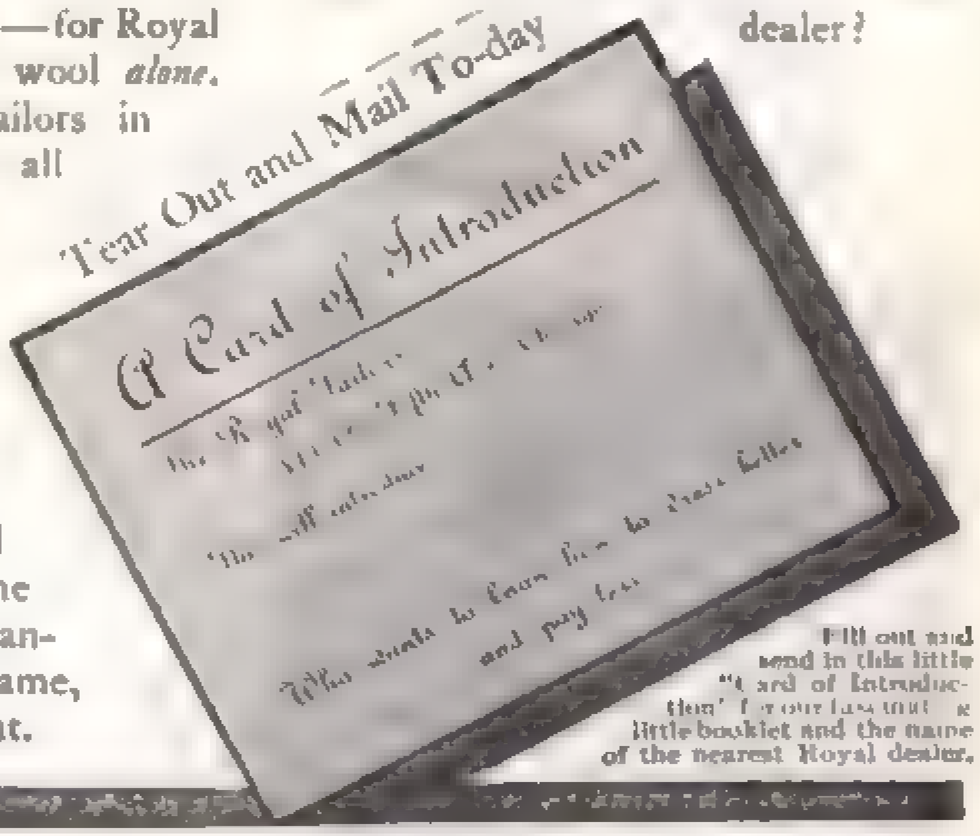

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Out-of-Doors

Spring Shooting

IT IS a misfortune and not a crime to have a glass eye. Indeed, from one point of view there is sometimes profit to be derived from the possession of such an orb. They tell a story, incidents of which happened in a literary club out in Chicago In this club foregathered, upon a certain afternoon, two members, one of whom was a poet and the other of whom owned a glass eye. They were in such frame of mind that the latter was disposed to slumber and the former to recite certain of his own works. As a pleasant and very practical compromise in these conditions, the one-eyed man reached up, propped open the lid of his glass eye so that it gazed intelligently at his poetic friend—who, his own eye in a fine frenzy rolling, could not see the difference—leaned back in his chair and went to sleep, leaving his glass eye on duty. This arrangement proved highly satisfactory to both.

For some reasons this story comes to mind when one begins to hear the annual fanfare about the spring shooting of wild fowl. The public feels that it ought to listen, but none the less would rather go to sleep meanwhile. Sportsmen are pretty much agreed theoretically that it is wrong to shoot the northbound migratory birds. That is as easy to see as the truth that no farmer's wife should kill her sitting hens At least, if she does kill them she is obliged to go to her neighbors' roosts for poultry the next year. A potent industrial argument is the fact that spring ducks are usually worn thin by the hard work of the flight and by the scanty feed found *en route*. All the arguments are against spring shooting, and scarcely one can be found in favor of it, save the general one of selfishness, and that longing to be out-of-doors which comes to most of us who have been cooped up all winter. As a compromise, a great many of us who do not believe in spring shooting simply leave a highly-intelligent glass eye on duty, and go just the same.

This attitude of mind, or of optics, is not peculiar to any one region. It seems to represent the majority of sentiment in more than one State. Many States have passed laws prohibiting spring shooting, but immediately there has begun in each State the same old movement to throw the State wide open again. Some States have allowed shooting during the spring months on deep-water ducks, bluebills, redheads, canvasbacks, while protecting all the marsh ducks. That means nullification of the law, for the loophole promptly becomes a door. Again, there are conditional or retaliatory laws passed, as in the case of Wisconsin, which long had a law agreeing to stop spring shooting when Illinois did!

The Truth About the Duck

For twenty-five years the somewhat halt and lame doctrine of States' Rights has been applied to the protection of our selfish interests in sport, yet all the while we ought to have reflected that the question of shooting migratory fowl is one of interstate commerce. The Aërial Northbound Transit Company is not confined to any one State, and it carries property which does not belong to any one State. Some States, such as Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, claim that, if they do not shoot ducks in the spring, they cannot shoot them at all. That may be true, and yet it might not be true that spring shooting should be tolerated in the United States today.

Barring a national law—which we cannot have—the answer to spring shooting is a problem for each man's own conscience, and it is perfectly open and simple if the man himself is open and simple. Thirty-five years ago the old Daddy of this writer began to take him out shooting, in a Western State which then had no game laws at all. But even then the old gentleman had it figured out that springtime was not the season for shooting. Crazy? We can only suppose that he was, the more so from the fact that, in those days when everybody shot prairie chickens and when some did not trouble even to pick them up from the grass, many a time he took his son by the hand and led him out of the middle of a scattered covey where the dog was pointing, and said: "We have enough. Leave some for the next time." The old-fashioned rifle and old-fashioned shotgun

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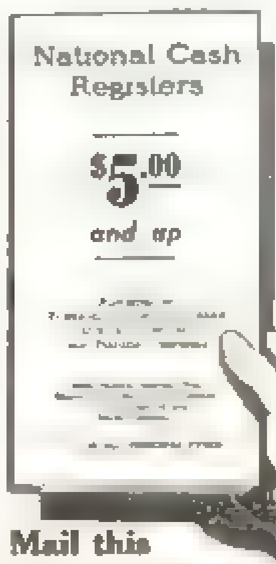

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The REFINED MOTOR
3 Horse power and 6 Horse power. Weight 60 and 110 lbs. All *Refined Motors* are *guaranteed* against defective material or poor workmanship during the life of the Motor and are also *guaranteed* the best motors of their type in the world. Send for Catalog.
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PATENTS Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 47 years. Box C, Washington, D. C. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate Booklet Free. Write us.

The Tower Quarterly is the "soul" piece of Byron E. Staley "Memories of An Old Sweetheart," in Spring Number. $1 by the year; 15c a copy at the News Stands.
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A Thousand and One Uses for

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Think what the Thermos Bottle means to *you!*—An ice-cold drink—a steaming-hot drink—whenever you want it—wherever you want it.

When traveling—camping—picnicking—motoring—yachting—in your home—at the office.

You need it—the Thermos Bottle. You can't afford to be without it. Pour ice-cold liquid—milk—water—lemonade—anything—into the Thermos Bottle. *And it will stay ice-cold,* without ice, for 72 hours.

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If there is an invalid or baby at home—don't get up during the night to heat milk—water—broth. Heat it as hot as you like before going to bed. Put it into the Thermos—And it will be piping hot whenever needed

These are but a few Thermos uses Your dealer will tell you of countless others.

There is convincing proof of the thorough practicability of the Thermos Bottle, in the fact that Theodore Roosevelt included the Thermos in his South African equipment.

In the New Model Thermos Bottle, the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only Bottle in which this separable-case feature has been patented.

Don't buy an imitation of the Thermos Bottle. You'll be throwing away your money. Get the genuine—see that "THERMOS" is stamped on the bottle.

American Thermos Bottle Company
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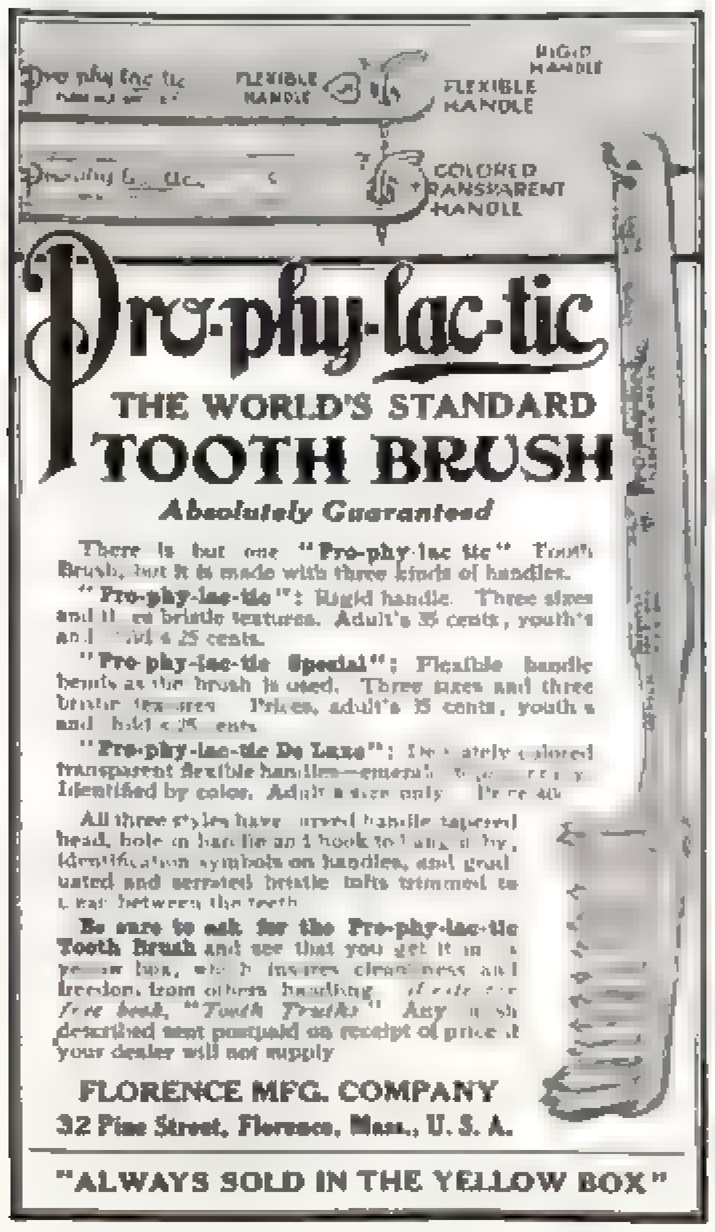

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THE WORLD'S STANDARD
TOOTH BRUSH
Absolutely Guaranteed

There is but one "Pro-phy-lac-tic" Tooth Brush, but it is made with three kinds of handles.

"**Pro-phy-lac-tic**": Rigid handle. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Adult's 35 cents, youth's and child's 25 cents.

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"**Pro-phy-lac-tic De Luxe**": Delicately colored transparent flexible handles—emerald, [illegible] Identified by color. Adult's size only [illegible]

All three styles have curved handle tapered head, hole in handle and hook to hang it by, identification symbols on handles, and graduated and serrated bristle tufts trimmed to clean between the teeth

Be sure to ask for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush and see that you get it in the yellow box, which insures cleanliness and freedom from others handling. *Write for free book, "Tooth Truths."* Any brush described sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply

FLORENCE MFG. COMPANY
32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

"ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX"

of that old-fashioned gentleman hang on the wall in front of the desk where this is written. The old-fashioned sporting moral still clings to them, although they are both muzzle-loaders and compare ill with the automatic weapons of today. In earlier days they were used in the field with a clean skill one rarely has seen surpassed. If any man cared to look at them with both eyes open, he could read the answer to the question of spring shooting easily and at once. It is a personal answer. You can read it with your glass "lamp" or your good eye, just as you please

Let us beg to state to the gentle reader, whose pleasant but somewhat glassy gaze is bent upon us, that when the buffaloes and wild pigeons disappeared they went all at once. When our ducks go they will also go all at once. A chance local abundance in some favored locality never fails to produce the statement, usually employed in extenuation of overlarge bags, that there are just as many ducks today as there ever were. What is the truth about it?

The truth seems to be that more ducks went north up the Mississippi River flyway this year than for two or three years previous. Is that an argument for spring shooting? Not in the least. It is simply the proof of the wisdom of the stiff Texas game law which has been protecting the wild fowl on their wintering grounds along the Gulf Coast. We ought to be willing to let every one of those birds go North because, after a while, there will be no North to which they can go.

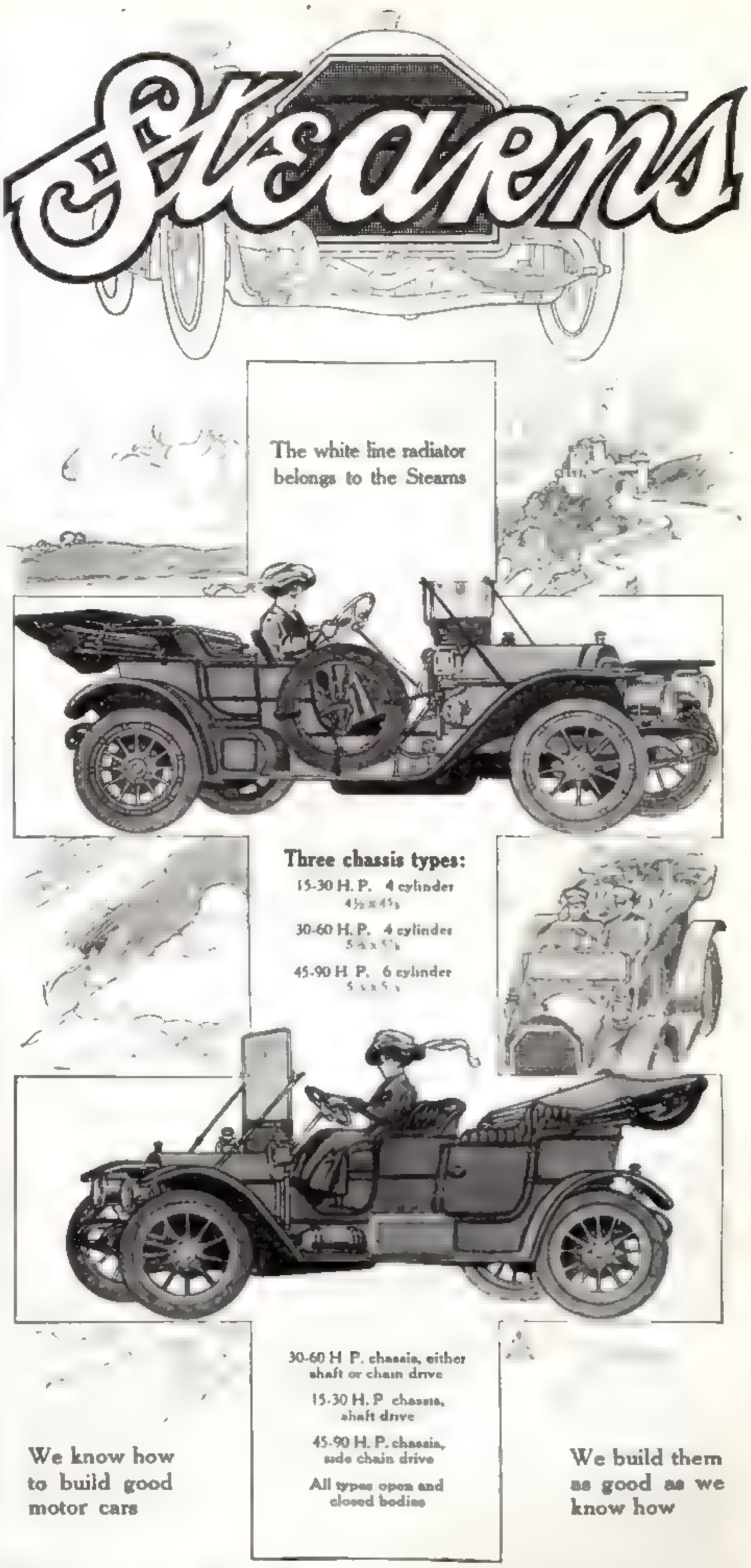
Politics Applied to Game

Wild ducks used to breed all over Illinois and Indiana, almost to the edge of Chicago Outside of a few wood ducks, almost no wild fowl breed in either of those States today. As much may be said for Wisconsin and Minnesota. North Dakota was once a considerable breeding ground for ducks and geese, and, for that matter, one can quite well remember when Northwestern Iowa was full of the nests of wild fowl every year. When the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroads crossed Dakota they broke up nesting grounds which had produced millions of birds annually. Then the Canadian Pacific and its branches unhoused yet other millions. Within the last two years the Canadian Northern has pushed west across still other ancient nesting grounds. This year the Grand Trunk Pacific will carry the gunner direct into the last great breeding ground to be had, one might almost say, this side of the Arctic Circle. These northbound wild fowl need every inch of the lessening North which remains to them. With the argument of restricted breeding grounds at the upper end of their flyway, and the argument for sane protection applied at the southern end, what ought the answer to be to those midway shooters who wish to take spring toll of these decreasing thousands?

The petty answer to so great and serious a question as this is recorded alike in our State laws and in our practices. The right and real answer, of course, is a personal one. There are at least a few men who do not shoot in the springtime, even in States where it is legal to do so. It is your privilege to join those few if you so desire.

Of all the humorous literature of this country our game laws offer, perhaps, the most amusing instances. For instance, there are now only three States in the Union where non-residents may shoot without paying a license fee. In several States that fee is prohibitive in its figures. Yet in no State has the gun-license act even partly solved the question of game destruction, in spite of the fact that in very many States the license fees annually foot up in the neighborhood or in excess of one hundred thousand dollars. In the Mississippi Valley alone there are nearly a half million shooters who annually pay a gun tax and, perhaps, half as many more at least who do not pay such tax. The gun licenses of the West alone now foot millions of dollars annually. Yet the spring shooters keep on at their work, and, after a while, our ducks will go—all at once, as the buffaloes and pigeons did.

The game warden system, in most of these Western States which have license laws, is now accepted as a part of the political machine. Ninety thousand shooters last year took out licenses in the State of Louisiana, and the fund raised was so large that the board of game commissioners, on advice of the Governor, concluded to turn the surplus into the State



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Three chassis types:
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30-60 H. P. chassis, either shaft or chain drive

15-30 H. P. chassis, shaft drive

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All types open and closed bodies

We know how to build good motor cars

We build them as good as we know how

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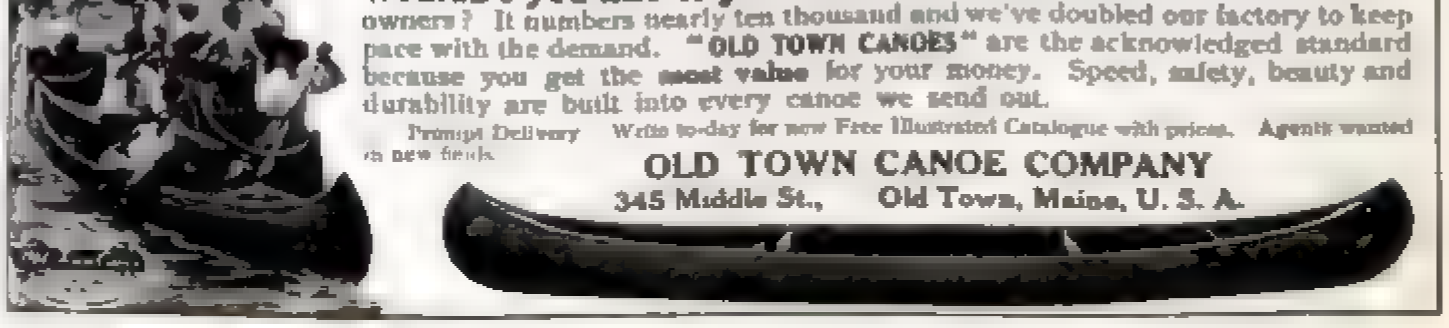

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Prompt Delivery Write to-day for new Free Illustrated Catalogue with prices. Agents wanted in new fields.

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345 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Master of the Situation

When you enter a clothing shop impressed with the advantages of a Stein-Bloch summer suit, you will encounter a salesman who has made a study of clothes—and men.

If it be a store where the Stein-Bloch clothes are sold, he will fit you and *fit you properly.*

If it is *not* such a store and you are not master of the situation, *he will be.*

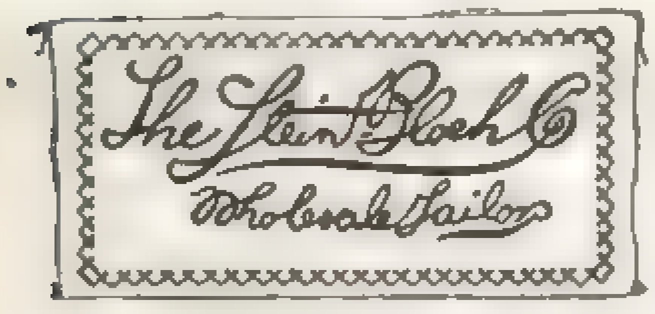
He knows the esteem in which Stein-Bloch clothes are held, but it is his legitimate purpose to sell the clothes he has for sale.

With his art of persuasion he may influence you to purchase some other kind and then, by actual comparison with Stein-Bloch clothes, you see the difference in cloth, in style, in fit and in wear and realize too late what you have missed.

You insist upon seeing the label at your grocer's or your tobacconist's—why not in your clothes?

Stein-Bloch clothes are sold at your best clothiers'. If not, send to us for "Smartness."

This label in a coat means 54 years of Knowing How



THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
Tailors for Men
Offices and Shops: Rochester, N.Y.
New York: Fifth Ave. Bldg.

treasury and apply it to the reduction of the general taxes. That is excellent politics, if bad protection! Of course, it is an evasion of a specifically-worded law which declares that the fees and fines and forfeited bonds shall go to the game commission for the purpose of protecting game and fish. Meantime, there are about one thousand market hunters in Louisiana who, in spite of the law limiting the bag to twenty-five birds daily, each day kill every bird they can, sometimes two or three hundred daily with the gun; and they do this up to the last day the ducks stay with them in the spring.

The law establishing a daily limit to the bag is a good law, but, like most American laws, it fails of general enforcement. A friend came back the other day from his club on the Illinois River and announced that he had averaged forty mallards daily on his trip.

"How do you figure that?" he was asked by an innocent bystander who knew that the daily limit in that State was only twenty ducks.

"You forget that my boat-pusher also has a right to kill twenty birds a day," replied the club member. "I just shot out his limit for him, too."

A year or so ago the writer went shooting with a member of the State Legislature of Illinois, who on that day killed very many more birds than the fifteen allowed by law. It is often the case that a good shot kills more than the legal limit under the excuse that he "gives them to his friends." Let us figure upon that idea of sportsmanship and citizenship. If one may kill extra birds for the less skilled or less lucky members of his own party, may he not do the same for the same sort of members of other parties? That is to say, may he not just as well go on and help out every man in the county or in the State who has, on that particular day, not killed his limit of fifteen birds? In this case, of course, there might as well be no law. That latter state of anarchy begins at the sixteenth bird, the one which this gentleman kills for his less fortunate friend's bag.

The law ought to be complied with by intelligent citizens, or else those intelligent citizens should be swept under the implacable penalty of the law along with the ignorant citizens. They certainly do these things better in England and in Canada. In our glass-eyed American republic there are only eight States which allow the sale of game, and not one which does not forbid the shipping of game across its borders, and only three which do not exact gun licenses. We have abundant laws, but we are buccaneers in sport as well as in business.

Our Likeness to Polyphemus

Blind in one eye, we sometimes wink the other; and, indeed, we seem blind in both regarding the one great fact of civilization. We must adjust to new conditions of life in every way. Like everything else in America sport is getting higher priced, and its price will mount more swiftly than almost anything else. There will come problems to all lovers of the out-of-doors which soon will require both eyes and both hands to negotiate. Does it serve any purpose to go to sleep at such a time?

True, the old ways die hard. There was this spring a war between the America which has gone and the America of today. On a tract ten by twenty miles in extent a few hundred men had for generations enjoyed privileges in game and fish, perhaps not equaled in any other part of the country. Then came a land company and told them that henceforth the marketing rights of the fish and game were to belong to one firm, which latter was to pay tribute—so much on each pound of fish—to the company representing the consolidation of all the land titles on and around the disputed lake. It was in effect the battle of the wilderness with civilization, the old with the new. Some of the ignorant settlers shot and hanged one of the company's lawyers. The State prosecuted these men and soon will hang six of them.

But what is the limit-line between those heathen and the club-heathen who shoot on the pusher's license or the heathen who shoot more than their legal limit to fill their friends' empty game pockets? It is all these together who make up that Polyphemus which threatens a continuance of any sort of sport in the United States. If one remembers one's Latin the description of Polyphemus stated that he was "*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui*

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Before deciding on ***any*** roofing, for ***any*** purpose, send for our free book which will give you the inside facts about all roofings—shingle, tin, tar, iron—and prepared, or "ready" roofings.

This book is fair, frank, comprehensive. It tells all about the cost of each kind of roofing. It tells the advantages and the disadvantages of each, as we have learned them in twenty years of actual test. It is a veritable gold mine of roofing information.

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Since Ruberoid roofing was invented, nearly twenty years ago, there have sprung up more than 300 substitutes. Many of these substitutes have names which sound like Ruberoid. Before they are laid and exposed to the weather, they ***look*** like Ruberoid. But don't let these facts deceive you.

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Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is stamped every four feet on the [illegible] genuine Ruberoid. This is your [illegible] against [illegible] which many [illegible] Ruberoid. Ruberoid is usually sold by but one dealer in a [illegible]. We will [illegible] name of your Ruberoid dealer when you send for our free book.

A roof of Ruberoid is flexible enough to stand the contraction of the cold and the expansion of the sun's hot rays.

It is so nearly fireproof that you can throw ***burning coals*** on a Ruberoid roof without danger of the roof taking fire.

It is rain proof, snow proof, weather proof. It resists acids, gases and fumes.

These wonderful properties of Ruberoid are due to the Ruberoid gum which we use—our exclusive product.

Ruberoid roofing also comes in attractive colors—Red, Green, Brown, suitable for the finest homes. These color roofings are made under our exclusively owned United States and foreign patents. The colors of Ruberoid do not wear off or fade, for they are a ***part*** of the roofing.

If you are going to roof, though, learn about ***all*** roofs. To get this book, address Dept. 89D. The Standard Paint Company, 100 William St., New York.

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The perfect shoe lace is here at last

Tubular where it goes through the eyelets.
Broad and flat where the bow is tied.

A ribbon lace to all appearances, but easy to pull through the eyelets, strong in the center where the real wear comes, and the bow is tied without crushing, and stays tied.

Nufashond Shoe Laces
TRADE MARK

outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces and always retain their shape.

They are made from superior Japan silk, in black, tan, and oxblood. The center is firmly woven and doubly reinforced, and every pair is

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25 cents per pair at all shoe and dry goods stores. Sold only in sealed boxes. If your dealer hasn't *Nufashond Shoe Laces*, we'll send them to you postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

Write for our illustrated booklet that tells about *Nufashond Shoe Laces* and shows our full line of shoe laces at every price.

Our 10c tubular laces for high shoes are guaranteed for 6 months.

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LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.

For four generations it has stood unrivaled as a seasoning.

See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

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TORREY RAZORS

Hold the Keenest Edge

This is our "No. 136"—a perfect razor for any beard or face. Price $2.50 postpaid, if not at dealers. Other styles from $1.50 up—all fully guaranteed.

Ask for Torrey Razors and Strops and insist on getting them.

Send for our Catalogue

Tells how to shave and how to care for a razor. Contains many good points that every shaver should know.

The J. R. Torrey Razor Co.,
Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.

Established 1880 and now largest makers of razors in the world.

Perfumery Gardening

"In the highly profitable and pleasing work of growing the beautiful **ORRIS PLANT** for its perfumed roots and fragrant blossoms, the ladies and children have the chance to make as much money from a few rods of garden ground as the men folks can from as many acres devoted to farm crops. Write today for **FREE** sample of naturally perfumed root and our special **Introductory Offer on Orris plants.**

THE GARDNER NURSERY COMPANY, Box 313, Osage, Iowa.

lumen ademptum," which, if the Latin be correct, is to say that he was a hard-looking party and shy in his lamp-works. Isn't it too bad that Polyphemus did not have one glass eye, like us, which he could prop open when he went to sleep?

At least, we may report some progress. True, there is a story out that a gentleman in San Antonio last winter ordered from Mexico five hundred humming-birds to serve at a banquet—a story palpably untrue regarding good old Santone, where still exist in the narrow streets many of the projecting eave-spouts on which they used to hang people. True, also, another statement runs that we killed last year over a million robins for plumage, food and fun. But as offsets to these things it is to be mentioned that dear Uncle Joe Cannon having, perhaps, turned his good eye on his constituency back home—has finally concluded in his goodness to allow the passage of the Appalachian and White Mountains Forest Reserve Bill. That is very good of Uncle Joe. Let us extend to him the confident assurance that this is not the same America he knew when all the Uncle Joe Cannons of this world were young. He seems to have been in doubt about it.

That there is plenty of trouble ahead for sportsmen is an easy prediction.

The End of Open Shooting

All sorts of curious evasions of perfectly apparent truths continually arise. Thus Illinois and Missouri this spring are attempting a joint-game law, under which a resident of either State can go into the other and shoot, for the price of a resident license. That is to say, a Missourian can go into Illinois and shoot for one dollar a season instead of fifteen dollars. A man from Indiana would have to pay the fifteen dollars. This is magnificent altruism and magnificent squirming in the grasp of events. Each State thinks the other has something better than it owns at home. Each is afraid something is going to get away from it. The measure of their joint selfishness is the measure of their real interest in the Aerial Northbound Transit Company. On this side and that, compromises and subterfuges and evasions are to be found in regard to the question whose ultimate answer is a personal one.

In Indiana and Illinois resident shooters, called "natives," or "river rats," alarmed at the encroachments of club preserves upon the ancient shooting grounds, have fallen back upon the old doctrine of "navigable waters," and in some instances have pretty much run the club owners off from their property. In Mason County, Illinois, in the month of March, one hundred and twenty-five hunters and fishermen were summoned before the Circuit Court to hear application for an injunction intended to keep them off the preserves of four shooting clubs. In one case native shooters burned off the marsh owned by a few private persons who long have had exceptionally, or excessively, good shooting there. In other instances they have driven club members out of their duck-blinds, and threatened them with worse weapons than shotguns. It is the old and somewhat sad war of former America with the America of today, of the individual against property.

In spite of the inevitable war, the day of open shooting in America is approaching the sunset hour. Lucky the man who can have a little out-of-doors fenced in for himself. The preserve idea and the property idea, of course, in the long run will win.

Certainly if the rich man takes away the sport of the poor man, the latter, being more numerous, will in time retaliate by exacting of the rich man a compliance with the laws. Thus it will go, tit for tat, methinks, for many moons; and all over a question which could be settled in a purely personal way.

Gentle reader, it is highly important that you shall cast out the beam from your glass eye. So long as you endeavor to fool yourself—something which no man ever really does—that long do you encourage discontent, and foment a war which some time will be dangerous, here or there. The law does not begin with President Taft, nor even with Uncle Joe Cannon. It begins with you. No one has compelled you to shoot in the spring, or to kill more birds than the legal limit, or to evade the law in any way. The record of your guns may be clean as that of those which hang on yonder wall—guns of a day when game was abundant, yet when clear-sightedness and unselfishness were not impossible.

The Garland Way

Madam, don't stoop

You do not stoop if you use a Garland Elevated or Cabinet Gas Range.

You stand erect, do all your baking or broiling in the natural, easy way.

Think of the pleasure and comfort you can have when cooking—no more back breaking—no more stooping.

This Elevated Range is an *original* Garland innovation. But there are scores of imitations—none so good as Garlands.

A **Garland** costs you no more than inferior grades.

Safety Lighters

Garland Gas Ranges have the only perfect safety lighting attachment.

When the oven door closes or opens, automatically, a shutter over the lighter closes or opens with it.

So you see it's absolutely safe, for no gas can escape—or reach the flame. The oven burners cannot be lighted until the oven doors have been opened. Any gas that may accumulate flows out—and no flash or explosion could occur.

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On every oven door of a Garland Elevated Gas Range is our patented Safety Latch—another safety feature found only on the "**Garlands.**" If any gas should leak into the oven and ignite while oven door is closed, the force alone opens the door slowly—just enough for it all to escape.

The whole oven is aluminized, making it absolutely clean and sanitary.

Garland Gas Ranges with proper care will last a lifetime. Over 50 styles to choose from.

Garland Copper Coil Water Heaters

Most efficient, satisfactory and economical.
No rusty water. No leaky joints.
A luxurious bath for 2 cents.

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Using only the costliest materials, employing the most skilled mechanics, and combined with our 37 years' experience, has made the "Garland" known the world over as the "world's best."

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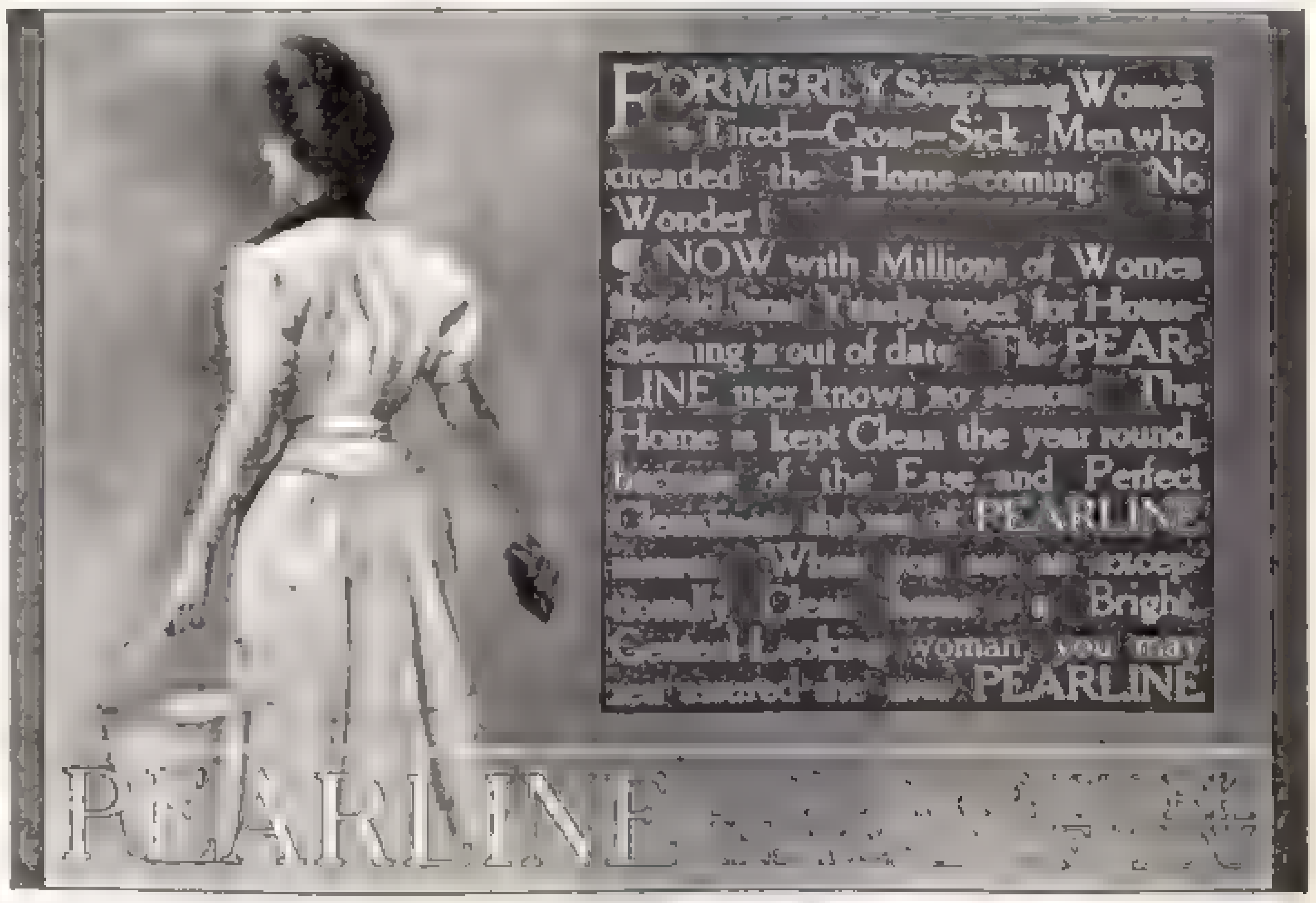

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¶ NOW with Millions of Women [illegible] spent for House-cleaning is out of date. The PEARLINE user knows no season. The Home is kept Clean the year round, because of the Ease and Perfect [illegible] PEARLINE [illegible] Bright, [illegible] woman, you may [illegible] PEARLINE

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to represent us in each city to sell an entirely "New Process CARBON PAPER." Outlasts and [illegible] anything on the market. Moderate price. Handsome package. To establish profitable business of your own, write

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The confusion, mistakes and uncertainties due to this condition became so serious that eight years ago the Oakland Chemical Company became convinced of the necessity of distinguishing
Peroxide of Hydrogen, made only for producing
cleanliness, from all other grades, qualities and ma
of Hydrogen. The name Dioxogen was adopted and
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been sold only in original sealed packages bearing
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Dioxogen is stronger and purer than the U. S.
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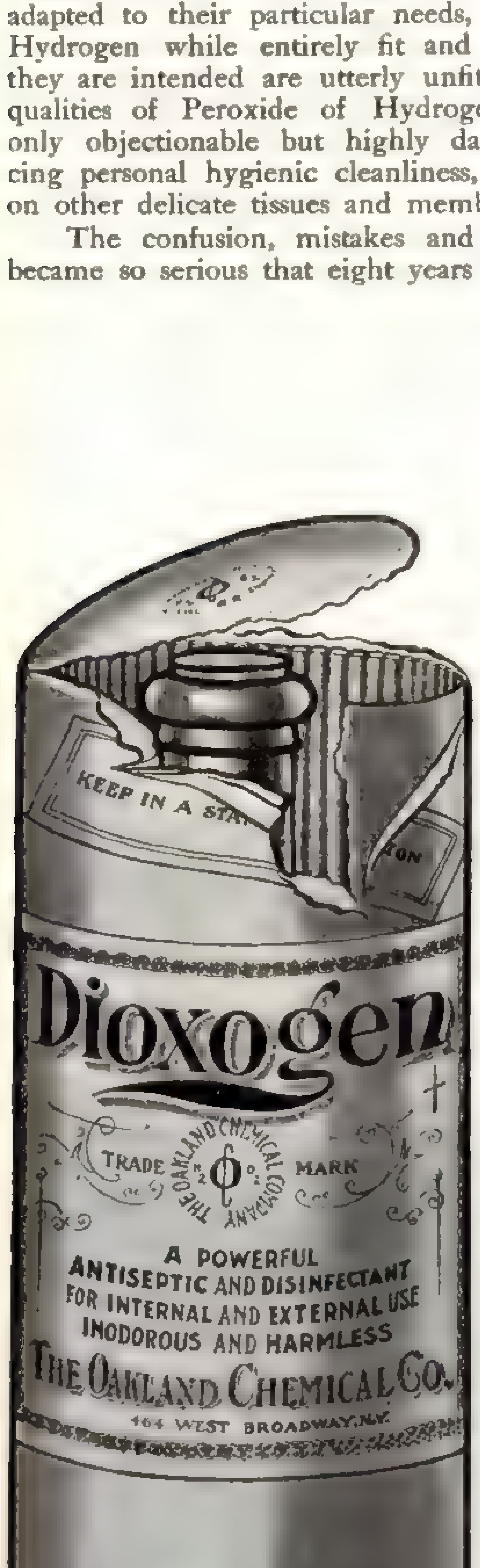

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Dioxogen offers to the individual in the habits and incidents of every day life the antiseptic hygienic cleanliness that modern science has proved necessary for the prevention of disease and the maintenance of health.

Dioxogen possesses the qualities required for such service. It is effective, as powerful as Bichloride of Mercury 1-1000; it is absolutely harmless; it is easy of application and it works openly.

Dioxogen effectiveness places it in the front rank of antiseptics and germicides; Bellevue Hospital has used as much as seven tons in a year.

Dioxogen harmlessness: Dioxogen consists only of water that we drink and oxygen that we breathe, oxygen in appreciable quantities that can be separated, weighed and measured.

Dioxogen application: A child can use Dioxogen and a child can tell when Dioxogen is working,—Dioxogen bubbles and foams when it comes in contact with decaying matter, infectious substances, disease germs, the materials in which they thrive and the poisons they create, all of which are destroyed by Dioxogen; the bubbling and foaming is tangible evidence of Dioxogen working,—even the blind can tell when Dioxogen works.

Dioxogen effectiveness, Dioxogen harmlessness and Dioxogen simplicity give it a wide field of usefulness.

As a mouth wash Dioxogen bubbles and foams as it cleanses the mouth and teeth, destroying germs and germ products which lurk in all mouths, old food particles which collect in crevices about the teeth and which cause tooth decay are by the foaming and bubbling detached and removed, offending odors are instantly killed, and the irritation and soreness caused by plates and bridge work relieved. Dioxogen does not injuriously affect fillings, though it frequently discovers loose fillings and cavities whose existence was unsuspected. Dioxogen never produces decay of the teeth, for in addition to its harmlessness, it does not stay in the mouth long enough to have prolonged action and it so accelerates the flow of saliva as to leave the mouth in a normal clean healthy condition.

Dioxogen cleanses the throat of secretions and accumulations which are the breeding places of germs and the cause of many throat disorders. Used as a gargle or as a spray

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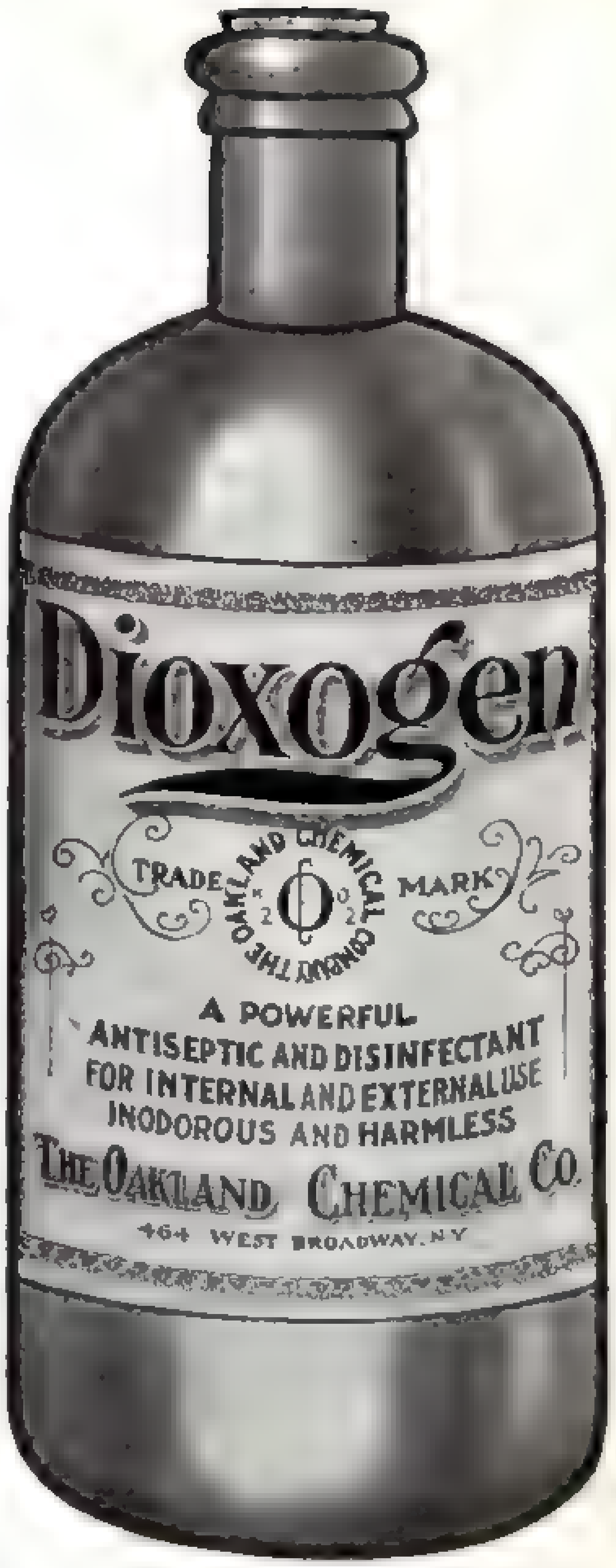
unknown character; it does not turn rank, sour or change color; it keeps in uncorked bottles as well as in tightly stoppered ones; it is unchangeable and is absolutely free from any questionable property or ingredient.

Dioxogen is made with a definite purpose from the beginning of its manufacturing process; each operation is under exact control and when completed it is a finished stable product of the highest attainable purity.

The name Dioxogen is a protection to the public against impure, improperly made acetanilid preserved Peroxide of Hydrogen. It is also a guarantee of quality and efficiency, its reputation is too high and too valuable for the manufacturers ever to allow its quality to suffer.

Dioxogen reputation places it at the top; who ever heard of a Peroxide of Hydrogen better than Dioxogen? The highest praise ever given to any other is that,—"it is as good as", or, "the same as Dioxogen",—and then only through ignorance, for there is no Peroxide of Hydrogen made that is as pure and unchangeable as Dioxogen.

For the protection of the purchaser, Dioxogen is never sold in bulk: always insist on getting Dioxogen in the sealed original package.



from a rubber tubed atomizer, it dissolves and loosens irritating, germ protecting substances, destroys germ life and germ poisons and produces the hygienic cleanliness which is a most important safeguard against pulmonary disease. Prof. Osler has said:—"Oral hygiene, the hygiene of the mouth and throat, there is not one single thing more important to the public in the whole range of hygiene."

After shaving: Dioxogen prevents infection from cuts and other causes; the irritation from too close shaving is relieved; in fact, Dioxogen is an ideal application to the skin both as a toilet and as a hygienic measure; it cleanses the pores from clogging, obstructing materials; it removes blackheads and other blemishes due to parasitic causes; it makes the skin soft and clear and distinctly favors normal skin processes. As a deodorant for removing perspiration and other odors Dioxogen instantly kills the odor; it does not disguise or substitute; it destroys, and the destroyer is oxygen,—the purifying factor in all natural processes.

Wounds, cuts, burns, old sores, skin affections and injuries where the skin or tissues are affected all present opportunities for Dioxogen cleanliness. The bubbling and foaming characteristic of Dioxogen working is nowhere more apparent and nowhere more valuable: simple injuries are prevented from becoming serious, infection is prevented or controlled, septic matter—the cause of inflammation and pain—is destroyed or its formation prevented; the danger of blood poison is practically eliminated. Dioxogen treatment for simple or serious injuries is in accord with the most advanced antiseptic methods. Dioxogen contains no irritating residues. When it is through working, there is nothing left but plain water, hence it is safe for general public use; no accidental poisoning, no mistakes from careless handlings are possible with Dioxogen.

Dioxogen possesses the qualities which entitle it to public confidence.

Consult the circular accompanying each bottle for instructions.

We want to make it easy and convenient for everybody to get Dioxogen. If your own druggist does not handle Dioxogen, write us, giving his name and address: we will send you a full 2 oz. bottle, free of all expense, with absolutely no obligation on your part, and we will direct you to stores within easy reach where real Dioxogen is sold.

Always send us your dealer's name when you have any difficulty in getting Dioxogen.

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New York

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"The World's Greatest Industry"

Every investor, small or large, should ask for our **New Bond Book.**

It tells some facts, now too little known, about the most attractive bonds that we know. The book is written after fifteen years of experience in selling these particular bonds.

They pay **6** per cent interest—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds equally secured.

They are secured by first liens on valuable farm land. Some are tax liens—Municipal obligations.

They are serial bonds, so afford opportunity for either long or short time investments.

They are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, so they appeal to both small and large investors.

They are by far the most popular bonds that we sell. You will want some of them when you know all the facts.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry"

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6 Per Cent Timber Bonds

are secured on the forests of the country, part of its *natural wealth*, and as such present an exceptionally safe investment. We deal constantly in this class of securities, and at present are offering several issues.

1. Secured by *Southern Pine* timber, valued at several times the bond indebtedness.
2. Maturing in each case in ten equal semi-annual installments from six months to five years.
3. Protected uniformly by sinking funds sufficient to pay off all maturing bonds.
4. Management of property in strong and practical hands.
5. Guaranteed by men of prominence and wealth
6. Enjoying an active market at a stable price

Full information about these very attractive bonds will be sent upon request for our circular No. 66U.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
(Established 1865)
181 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

Your Savings

The Small Depositor

THERE is a story told of a woman whose husband opened her first bank account for her. One day she went to the bank to draw out some money. To her surprise, the cashier said to her: "Madam, I am very sorry, but you have no more funds here." Holding up her checkbook the woman replied: "Impossible! See all these blank checks I have left."

This little incident illustrates a very widespread ignorance concerning the fundamental facts of banking. Every one should have, at least, an elementary knowledge of banking; should know how to open a check account, how to keep his checkbook straight, and how to avail himself of all the advantages of the checking system. This week's article will, therefore, be devoted to the small depositor, with how to become one, and with the advantages of being one.

Many persons have neither check accounts nor bond investments, because they believe that, in order to have either, they must first have a considerable sum of money. The truth of the matter is that just as the organization of modern investment has brought its facilities to the very doors of the people everywhere, so has modern banking, and especially the competition for new banking business, made it possible for almost anybody to have a check account.

"Why have a bank account?" asks the man who works for a salary. The answer is very simple. Long experience has shown that a man who has a balance as small as $100 really saves money by paying his bills with checks. If he paid them with actual cash he would have to carry currency about with him; and the chances are that he would find many temptations to spend it. Spending is always very easy when you have the cash about you. If a man has to stop and write out a check for expenditures, it makes him think, and the desire for tempting things cools in the mean time. Besides, having a certain bank balance usually makes a man want to have a larger one. He gets into the habit of conserving his money. Hence a checking account stimulates saving.

Billions Subject to Check

You get some idea of the extent of this end of banking when you realize that the total deposits of all the banks and trust companies of the United States aggregate $13,099,635,348. Of this huge treasure more than three-fourths is in checking accounts or subject to call or other claim.

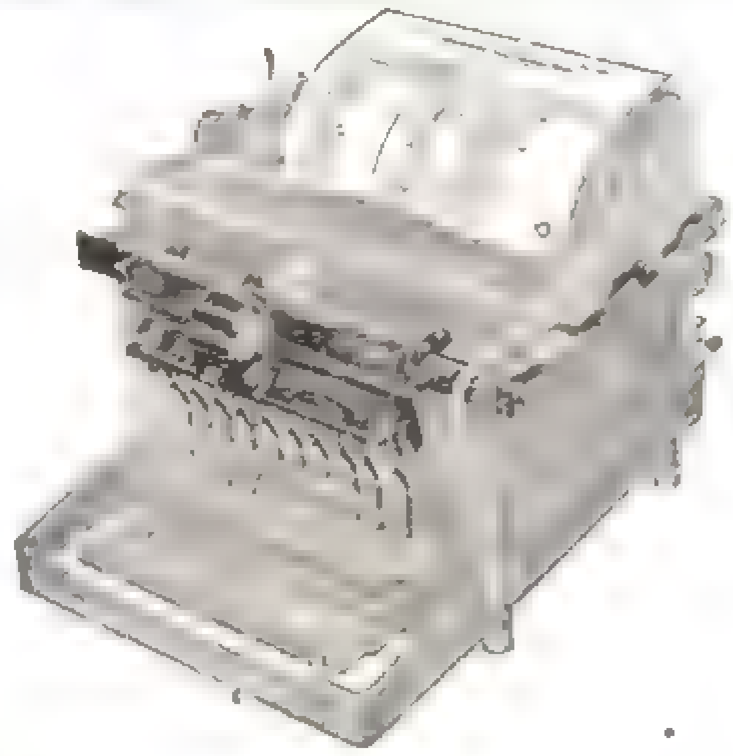
At this point it is well to draw the distinction between a savings and a checking account. A savings account may be started with one dollar, but a checking account usually requires from $50 to $100. You cannot draw money from your savings account without going to the bank and presenting your passbook. This helps to keep the deposit intact, for many persons would rather not spend the money than take the trouble to go down to their savings-bank. With a checking, or "active account," as it is known, you can draw checks any time, and you do not have to present the passbook whenever you want money.

There are certain persons who can afford to have a savings-bank account only, such as the laborer or the artisan. These men pay for the necessities of life—that is, rent, food and clothes—with cash. The surplus they put into a savings-bank for a rainy day or as a nucleus for a home. They could not operate a checking account.

On the other hand, a clerk, teacher, secretary, salesman or housekeeper, who has to pay out a certain sum of money every month, can easily have a checking account. The fact that a man or woman has a checking account does not shut out the possibility of having a savings-bank account, too. One need not interfere with the other. The savings account is worth while if it only attracts a few dollars each month. Money thus put away works all the time, and is a reserve to fall back upon in case of emergency. There are many well-to-do persons who have big checking accounts who also maintain accounts in savings-banks. Some keep them for their children.

IT Both Writes and Adds at One Operation

IT Either Writes or Adds as the Operator Wills



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This combination means the doubling of the field both of the writing machine and the adding machine. It opens new opportunities for time and labor saving in every kind of billing and general accounting work.
Illustrated descriptive booklet sent on request.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY" "LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

We say that "clothes don't make the man," but, except his hands and face, they're all we see of him during business hours; and they reveal a good many things in his habits and character.

Old Hampshire Bond doesn't make a letter; but it is the special thing we see, and it helps us to read a good many things between the lines.

That it pays always to use Old Hampshire Bond for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men. Prove this for yourself—let us give you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

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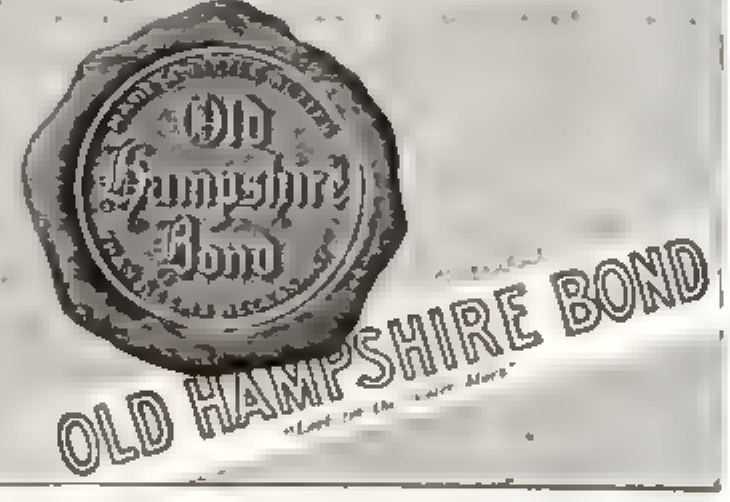
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK

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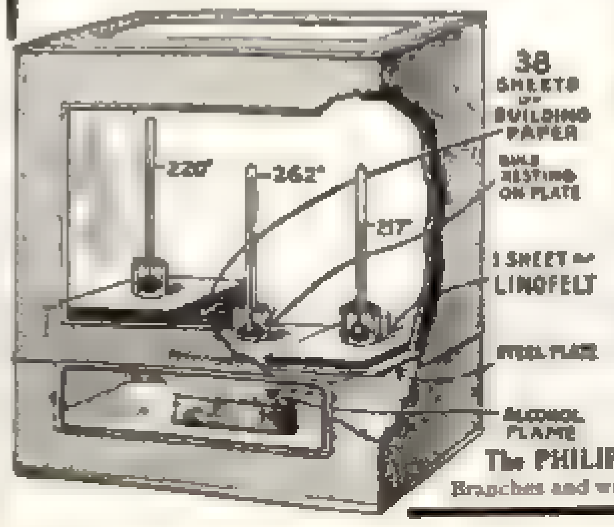

When Building, you can reduce the size of your Heating Plant so that the saving will pay the entire added expense due to the use of LINOFELT; besides saving in fuel every year while the house stands.

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Guaranteed Bonds

No. 5. 5% and Safety

WATER WORKS BONDS as a class are recognized by conservative investors as sound, dependable securities

And when such bonds are further safeguarded by the positive guarantee of The American Water Works & Guarantee Company they become a security that combines in the highest sense the essentials of a thoroughly desirable investment

They are safe — from the very nature of the business back of them.

They are liberal in interest return

They are issued in denominations of $100, $500, $1000 — hence appeal not only to the large investor, but to the man or woman of small means

The American Water Works & Guarantee Company has been in business 27 years.

It owns and operates 40 prosperous water works plants in various parts of the country.

It guarantees their bond issues.

It KNOWS that these bonds are sound — and it backs its guarantee not only by its capital and surplus of $4,000,000 but by the entire assets of the many valuable plants it controls.

It does NOT guarantee the bonds of any company that it does not control and operate

Its income is derived from GROWING cities.

And, that it is not affected by business depressions or panics, is demonstrated by the fact that the fiscal year just closed shows LARGER NET EARNINGS than any other year in its history

It is a significant fact that there has never been a day's delay in the payment of principal or interest, nor default of any kind on any bond guaranteed by this company

We Have a Book

describing Water Works Bonds as an investment and giving full details as to the American Water Works & Guarantee Company — Let us send it to you. You will be interested — no matter whether you have $100 or $100,000 to invest. Address Dept. H.

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The Kind of BONDS to Buy

A bond to be a desirable investment should have behind it ample security, should yield a fair rate of income, and should have a reasonably broad market and promise of appreciation in value. These are the four cardinal principles of sound investment.

Write for our Bond Circular No. 20.

Spencer Trask & Co.
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Why We Can Pay 5%

Instead of the Usual 4% or Less Interest Rate

No City grows and spreads out like New York. Nowhere else does real estate always increase in value. Nowhere else are so many young ambitious, salaried men borrowing money at liberal interest to build homes and save excessive rents. Capital in most localities cannot be loaned so surely and profitably. It cannot earn enough to pay you the dividends that our patrons have received through so many years. 5% reckoned for every day we have the funds, whether the time be long or short; principal secured by assets of $1,900,000. Estab. 16 years. Under New York Banking Department Supervision.

Write for full particulars.

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Readers of Investment News

will find "The Weekly Financial Review" of J. S. Bache & Co. of value in keeping informed as to the Securities they have bought or intend to buy. "The Weekly Financial Review" is a small four-page Editorial Sheet, which treats broadly and without prejudice current events in the Financial, Commercial and Political World as they bear upon Securities and other Investments and is of Interest and value to Investors and Business Men. The Review will on application be mailed regularly without charge to those interested. J. S. Bache & Co. (Members New York Stock Exchange), Bankers, 42 Broadway, New York.

Dandy Dixie Land Let me send you my illustrated booklet showing what WILLIAM E. CURTIS, the famous newspaper writer, and others say concerning the Gulf Coast of Southern Mississippi. It's free if you ask soon. Address Geo. H. Heafford, 279 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Though few big banks openly solicit small accounts, and by small accounts are meant those with a daily balance of from $150 to $250, most of them are willing to take them for the reason that if the depositor is in business there is always the chance that his business will grow. Lately, in New York, some big banks have been charging one dollar a month for all accounts of $200 and less. The assertion is made that it costs as much to operate a $200 account as a $1000 account. Clerk-hire, passbooks and checkbooks are items of expense. It is estimated that no bank account under $500 is profitable. It is more expensive for a national bank, because it has to keep one-fourth of its deposits constantly in its vaults as a legal reserve. Thus it is able to invest only three-fourths of its deposits.

The trust companies in New York have to keep only fifteen per cent reserve; and this is one reason why they can make greater inducements to small depositors. During the past five years the loan and trust companies have become formidable competitors of the banks in deposits. The total deposits of the eight hundred and forty-two trust companies in the United States are nearly two billion dollars.

The richest New York trust company, housed in a marble palace, is glad and willing to take an account of $250. On accounts of $500 and more they pay two per cent interest. One reason why they welcome the little fellow is that, unlike a bank, they exercise a great many functions, such as acting as trustee, taking care of securities and doing a general trust business. The companies expect the depositor some day will avail himself of one or more of these services.

Even Little Fellows Welcome

Banks in New York and elsewhere have found it a bad policy to refuse the accounts of small depositors. In one case a certain bank notified a man whose account had gone below $200 that he had better close it out. He did so. In two months he inherited $100,000 and the bank lost a good customer. Another bank sent a "limit" notice to a man who had a small household account. This meant that his account was too small. The next day the cashier was surprised to find that he had lost a big account. It was that of a large corporation of which the depositor was an official.

New York bankers will tell you that though big accounts look well on the books they are extremely embarrassing to have in times of a troubled money market. The big fellow then wants to get all his money out in order to lend it at high rates. One great New York bank which has thirty-five hundred accounts whose average balance is $10,000 has never placed a minimum on deposits. It encourages men to open accounts in a small way. The fact that big bankers have confidence in the ability of the small depositor to increase his account and make it worth while should be an incentive to a man to open one.

Many large loan and trust companies now make a special appeal to women to open small household accounts. Their argument is that a checking account is the housekeeper's bookkeeper. When you give a check in payment for a bill rendered the canceled check or voucher, as it is called, comes back to you when you have your book balanced. This voucher is as good a receipt for the bill as you can find. If you have the voucher there is not the same need to keep the receipts of tradespeople. Again, in paying household bills by check a means is offered of keeping tab on all domestic expenses.

This leads to the interesting subject of the woman and her checkbook. Mrs. Hetty Green knows how to draw a check properly, but thousands of her sex do not. There are some rules about writing a check that, when known and practiced, will save money. The greatest mistake that the average woman makes in drawing a check is that she leaves it open to alteration. By providing such a loophole you tempt the unscrupulous man to "raise" it. Therefore, the first precaution to be observed in writing a check is to be careful to draw lines before and after the word or words naming the amount of the check. If you leave a space after the word or words you may some day find that the word "hundred" has been inserted after "Five" and your five-dollar check costs you five hundred dollars. The check should be written so that it cannot possibly be altered.

WINCHESTER

.22 CALIBER AUTOMATIC RIFLE

For camping, canoeing, automobiling, or any outing, this novel little repeater affords more pleasure than any other gun. Being reloaded by recoil, it is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot. It shoots clean and inexpensive cartridges, is easy to load and light to carry.

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Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—the Red W Brand—are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere.

FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS Most economical, healthful and satisfactory—for old or new houses, different patterns to match furnishings. Outwear carpets. Stocks carried in the leading cities.

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Greatest Launch Offer Ever Made

Price $110

Length 16 feet.
Beam 4 ft. 2 in.
Motor 3 H. P.

Mullins "1909 Special" is a trim, speedy, elegantly equipped Mullins Steel Launch — with a guaranteed speed of 9 miles an hour — Improved 3 H. P. Two Cycle Reversible Engine and Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust. Mullins Patent Steel construction like torpedo boats with large air chambers like life boats, insures speed and absolute safety. Our Complete Catalogue of Launches, Motor Boats, Marine Engines, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats gives complete specifications of the "1909 Special" and full particulars regarding our entirely new line of 1909 Models designed by Whittelsey & Whitaker of New York, the most successful naval architects in America. When you want your boat you will want it at once, not three months later so write today For Our Catalogue.

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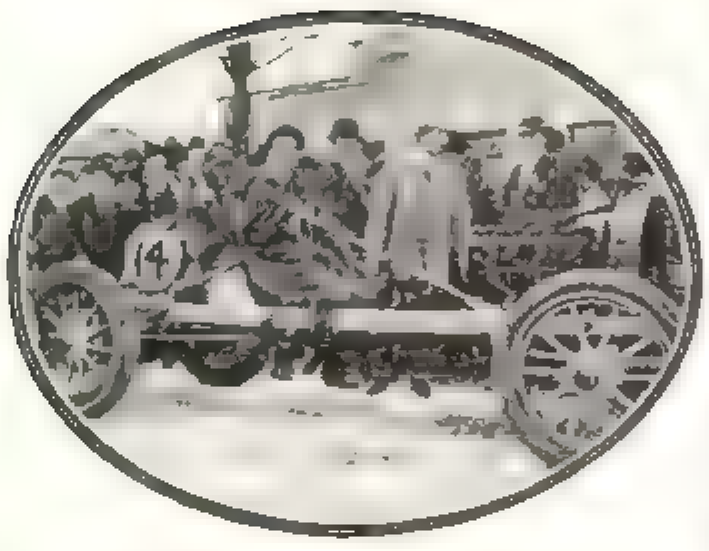

[illegible] sets new World [illegible] with Remy Magneto. Hurls car around circular track at New Orleans, Feb. [illegible] for [illegible] miles in [illegible] minutes, lowering world's mark for distance [illegible] minutes.

Strang wins 100-mile race, feature of Beach Races at Daytona (March 23) with aid of Remy. Averages 64 miles an hour for distance.

Edgar Apperson wins Pasadena-Altadena Hill Climb, California's annual classic on Feb. 22 in "Jack Rabbit" car. Averages mile a minute up 11½ per cent grade for 1⅛ miles from standing start.

More Remy High-Tension Magnetos

will be used on 1909 American cars than all other makes combined.

It is estimated that 72,000 motor cars will be built in America this season and that 70 per cent of these cars will be equipped with magneto ignition.

We have sold more than *30,000* Remys for 1909 American cars on minimum specified delivery and we have bought material for and are building more than *35,000* high-tension magnetos.

Figure this Yourself—

More than one-half the 1909 American cars using magneto ignition will be equipped with the

Remy

High Tension, Alternating Current, 1909

Magneto

Some of the reasons why the Remy Magneto is used so extensively follow:

It lacks the complicated, delicate and sensitively adjusted parts found on other magnetos. It is not injured by too frequent oiling, flooding with water, or abuse that would completely break down any other magneto. It is the only magneto with a *stationary winding*, which means —*no brushes, no revolving windings, no moving contacts.* **Nothing to cause trouble.**

It is made in the world's largest exclusive magneto factory.

We make fittings for attaching the Remy—the *Guaranteed "Fool-Proof"* Magneto—to *old models.*

We can equip your car, *old* or *new*, at a cost so reasonable it will surprise you. It will pay you to address—Dept. 17,

Remy Electric Company
Anderson, Ind.

Branch Selling Offices:
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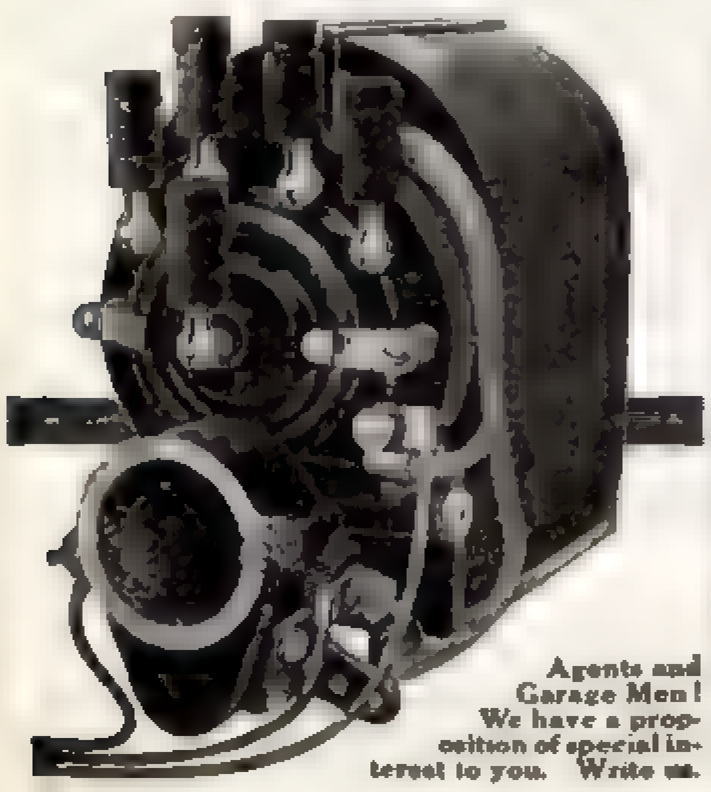

Agents and Garage Men! We have a proposition of special interest to you. Write us.

THE McGREGOR ROSE

(Continued from Page 25

taller man drew back his arm again; he threw up his hand as though to ward off a blow, resumed his slow, beaten walk, and was gone.

The three others, walking close together, started rapidly south. Them the shadows were shadowing no longer. But the shadows behind the shadows—they followed still.

Now the woman behind the fence dared whisper. Her voice was exultant.

"Did you see? Did you see? They let him go. Now do you believe me, Captain Martin McGee?"

"You certainly are a wonder!" whispered the Captain.

"Are you sure they'll all be shadowed, Captain McGee?"

"Best men I've got on it. But it's a risk—with the swag on them. They may lose us and get away with it right here in New York."

"Not when you know they've been pricin' tickets to Antwerp. You want the goods on *him* more than any of the others, don't you? Well, then! You never lost out yet by trustin' what I say, an' you never will."

. . . .

At noon next day a sergeant of detectives reported briefly to Captain McGee:

"They've bought the tickets, Captain." He read from his notes: "Man giving name of Hunt and answering description of James Selden, alias Spider Selden, alias the Kankakee Kid, bought passages on the Centurion, sailing Monday for Antwerp."

"But how many?" asked Captain McGee.

"Three."

"By criminy, she wins!" exclaimed Captain McGee, bringing his hand down on his desk with great force.

XI

STAPLETON drew a cigar and lit it. The crackle of the safety match caused O'Donnell, crouched on the lower berth, and Hunt, doubled up on a camp chair, to start as though it had been a pistol-shot. Feet were scraping and hurrying on the deck overhead. The puffing of the donkey-engine stopped suddenly, the great siren whistle above sounded a deafening blast, and the steamer vibrated with the motion of the screw. The Centurion was off for Antwerp!

O'Donnell had climbed out of the berth before the whistle stopped.

"We'll own Paris!" he said. "We'll own Paris!"

Hunt, too, was on his feet.

"Punch the bell," he said. "No more beer for mine. Me to the wealthy water."

Stapleton alone appeared cool; yet his black eyes were glowing.

"Don't be too sudden about it," he said. "Plenty of time."

"I ain't dared take a real drink for a month," growled Hunt. "Leggo that knob!" He opened the door and hailed a passing steward. "Here, you, a quart of blue seal."

He turned back to O'Donnell and locked the door.

"Let's see it," he said.

O'Donnell pulled out from his inner pocket a little package. He slipped off the rubber band which inclosed it, opened the wrapper, and revealed a case of Russia leather. He held tight to it with one hand, while he lifted the lid with the other. Stapleton and Hunt peeped within. The sight seemed to intoxicate them. They laughed, they danced like madmen; they fairly embraced each other. O'Donnell slipped the package back into his inner pocket, and sat down on the berth again, giggling foolishly.

A steward, bringing the wine, interrupted them. They poured and drank confusion to Grandpa Watkins.

"Hurroo for Paris!" cried O'Donnell.

"Here's to the spirits!" said Stapleton.

"Spirits!" sputtered O'Donnell, drinking. "Say, wasn't *she* a come-on. Took it for a straight game. Oh, gee!" and he went off into laughter again.

"Maybe she didn't," said Stapleton. "Maybe she didn't. Maybe all she wanted was her money. How about poker?" He took a pack of cards and a case of chips from his bag. "I brought provisions, all right."

"Veronique"—*for dessert, with coffee, tea or ices*

Serve these dainty "sticks of goodness" from the "Sunshine" bakeries—the finest in the world. A new creation—a dessert delicacy that is brand new in form and taste. Pencil like in shape with a crisp, firm crust, and a sweet, candy-cream filling. There's nothing else like them. They will delight and surprise you.

In protection tins, daintily packed, 25c at your grocer's

Other dessert dainties from the "Sunshine" bakeries
"Clover Leaf" Sugar Wafers, 15c "Philopena" Almond Shape, 25c.
"Perfetto" Sugar Wafers, 10c and 25c

On receipt of 50c we will ship, prepaid, an extra large tin of assorted styles

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BISCUIT CO.
BOSTON ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY
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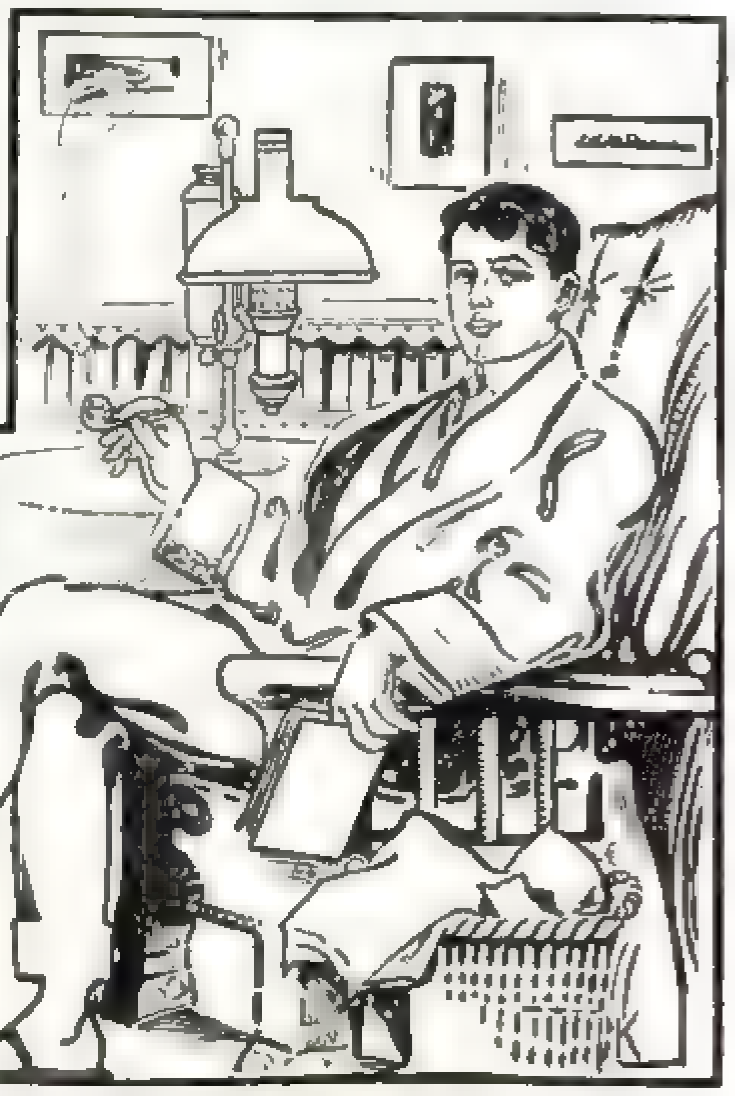
A Suggestion
Serve Veronique with a cooling glass of frappe—for dessert or at the afternoon luncheon.

"Veronique"

A "Sunshine" Dainty



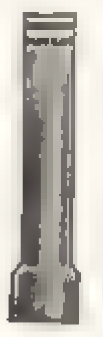
A Lamp-Chimney

is naturally a small and unimportant thing—you shouldn't have to devote much of your thought to lamp-chimneys.

But a poor lamp-chimney makes itself exaggeratedly and obnoxiously important through smoking and cracking and frequent replacing.

By devoting my mind to the making of good lamp-chimneys, I have succeeded in producing chimneys that the user doesn't have to think about.

MACBETH lamp-chimneys fit, never break from heat, and are clear as crystal. My name is on every one of that sort.



My Lamp-Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it, free, to any one who writes for it. Address

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PANAMA
Fit for a King
Express prepaid $4

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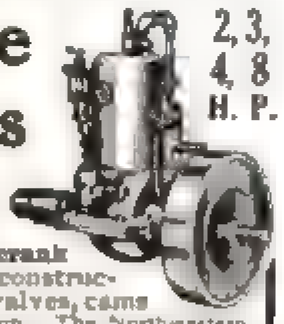

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2, 3, 4, 8 H. P.

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Looking Aft

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The large cockpit is free—covered with velvet carpet—filled with cushioned willow chairs, a cushioned seat and a table. The automobile top, locking in the center, is raised or folded in a moment. Built throughout to Government specifications. Air compartments make the boat unsinkable. Length 30 feet. Price, $2,500.

Built for those who want the utmost in luxury, convenience and comfort. One season with the Hankscraft will spoil one's taste for any other pleasure launch in existence. Write for catalog.

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Dust Laden and Foul Air.

A Desk Fan Will Not Remove Foul Air, but a

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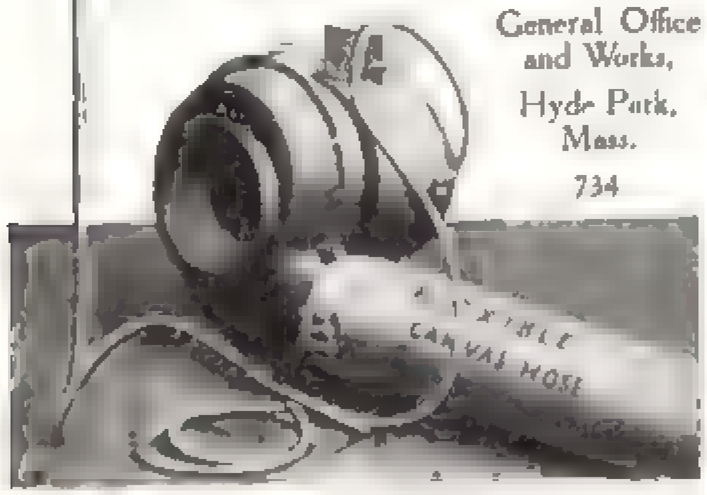


To The Man With A Steady Job

I offer an opportunity to add to your salary $5, $10 or $15 each month whichever you may select. If you want to increase your income let me hear from you. I will pay you a [illegible] some special work which will not interfere with your regular work in any way. [illegible] ask me to [illegible] Special [illegible]

[illegible] Manager, Room 941, 151 Wabash Ave. Chicago

"Sure!" said O'Donnell. But as they drew up, distributed chips and cut for deal, their tongues still wandered back to the business now so triumphantly consummated.

"I wonder what my dear old Grandpa Watkins is doing now?" mocked O'Donnell. "Say! I had to laugh the way he sneaked off, after the Spider belted him. I bet he was bawling! Looked me up in the beginning. 'It's a sneak job,' says he. 'The butler has got drunk and blabbed. I want youse to t'row a fit if it falls that way, an' the Spider to hold him down if it's a rough-house job!' 'What's in it?' says I. 'A quarter of the haul for each of youse,' says he. I might 'a' knowed he'd double-cross us when he offered as much as that."

"How did he happen to play for the Rose in the first place?" asked Stapleton.

"Your ante—fell into it," responded O'Donnell. "The bank at Clifton Castle ain't protected. He's laying around piping it off for a sneak job on the cashier when the butler gets soused and peeps that the Willie-boy is going to carry off the glims on Tuesday. He was easy, he was! Old Watkins even worked him for a description of the little case they was in" — he tapped the bulge of his pocket. "Ain't Foxy Grandpa Watkins wishin' now he done the job alone? Oh me, oh my!"

Hunt raked in a pile of chips, and let out a growl.

"When we found him in New York after he shook us, he says, 'What job?' just like that. 'You know — the glims,' says I. 'What glims?' says he, like he'd never seen me before. 'I'll paste you one,' says I. 'I don't know you,' says he. I call—aces up."

"You got in your lick!" laughed O'Donnell exultantly, foolishly; "there alongside the fence — just when it done him the most good."

"Say!" he added, turning to Stapleton on a turn of his thought, "how did you first get wise that we was in the job."

"That Willie-boy—Bobby Stafford," said Stapleton. "He mentioned incidental, when I had him on the carpet, that a man had thrown an epileptic fit on the floor of the smoking-room. I asked him what kind of a man. 'A red-headed man,' says he. I passed that over just natural, so he wouldn't suspect, and then I beat it for you. Red head and epileptic fits and you in New York—that didn't take no figuring."

"Gee! you made me noivous," said O'Donnell. "You gave me a jolt. There you was, a-standing at the door with a gun on me. If you'd 'a' given me a minute I'd 'a' had you. 'Share and share alike, an' you git away,' says you. 'I can't, 'cause I ain't got the goods,' says I. Say, how long was it before you stopped thinking I was kidding youse?"

"About all night," responded Stapleton. "Not until you blew the whole game wide open—make this a jackpot."

Hunt raised his head.

"What's the boat stopping for?" he asked. In fact the vibration, the churn of the screws, had ceased.

"Letting off the pilot—you've got the Willies," said O'Donnell. "Say, share an' share is a lot for youse to ask!"

Stapleton's eyes grew steely.

"Antwerp ain't too late to hand you over, if you throw me," he said. "Just remember, please, that I still figure as a detective of the Hennessy Agency!" He laughed as he tapped his badge.

"Quit your scrapping," said Hunt. "It's fair, because he done the headwork—him an' the old spook-doctor."

"Oh me, oh my, wasn't she easiest of all!" chortled O'Donnell. "T'ought she was helping the po-lice!"

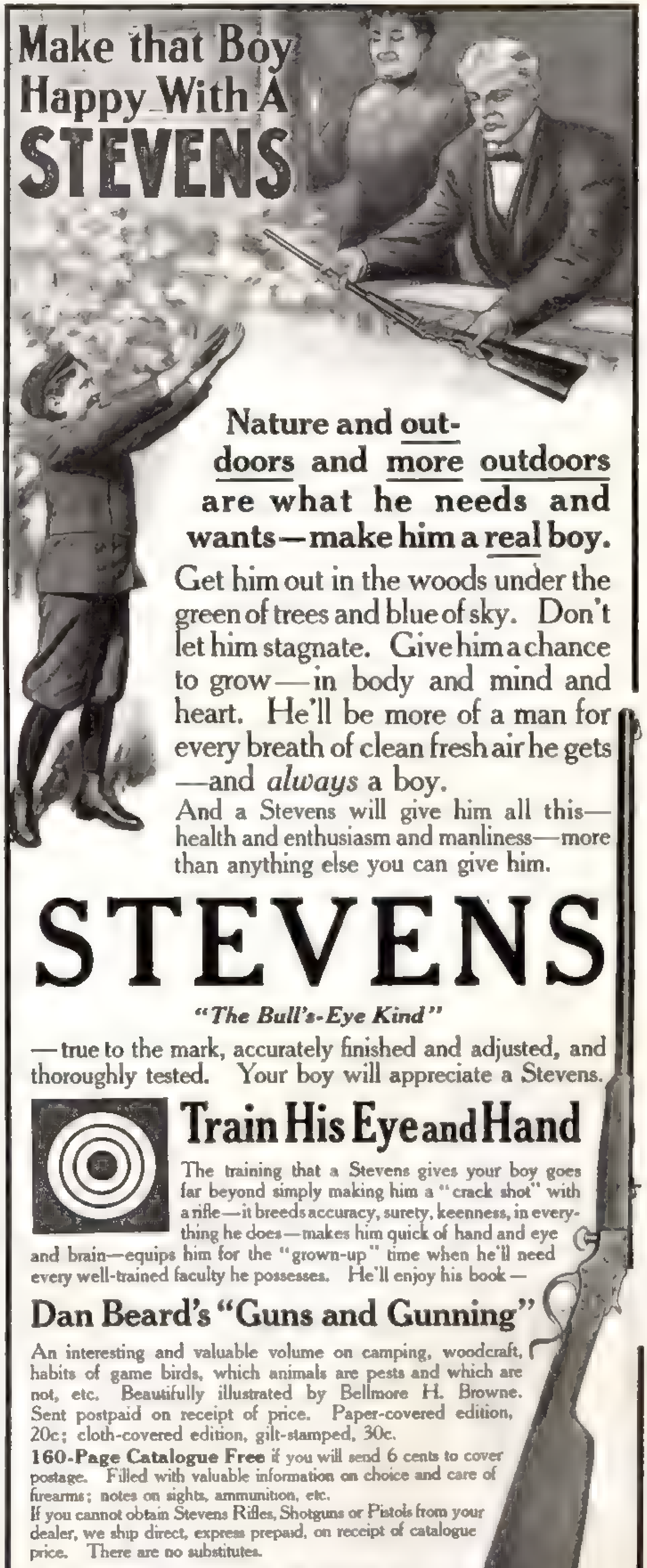
The door rattled to a knock. The three thieves sat bolt upright. O'Donnell's eyes questioned Stapleton's.

"Only the steward," whispered Stapleton. He rose and turned the lock.

He never opened the door. It flew open as though with its own motion, on a violent push from without. Stapleton jumped back with a revolver in his face. Hunt, sitting at the table, looked into another revolver. The passageway was alive with men in dark clothes.

O'Donnell, on the flash of the first attack, had dropped to the floor. For a moment no revolver pointed his way. He put his hand to his inner pocket; he glanced from the corner of his eye toward the open porthole, raised himself stealthily.

And just as he drew back his arm to hurl the Russia-leather case into the ocean



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which conceals all evidence, Captain Martin McGee dived across the table and fell upon him. Two more detectives joined the mêlée on the floor; in another second McGee had the Russia-leather case tight in his big hand. He opened it—there they were!

"That's right," said McGee, inspecting the case. "The Rose and four others—all but the two he sold to swell around in the Hotel Hamblen."

And now Stapleton had found wit and tongue.

"Arrest these men, Captain," he said. "I am one of the detectives of the Hennessy Agency——"

McGee, the precious box clasped tight in one hand, shook the other in Stapleton's face.

"That's why we let you go so long, if you want to know," said Captain McGee. "And that's why we came for you in the police tug instead of pinching you at the dock, as we might have done. Proof that you were in it—that you were letting the guns get out of the country—that you were going with them."

"I was going to have them pinched in Amsterdam," said Stapleton. "Pinched with the crooked cutter—I——"

"You were!" interrupted the captain, with heavy sarcasm. "You were! And you wore your badge all the time you were playing stool pigeon on them—so they wouldn't suspect you were an officer! Well, well!" He pointed to the shield of the Hennessy Agency, still pinned on Stapleton's waistcoat.

Hunt, jammed up against the washstand in the corner, shook his manacled hands and laughed sardonically.

And at the very same hour Mr. Alfred Watkins, alias Johnson, was arrested at his rooms in the Hotel Hamblen, together with a badly-frightened mulatto waiter who turned State's evidence at the trial.

XII

DOUBTLESS the Stafford-McGregor wedding would have drawn a large attendance under any circumstances, such was the standing of the high contracting parties. But the news, sent abroad in advance, that the bride was going to wear to the altar the McGregor Rose, that famous diamond which had figured so sensationally in the newspapers, served to pack St. James' Chapel, Clifton Castle, to the doors. As the bride walked up the aisle on her uncle's arm, every eye in the church went first to her face, then to the many-faceted marvel which glittered in the meshes of the wedding veil. Intermittent red, blue, green, white sparks flashed from it as it caught the light, but always they were colored by a wonderful pink glow, like an autumn landscape seen through a sunset haze.

There were those, indeed, who maintained that it was an unfitting ornament for a bride so young and girlish, especially since it had gone through so many crime-soiled hands since last it ornamented a bride of the McGregor.

These carpers found still another thing to criticise. It was a certain feature in the display of wedding presents. Amidst the jades, the carved ivories, the Satsuma, the Hokusai prints, the Renaissance hangings, the Louis-Quinze furniture, the artistic etcetera, lay a conspicuous blue plush photograph album, clasped and trimmed with gold. Wondering what private affection made the McGregors display such a gift instead of hiding it, certain critics and carpers took pains to open it. The large oval of the front page inclosed the photograph of a woman, plump yet pleasing, whose dimples seemed at variance with a certain far-away look in her large eyes. Across the bodice was written this legend in a large hand:

LOVE AND TENDEREST WISHES

MME. ROSALIE LE GRANGE

(THE END)

The Reason Why

He loved her wealth of splendid hair,
He loved her brow so white;
Her eyes, so wonderfully fair,
He loved with all his might.
He loved her cheek, so free from flaws,
Her lip, so like the rose,
Yet wed her he did not, because
Of her distressing "noes."

—*Nixon Waterman.*

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SUITS MADE TO YOUR MEASURE $12.50 to $25.00
NEW YORK STYLES
Common Sense Tells You that CUSTOM MADE, MADE TO YOUR MEASURE CLOTHES are FAR SUPERIOR in Fit, Style, Distinctiveness and Tailoring to the "READY MADES" There should be no doubt as to the Choice of any Man of Taste, when he knows that both cost the same.

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The Largest Mail Order Custom Tailors to Men in the World
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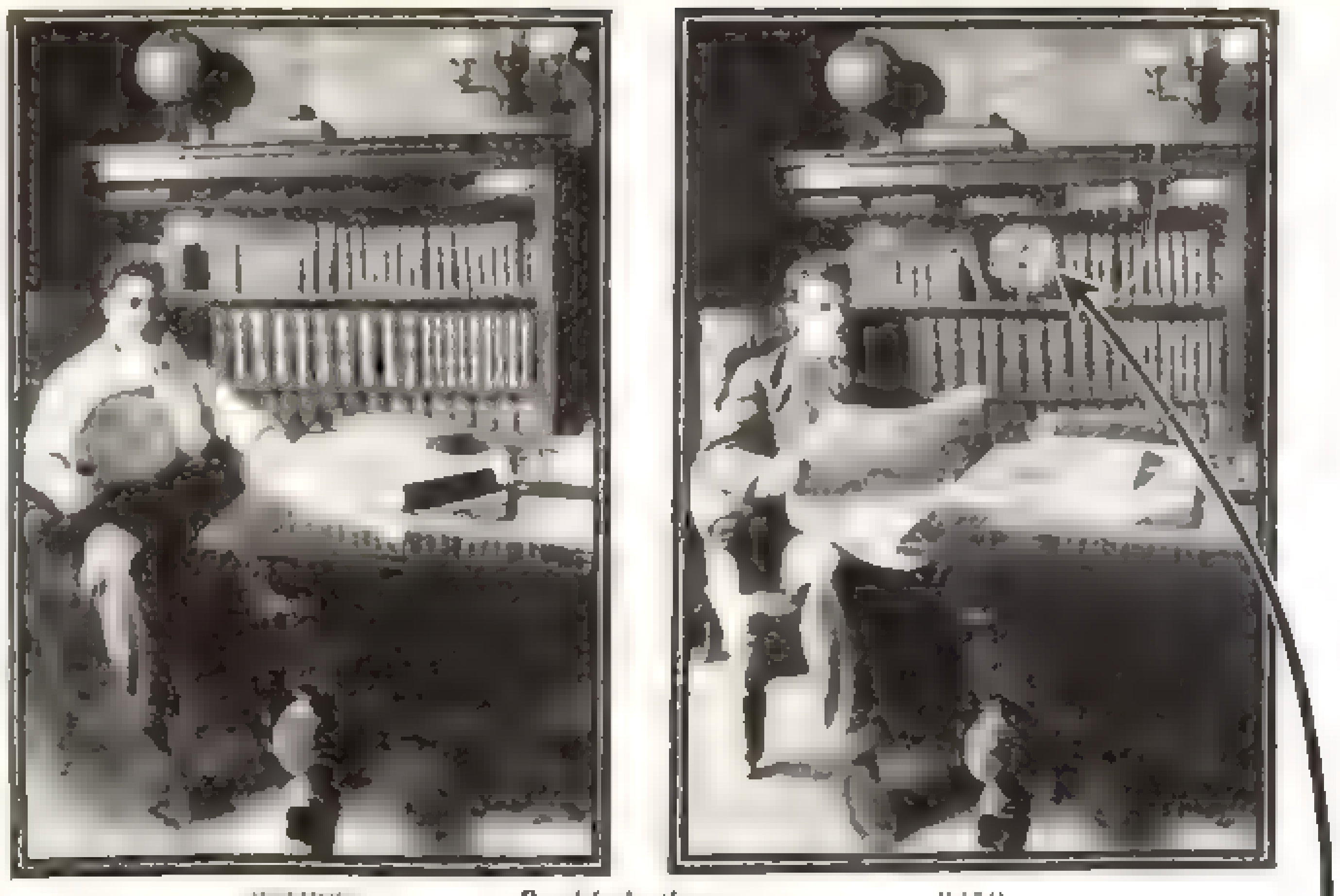
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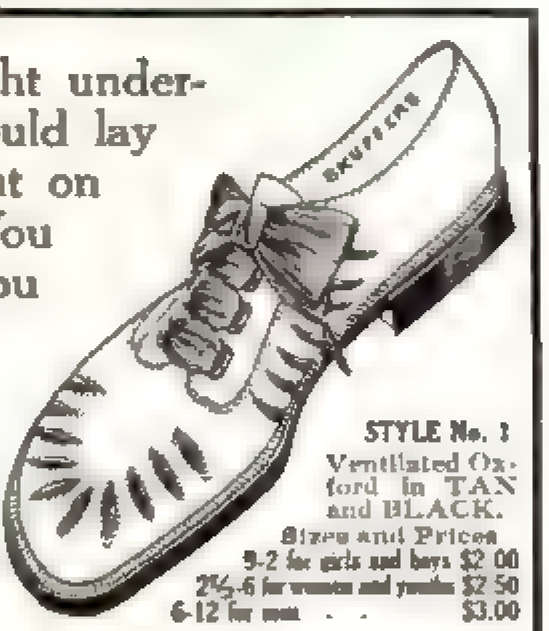

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR AWARDED CELEBRATED DEWAR TROPHY

American Manufacturer Selected by England's Royal Automobile Club for Unprecedented Honor

YEAR'S MOST NOTABLE FEAT

Detroit Car Wins Famous Cup by Remarkable Performance at Brooklands

London, Feb. 13—(Special Cable)—The American automobile industry has had signal honor conferred upon it in the presentation, by the Royal Automobile Club, of the famous Dewar trophy to the Cadillac Motor Car, made in Detroit, Mich., in recognition of the most noteworthy performance of the past year.

Never before has the Dewar trophy passed into the possession of an American manufacturer.

Several years ago Sir Thomas Dewar, M. P., established the Dewar trophy, which, in the automobile world, occupies the same position as the Nobel prizes in the fields of scientific and sociological effort.

There is particular gratification in the award of the Dewar cup to America because of the fact that this trophy is given not to spectacular or sensational achievements, but in recognition of serious contributions to the development of automobile construction and betterments.

THE DEWAR CUP

Made of Sterling Silver with Ebony Base
A Masterpiece of Engraving and Repoussé Work Standing
27 Inches in Height

Foreign manufacturers are exceedingly jealous of their own prestige in this connection, and this noble tribute to American superiority is one which will gratify every lover of motoring in that country.

The award to the Cadillac is based upon the remarkable standardization test conducted in the summer of 1908 by a specially selected committee representing the Royal Automobile Club.

The conditions surrounding the test were not only unusual, but most drastic and severe. Three Cadillac cars in charge of the committee from the Royal Automobile Club were driven from the London sales room of the Cadillac to the famous Brooklands track—a distance of some twenty-five miles. Under the most searching surveillance the three cars were then taken to the racing quarters at the track and completely dismembled.

The parts thus torn down were thrown into a conglomerate heap. When a certain point in the process of dismantling had been reached, eighty-nine parts were withdrawn and placed under lock and key and an entirely new set of parts substituted and the entire collection thrown together in a single heap.

With the committee still maintaining a watchful scrutiny the work of rebuilding the three cars from this haphazard heap was then begun. The three cars were built up in this remarkable manner—spanners and screwdrivers being the only tools employed in reassembling and no part was touched by file or emery cloth—and taken without delay to the track and put through the paces in a 500-mile endurance run.

All three cars responded perfectly to this heroic test, negotiating the 500 miles at almost record-breaking speed, without hitch or skip, and without the development of a single loose part.

This performance was considered in England such an extraordinary demonstration of standardization that all of the London daily papers treated it as a news event of first importance, devoting great space to a description of the performance and commenting upon it editorially.

Detailed cable stories were likewise sent to the United States, and practically every automobile journal on the continent gave the Cadillac Company unstinted praise for what they describe as an unprecedented demonstration of superiority of American manufacturing methods.

Europe recognizes in Cadillac the highest type of motor car construction

THE signal honor conferred upon American methods of manufacture by the award of the Dewar Trophy to the Cadillac simply marks the world-wide recognition of principles which have guided the Cadillac Company since its inception. The Cadillac Company has consistently maintained—and the experience of every motorist throughout the world has proven—that even a well designed and honestly constructed car was either short-lived or long-lived—either good value or not—according to the degree of its standardization.

When you hear it said that the Cadillac Thirty is the most thoroughly standardized car in the world, it means, in brief, that the essential parts fit perfectly.

This fit must be so fine—and *is* so fine in the essentially accurate parts of the Cadillac Thirty—that the most delicate instruments used in engineering practice are necessary to gauge it.

Then—and only then—is friction reduced to the point of almost complete elimination; the element of possible wear brought down to the minimum; ruggedness assured; and continuously sweet-tempered running qualities guaranteed, throughout the whole life of the car.

The perfect standardization or interchangeability of the Cadillac Thirty parts means, therefore, an almost frictionless car which will "stand up" long after the average "assembled" car has met its self-inflicted Waterloo; because there is not a single poorly fitted part in its splendid make-up.

In no other car, no matter what its price, is there such thorough standardization as is maintained in the Cadillac. Nor is such standardization even possible in a car which is not manufactured in its entirety by one complete organization where every piece and assembly of pieces are made each to harmonize with every other.

You will appreciate more fully the value of thorough standardization when you remember that there are more than twenty thousand Cadillacs throughout the world. About two thousand of the earlier productions are now in the seventh year of their usefulness but we have yet to hear of the first one to be discarded because worn out or unfit for service.

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30 horse power,
Sliding gear
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$1400

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Including
three oil lamps
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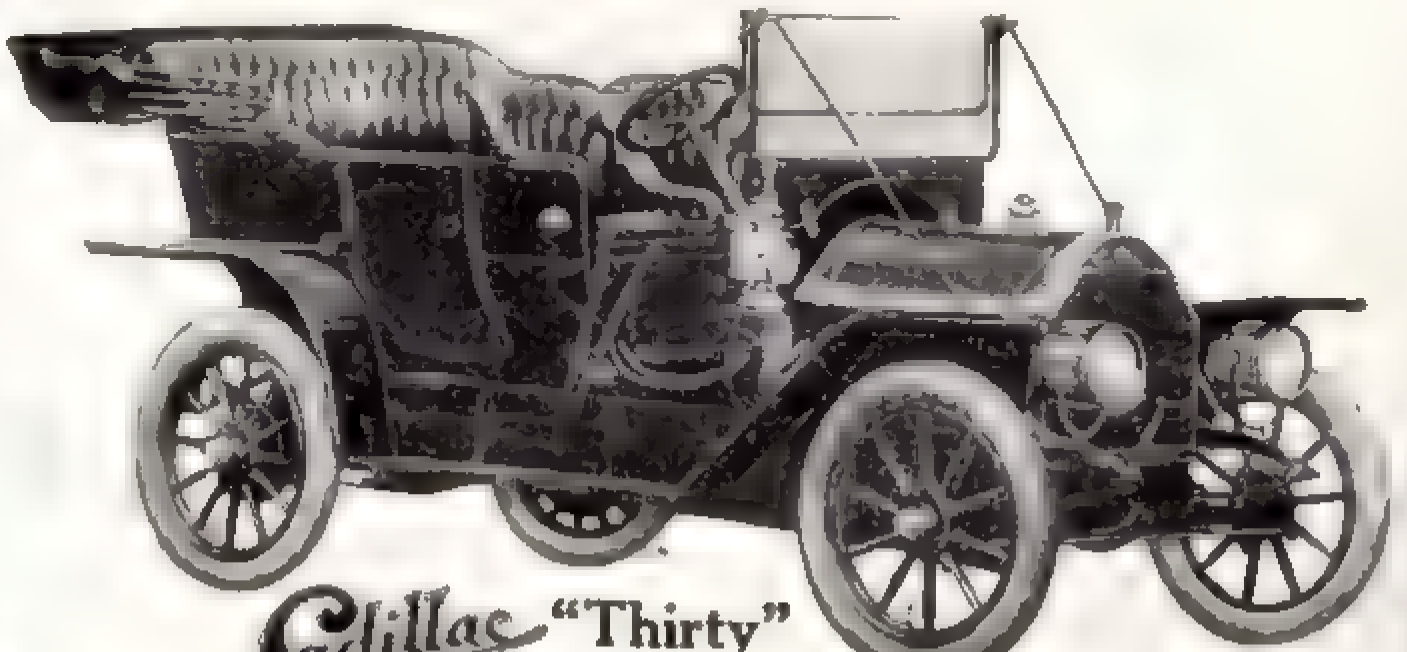

Cadillac "Thirty" Touring Car

Automatic
lubrication,
Shaft drive,
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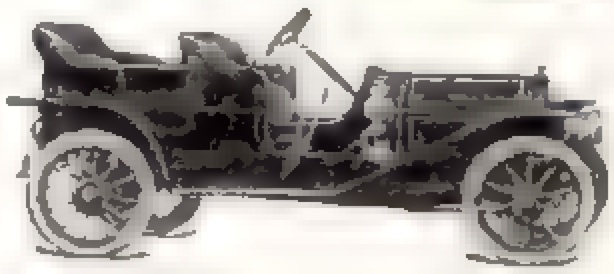

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Cadillac Motor Car Co.
Detroit, Michigan

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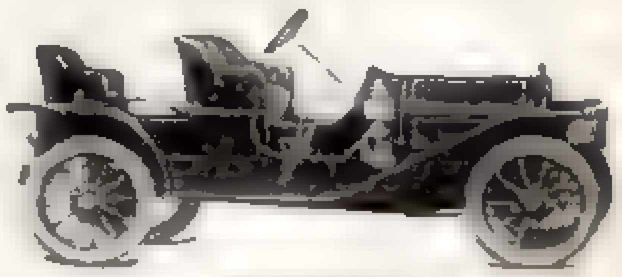

ROADSTER

Orange, N.J., is one of New York's most exclusive suburbs

Seven men sat around one table at a recent banquet in Orange, where some of the most distinguished men in American public life were the speakers

During the conversation over the cigars it was found that four of the seven purchased cigars from me, and some of them had cigars of my manufacture in their pockets. One of the others did not smoke, so that out of six smokers at a gathering of this kind four were my customers

I mention this as an illustration of the kind of men who purchase my cigars. Two of the four were merchants; two others were lawyers. All were men who pay their bills with checks; men who know how to spend and save money, and whom no sophistry or offer of something for nothing could persuade to continue purchasing cigars from me unless they recognized in my cigars both the quality and the actual saving effected by purchasing at wholesale.

In purchasing cigars from me you not only save money, but the cigars reach you in the best possible condition, without any drying out and resweating in the jobber's and retailer's warehouses and stores and cases—and condition means much for cigars

To reiterate: I manufacture under the cleanest and most sanitary conditions every cigar that I sell. I purchase and use only the best of Havana and Sumatra tobaccos. I tell my customers exactly of what and how my cigars are made.

My Panatela is strictly handmade. The filler, and all of it, is clear, clean, long Havana—no scraps, cuttings or drugs. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra.

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My offer does away with the possibility of my "sticking" any one, even the most gullible. I don't ask for a penny in advance—simply give you an opportunity to prove my claim, and that is that I can improve the quality of your smoking and at the same time save you nearly half of your cigar money.

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In ordering, please inclose business card, or send personal references, and state which you prefer—light, dark, or medium cigars.

During the seven years in which I have been doing business under that offer I have seen my factory grow from a single loft to an entire five story and basement building in the business centre of Philadelphia. 90% *of my output goes to fill repeat orders*

If the shape of my Panatela doesn't appeal to you, I have others that will. I make all sizes and shapes all illustrated and described in

MY BOOK—FREE

It tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars and smoking in general that every man should know. Write for it

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Enable you to enjoy Belt Comfort with Suspender Security. Fasten to trousers hip buttons and support them perfectly without injury to any garment. Different from and superior to any other [illegible] themselves to every movement of the body [illegible] the strain equally [illegible] insuring [illegible] SE-NO [illegible] of your dealer or of us by mail postpaid. Give your dealer's name

EAGLE SUSPENDER CO.
Makers of "Eagle" Suspenders, Belts, and "Fan Ilex" Garters.
1210 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PAVING STEAL

(Continued from Page 22)

"Positive," returned Flagg. "Kelsey was crying mad, and let slip out the exact amounts, just as I have given them to you."

"Johnson, some time ago you told me that absolute corroboration was impossible in the beginning of most big stories, and that moral certainty must take its place."

"That's my ticket," replied Johnson.

"How do you, personally, feel about this story?"

"If it were my paper I'd use it and run the risk," declared Johnson. "The publication of the story itself should loosen up the proof."

"Then go ahead," directed Lanning.

There was just one moment, hardly thirty seconds, of very deep silence, as these three paused before taking the plunge that meant war to the hilt. Then Flagg suddenly doubled up with laughter.

"Whichever way the cat jumps," he pointed out, "Dennison is going to be the busy little man, explaining to five wild-eyed councilmen what he did with their fifty per."

The others grinned, but the spell was broken, and from that second there was no more pause for contemplation. Johnson grabbed his 'phone and inquired about a four-column cut of the city council that had been used in a minor story six months before. He wrote some big headlines, prepared a "boxed" list of the secret salaries, and sent in to Brest a quick, rough diagram of the first-page space he wanted. Flagg jumped out into the local-room and lifted a cub reporter away from his typewriter, snatched the cub's half-page of slow copy from the cylinder and slammed in a fresh sheet. Collecting his energies for a concentrated sprint he gazed almost affectionately at the blank paper in his machine, shaping a hot introduction, his racing eyes seeing the words before he had even begun to put them down—all this while calmly rolling a cigarette. He took two puffs, then laid down the cigarette and wrote three or four words with painstaking slowness. Suddenly the whir of his machine jarred his cigarette off on the floor, where it lay and smouldered and went out, unnoticed and forgotten. Copy-boys raced past him. Other reporters, jumping in with late copy, settled down to machines and started working. Some of them spoke to Flagg as they passed him. A boy told him there was a telephone call. Ringling, seated next him, burned his finger with a flying bit from a phosphorus match, jumped up, swore like a trooper and upset his typewriter table, breaking his machine. The two copy-boys got into an argument and a scuffle just behind his chair, bumping into him and nearly sprawling over him, but through it all Flagg wrote steadily on, undisturbed. Within half an hour from the time he brought his sensation into the office the Courier was on the street with it.

Flagg, full of joy but calm, held a copy of it in his hands. Across the entire top of the page ran the two big, black words:

STOP THIEVES

and below them:

Grafting Council on Paving Pay-Roll

Said Lanning with a grim smile as he looked at that first page:

"And then came the deluge."

"Let her come," exulted Johnson, sniffing the near battle.

Big Dennison, on his way back to Kelsey's office to apologize and square matters, bought a copy of the issue and changed his mind, heading straight for the Courier office. He came in like a raging bull and demanded to see Lanning. Mr. Lanning sent out word that he was busy. Dennison, with loud-mouthed profanity, swore that, busy or not, he would see the man, and put his hand on the doorknob. The door was opened so swiftly that, poised as he was, it pitched him forward precipitately into the room, where Flagg stood confronting him.

"What do you want?" demanded Flagg.

"I want to know who brought this lying article in here."

"I did," returned Flagg. "What are you going to do about it?"

"First, I'm going to knock your block off," declared Dennison in a tearing rage.

Flagg, with a quick eye upon Dennison's huge right fist, saw it clinch, and noted the

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FOR MEN 3.50 4.00 5.00

No 12536
A TAN SHOE
Newest shade of Russia Calf
Sent prepaid for $4.25

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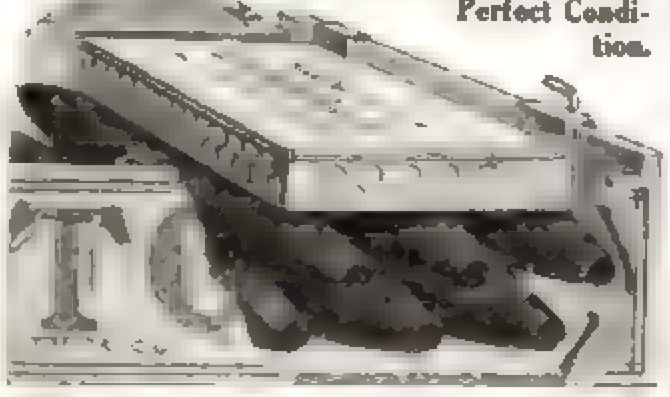

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25c spent now will preserve every cigar in all boxes you buy in the future. Last cigar in the box as choice as the first.

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is made of Aluminum and Asbestos and fits on end of any cigar box. A special device locks and tightly closes lid. Is guaranteed to distribute proper moisture evenly within the box. Better than the old-fashioned, expensive humidor. *A boon to travelers.* Requires little space and will not blister cigars. **Send 25 cents** (stamps will do). Your **name engraved on moistener free,** if you send us dealer's name and address

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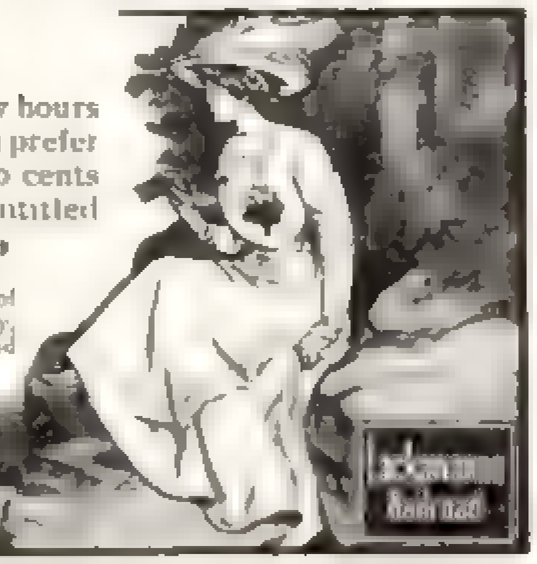

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The book contains 110 pages of information and many pictures of places of fascinating beauty. It tells you the best place to go, the best place to stay, the best way to get there, with lists of hotels, boarding houses, rates, railroad fares, etc. Address

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General Passenger Agent Lackawanna Railroad
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THE economy of this steel vertical file is right here: Fifteen years from now it will be worth $25.00—all it cost. A wooden file will get racked and scarred, and soon be worth about $4.75 to a second-hand furniture dealer.

Walk around your office and note the second-hand look of furniture bought a short time ago. How much do you charge off yearly for depreciation?

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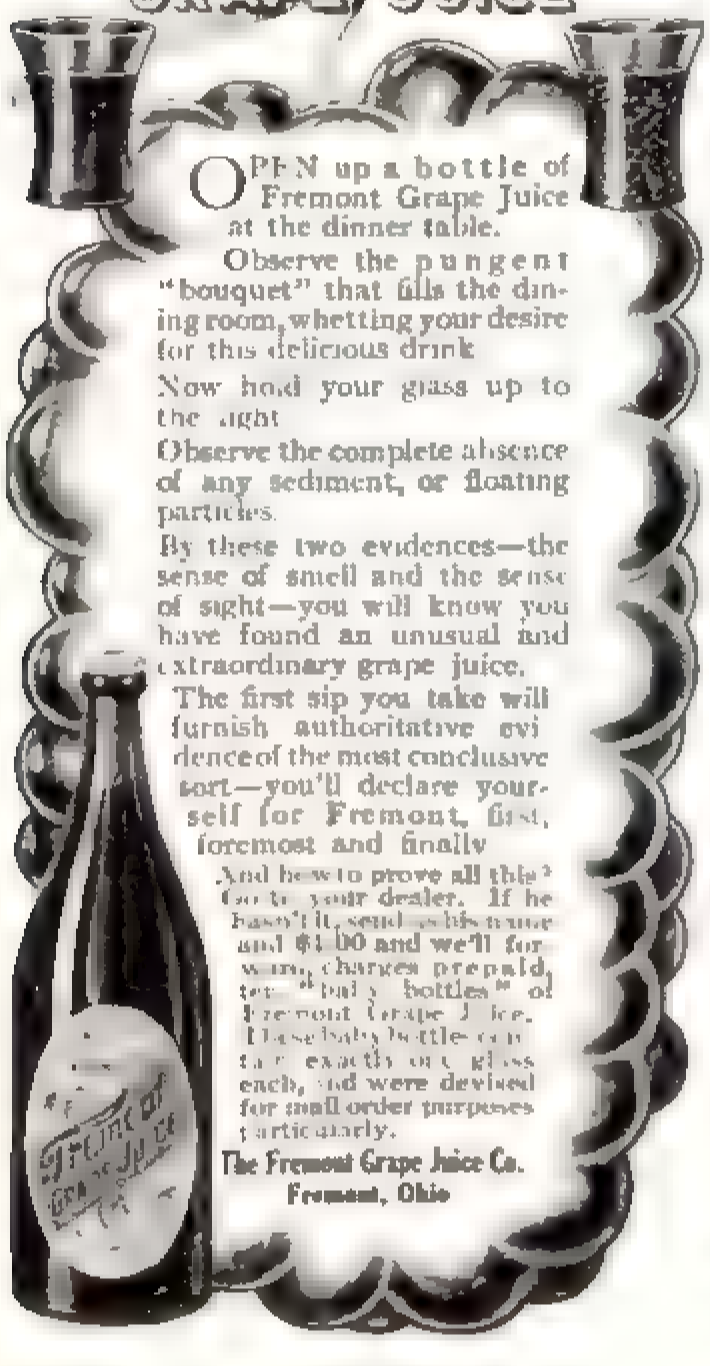


OPEN up a bottle of Fremont Grape Juice at the dinner table.

Observe the pungent "bouquet" that fills the dining room, whetting your desire for this delicious drink.

Now hold your glass up to the light.

Observe the complete absence of any sediment, or floating particles.

By these two evidences—the sense of smell and the sense of sight—you will know you have found an unusual and extraordinary grape juice.

The first sip you take will furnish authoritative evidence of the most conclusive sort—you'll declare yourself for Fremont, first, foremost and finally.

And how to prove all this? Go to your dealer. If he hasn't it, send us his name and $1.00 and we'll forward, charges prepaid, ten "baby bottles" of Fremont Grape Juice. These baby bottles contain exactly one glass each, and were devised for mail order purposes particularly.

The Fremont Grape Juice Co.
Fremont, Ohio

tightening flex of the biceps as Dennison's arm crooked slightly, but he did not retreat. He only held up a slow, warning finger.

"Just one minute, Mr. Dennison," said he very calmly. "You're big enough to make two of me, and I'm justified in equalizing the difference. If ever you so much as lay your finger on me I'll pump you so full of lead that they'll have to haul your coffin on a dray."

Dennison paused. Flagg was a great "kidder," but behind Flagg's mild eyes was no trace of "kidding" just now.

"If you want to rough-house me," continued Flagg tauntingly, counting that hesitation at its true worth, "now is your chance, for I haven't a gun on me. Moreover, I don't intend to carry one. If you hand me a beating I'll have to take it, but I'll get you as quick as I'm able to stand on my feet; by ——, I will!"

Dennison, bluffed, affected to ignore Flagg as a kid and beneath his notice, and turned to Lanning.

"Lanning," he blustered, "this is the worst day's work you ever did."

Lanning, who had never moved from his seat, but had sat admiringly observing the effect of Flagg's few observations, now spoke very quietly.

"Get out of my office!" he ordered.

"Come and put me out!" dared Dennison.

Lanning, a young fellow, and almost effeminate in his attire, scarcely larger than Flagg, but built like a bundle of steel wires from his feet up, arose in leisurely fashion and advanced toward Dennison.

"Get out of my office!" he repeated.

"And I tell you to come and put me out," defied Dennison, triumphant in the knowledge that in this sort of encounter he was master.

The surprise of his life awaited Mr. Dennison, for Lanning, approaching, suddenly poised himself, and, with a motion as quick as a cat, straightened out his arm, with the irresistible leverage of a toggle-joint, catching Dennison squarely in the neck under the joint of the jaw. Dennison, big as he was, jerked back from the impulse of that blow, stood poised on his heels for an instant with a most ludicrous expression of surprise in his eyes, and toppled backward. It was Ringling who, dashing forward at the first trumpet of the battle, arrived in front of Lanning's door in time to swoop down, grab Dennison by the collar and literally drag him out to the stairway, where, setting the still dazed giant upon his feet, he gave him a terrific kick and left him to regain his footing, if he could, as he went down the steps. Muttering loud threats to conceal his humiliation, Dennison went away. Lanning, at the top of the stairs, where were suddenly grouped all the able-bodied men on the floor, turned to Johnson with a pleased smile.

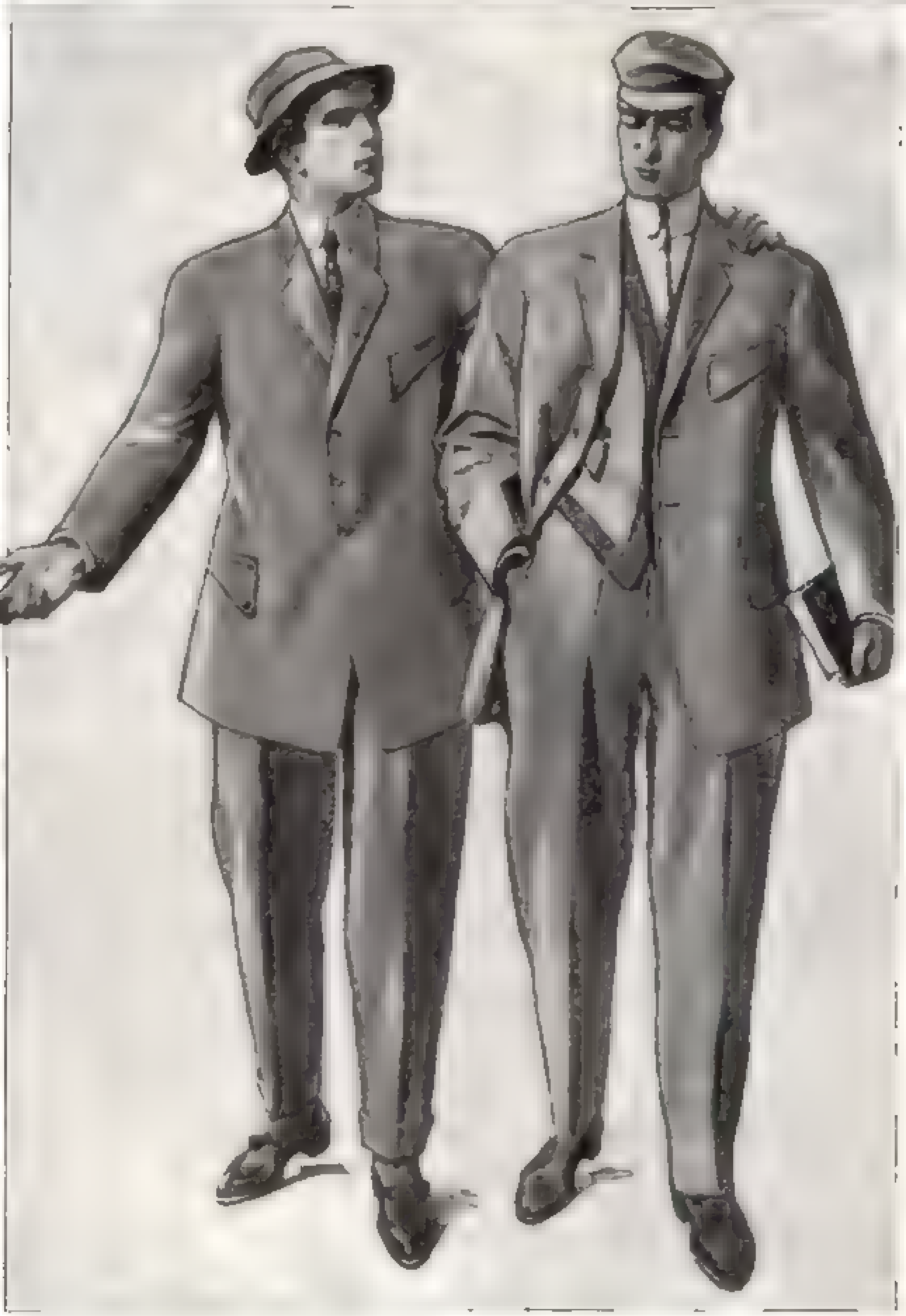
"This," said he, "is more like the newspaper business of my dreams."

VI

THE interest of the public in the secret pay-roll was nothing to the interest displayed by the Galway crowd and the Asphaltulithic. Millet was brought hurrying from Pittsburgh, where there were other councilmen who needed money, and even Hanworthy came on from New York, chiefly concerned to learn if there had been a traitor in his own camp. Exposures and explosions of this sort were to be expected. They were to be denied, overturned and routed by every means possible, which was a matter for calm checker-playing, and not one for agitation at all; but the ferreting out of a traitor was a more important matter.

Kelsey, as Lanning had anticipated, denied the whole thing. He repudiated Flagg and came within an ace of giving that young gentleman a drubbing when he called to wheedle out, worm out or surprise out of Kelsey additional information. He had none to give, even to Hanworthy. Prayers and entreaties, threats and promises of forgiveness and reinstatement on Hanworthy's part brought only stubborn denial from Kelsey. He had not told anything, he had not even dropped a hint to Flagg or to any one else that might be construed into a guess at the real state of affairs. If information had leaked out, as it undoubtedly had, owing to the accuracy of the Courier's secret pay-roll list, it had been through some other source.

Baffled, yet sure of Kelsey's guilt, Hanworthy sought refuge in the "third



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are by all odds "the typical college clothes of America." The college man is not a wearer of ridiculous extremes. He detests the "freakish" type of apparel—and while demanding "true style" admires refined looking clothes. The Collegian models are exactly in keeping with his ideas. They possess every feature a man could wish for—and they're "gentlemen's" clothes in all that the words imply.

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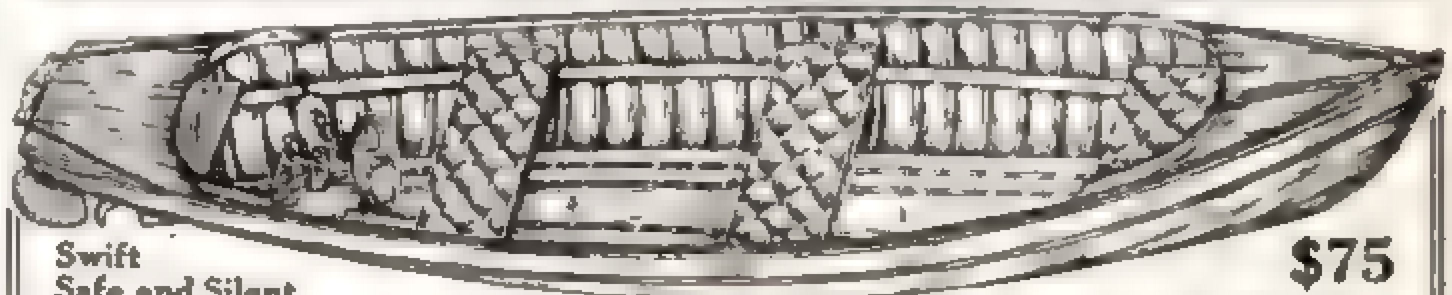

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Pierce Motor Boats Manufactured Complete by Pierce, the Pioneer Gasoline Motor Builder. 14 ft., Speed 7 miles, $75; 16 ft., Speed 7½ miles, $87.50

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Pierce Motor Boats are noiseless, speedy and so simple the boys and girls can operate them. The 14 ft. motor boat will carry 5 people, has 3 seats as pictured above. The 16 ft. motor boat has 4 seats and will carry 7. Are made stiff, strong and staunch. Motor works in the water, preventing vibration. Weight is little more than that of a strong row boat. Costs what a good row boat did a few years ago. Ideal for [illegible].

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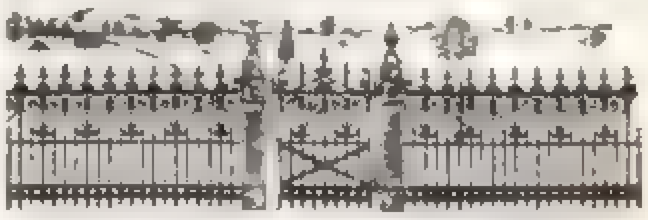

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No cemented seams or joints to give away under the action of hot water.

Will outlive three of the old fashioned water bags cemented and joined together.

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degree." Galway, nursing a large and dangerously-quiet wrath of his own, provided a couple of detectives from the police force, and Hanworthy secreted them in an adjoining room of his suite while he and Millet again questioned Kelsey. Having experience in such matters, they strove to confuse their man and to trap him into an admission, approaching the subject from a score of different angles, talking about other matters, placing the blame elsewhere, and leading skillfully up to some surprise question or statement that should extricate the barest hint from the badgered Kelsey. Only as a last resort they called in Bixby and Tressler, the two men from the central office, big, brawny fellows who were laughable opposites to the popular conception of a sleuth, their tactics being always and only to bully a suspect, whether guilty or not, into an admission.

Bixby was the man who now took the initiative in the delicate cross-examining of Kelsey.

"Look here, Kelsey," he hoarsely rapped out. "We got the goods on you, and this thing's gone far enough. We know you leaked, but we want to know how you leaked. My partner and I have been tracing you, and we know all about you. We know your record. Now, give up."

Kelsey turned with flashing eyes to this new exasperation.

"Where do you get in on this?" he demanded.

"We'll show you where we get in, you ——," interposed Tressler, calling Kelsey a name so viciously foul that it brought the little Irishman to his feet with frothing lips.

Just as he was about to make a lunge, Bixby, ready and anxious for just such a demonstration, grabbed him from behind, pinioning his arms, and forced him struggling back into his seat.

"Let me loose!" shrieked Kelsey. "I won't stand a name like that from any man on earth!"

"You won't?" and Bixby called him a worse one if possible.

With a cry of positive agony Kelsey struggled to turn upon this new tormentor, and Tressler, as an ingenious distraction, heaped upon him a new, unbearable insult. The admirable intention of all this merciless baiting was to frenzy Kelsey so that he would, in defiance, confess what he had done, and with alternate insult and innuendo they played upon him until tears stood in his eyes and he was a shrieking, sobbing fury; but still, to every question put to him by Hanworthy, who sat entirely unmoved—though Millet, grasping his chair arms until his muscles ached, was white-faced and sick—Kelsey returned the same stubborn denials.

No, he had not told. No and no, and no again.

At last, finding these tactics unavailable, Tressler tried another one of the gentle means of the third degree. Standing squarely in front of Kelsey, who was still held back in his chair by Bixby, he said with a dangerous glitter:

"Now, this is your last chance, Kelsey. Are you going to confess?"

"No!" shrieked Kelsey.

"Then take that!" and with his tremendous fist Tressler struck Kelsey a stunning blow on the cheek that nearly broke his jawbone, and that toppled him off his chair to the floor.

An exclamation of horror broke from Millet, but Hanworthy sat unmoved. Millet jumped up and interposed himself between them, but Tressler, with a brawny hand, thrust him back.

"We'll get to this now or we'll kill him! Kelsey, did you leak?"

Kelsey, rising slowly to a sitting position on the floor, limp and weak and holding his hand to his cheek, was dumb until Hanworthy repeated the question; then, with deadly quietness, he muttered:

"Yes."

"I told you so!" triumphed Bixby, panting.

"That will do," said Hanworthy coolly. "We have what we wanted and I will not have the man insulted any more. Millet, take these men out and settle with them."

"I don't want to see them," said Millet in a strained voice.

With his back to them he opened his pocketbook and took out some money, which he divided in two equal portions and handed to Bixby and Tressler without looking up.

"I hope you find that enough," said he.

(Continued on Page 48)

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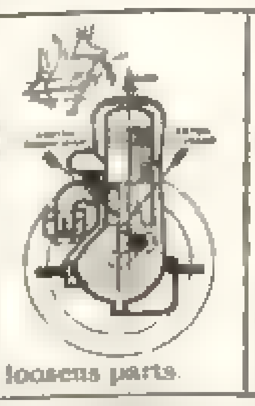

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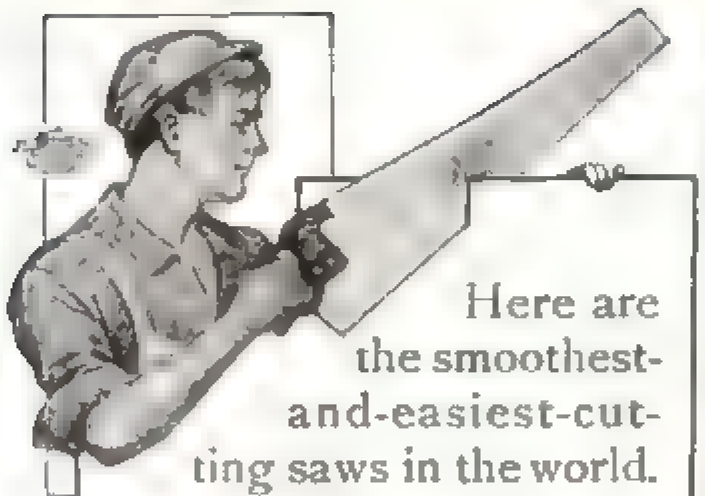

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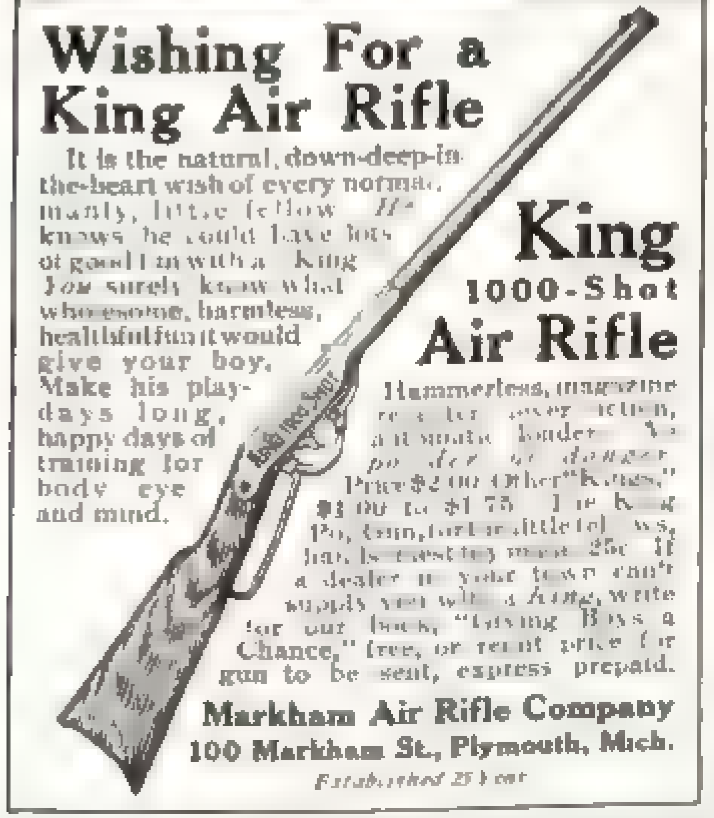

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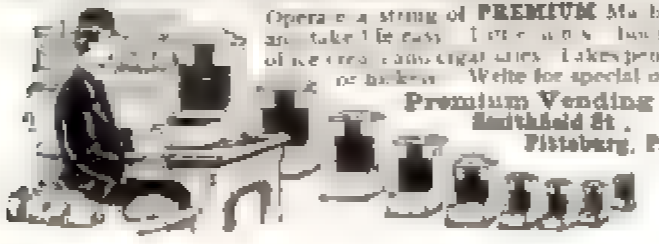

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"Perfectly satisfactory, friend," said Bixby.

For the first time since the inquisition had begun Millet turned on Bixby and looked him squarely in the face. A hot protest was on his lips for being called friend by this man, but he saw a sneer on Tressler's face, and reflected with sickening guilt that he was as bad as they. He said no more, but went to the window and looked out until he heard the men step into the elevator; then he slipped out himself. His fastidiousness had been sickened by this unutterable brutality, and he felt that he must have a stimulant, in spite of the fact that drink was poison to him.

Hanworthy, however, had no nerves and no room for sentimentalism. He was busy now with Kelsey.

"I'm sorry, Kelsey," said he. "I've trusted you for a good many years and never found you to fail before. I'm sure it must have been quite an accident. Tell me how it came about."

Kelsey, his throat choked and swollen, only shook his head. He could not even gasp a reply. For the first time in his life his manhood was broken—and his heart was broken. It wasn't the blow. He would have fought both men and taken his beating philosophically. But it was his absolute helplessness under vile insult that had cowed his spirit. He could not have analyzed it, but he knew that he would never be quite the same man.

"I say, I'm sorry, Kelsey," said Hanworthy again. "I wouldn't have had this happen for worlds, but no part of it would have taken place if you had told me about your mistake. We must know it for protection. In the mean time, it's going to cost us a lot of money and prestige, but I don't want to count you among the losses. I think I'll send you over to Pittsburgh to take charge there."

Kelsey, grasping his throat, choking with sobs that would not break, shook his head.

Hanworthy knew men, however.

"Yes, you will, Kelsey," he persisted. "You'll get over this. You'll be a more valuable man than you ever were. In fact, I think your services will be so much enhanced that I'll raise your wages. You'd better go and rest now. I want you to go back East with me tonight."

A clerk at the Hotel Nouveau, a friend of Flagg's, had kept that enterprising reporter posted on Hanworthy's apartments and who visited them, and when Flagg heard that Bixby and Tressler had been up there with Hanworthy and Millet and Kelsey he put two and two together and hummed a low, sweet song. The third degree! Wherever these two went something brutal was sure to happen, and he carefully counted on Kelsey's being bulldozed into defiance and being ready to tell all he knew for revenge; but when he saw Kelsey for a moment that afternoon the man met him with a set face and with no recognition in his eyes whatever, but brushed on past into the grillroom.

Flagg started to follow, but Kelsey turned squarely and faced him with a look in his eyes that Flagg dared not brave, and the reporter went out nonplused. Dejected, he telephoned to the office of the Courier that there was nothing doing, and detailed how Kelsey had silently defied him.

Johnson laughed at him.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Are you passing into your second young ladyhood? Go back and see the man!"

Flagg sighed.

"All right," said he. "You'll look after my widow and orphans, I hope."

"With pleasure," promised Johnson. "They'll be well looked after for the first time in their lives."

Flagg made one more hopeless attempt. He went back to the grillroom and found Hanworthy with Kelsey! As Flagg approached their table, Kelsey looked silently toward his employer.

"Who's this?" asked that spherical gentleman.

"Mr. Flagg, of the Courier," announced Flagg himself.

"Oh! You are the small young gentleman with the large imagination who dreamed that pretty story about the council and an alleged secret pay-roll," snapped Hanworthy with all his chins. "Well, Mr. Flagg, I want to congratulate you on having plunged your paper into the worst mess it ever had in its existence," and he beckoned the head waiter with a puffy finger.

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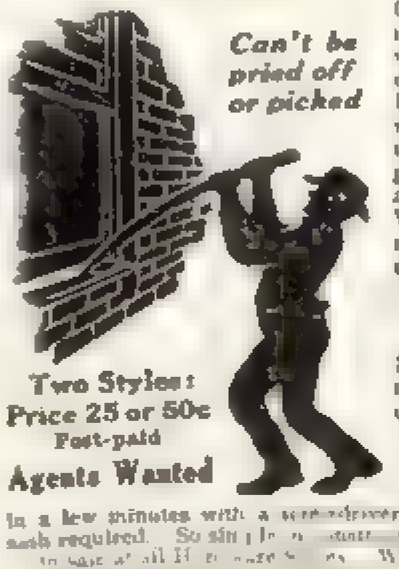

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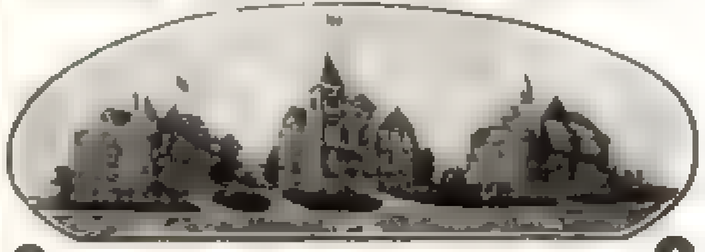

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WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

The head waiter came over obsequiously.

"See that this man is removed from the room," Hanworthy directed. "He is annoying us."

"I'm offended," observed Flagg. "I choose to construe that as a hint to leave, and I'm going."

Before Flagg got back to the office of the Courier notice of a huge libel suit had already been filed, and Lanning and Johnson were discussing it with some gravity. Being human they were inclined to reproach Flagg for all their troubles.

"You bring us in this hot story, Flagg, and it is up to you to produce proof," Johnson advised him. "We want to stop this suit before it gets into the courts."

"I pass," said Flagg dejectedly. "I don't see how I'm going to produce. My only source of information has dried up on me."

"Get another one," ordered Johnson bluntly.

"*All* right," chirped Flagg airily, his cheerfulness returning under pressure. "Any other little thing you want me to look after while I'm out?"

VII

"WHEN rogues fall out honest men get their dues." Thus mused Flagg as he wandered disconsolately forth, wondering where he should make a new canker of dissent in the ranks of the enemy. He reasoned the matter all out. By this time Galway knew of Tiernan's discovery, of Kelsey's indiscretion, of Dennison's robbery of his fellow-thieves. Dennison had doubtless had a bad half-hour with the big boss, and foxy Dan Packard had been called into consultation. Tiernan, Riley, Powers, Krug and Helfiman had been sent for, the whole matter had been smoothed out and their mouths sealed as tightly as so many drums. An approach to any member of the gang at this inauspicious moment would only result in blunt denial and, perhaps, even bodily violence; for while Galway himself always counseled against physical coercion, he did it with both eyes shut, and the men under him were as fine a collection of two-fisted gentry as ever wielded a forest of shillalahs at a Donnybrook fair. There being no chance from the municipal side, there remained only the contracting side. Who, of those forces, would know about it? First, Hanworthy. Flagg smiled in self-derision as he thought of approaching that icicle. Kelsey was out of the question now, since he was guarded like a gold shipment. Who, then, remained? Millet.

Millet, with all his suavity, with all his experience, with all his calmness, with his important position to maintain and his responsibility to guard! Flagg mentally threw up both hands over the hopelessness of his position, and finding himself directly in front of the Gilman House bar, a highly mahoganized thirst-parlor which made a specialty of dim, restful lights and cozy-corners, he turned in to console with himself. In the semi-privacy of the first cozy-corner he found, all alone, bedewing the desert of remorse with copious and rapidly succeeding drafts, white-faced and shaken Millet!

Blessing his Fates for this much, yet questioning them with some distrust as to what more they held, Flagg quietly slipped into the high-backed stall, and, beckoning a waiter, sat down opposite Millet with the narrow, mahogany table between them.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Millet," said he, reaching out a tentative hand.

He was surprised at the result. He had expected Millet to either shake hands with him coldly, or perhaps refuse altogether and force an open breach. He expected at least a start of surprise and repugnance. Instead, Millet raised his eyes and grasped Flagg's hand with a feverish palm. Flagg's heart gave a great bound as he realized that he was not recognized as a Courier man, only as a friendly face; for Millet, in his attempt to drown his sorrows, had merely drowned himself, and all the sorrow was left. In his attempt to recover from the shock which the torture of Kelsey had inflicted upon his estheticism his besetting sin had got him.

"Glad to see you, old man," said he a trifle thickly. "What will you have?"

Flagg had come in with the firm intention of taking nothing more than a single glass of beer while he thought matters over. He realized that, under the circumstances, this would never do. It would raise a suspicion of good-fellowship; moreover, Millet had a good hour's start of

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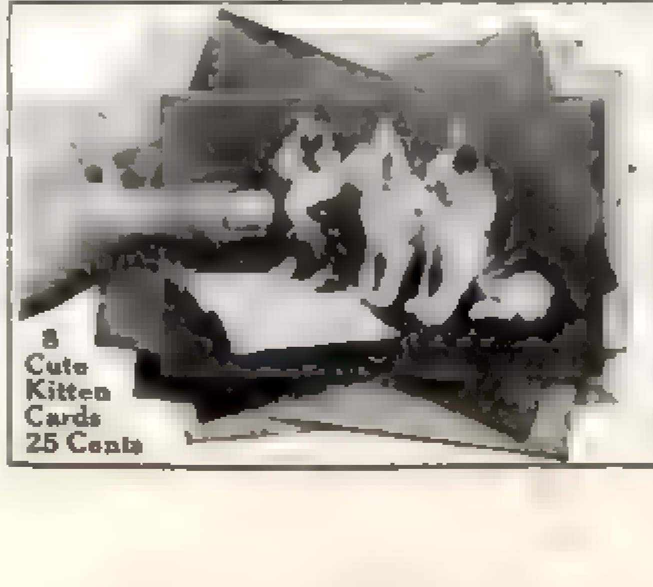

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him; moreover, Flagg suddenly felt the need of a good stimulant himself, so he ordered the same sort of melting hot toddy that Millet was imbibing, thereby firmly cementing a sudden friendship.

"You don't get around to see us very often," suggested Flagg as a safe and sane opening.

"No," assented Millet lugubriously, "and I am not likely ever to come back again."

"You're not through here, I hope," protested Flagg politely.

"I'm through everywhere," returned Millet, already in the sentimentally despondent stage. "I don't know what my next employment shall be, but I am through forever with corrupting my fellow-man," and here Millet choked up, while brine dripped down his cheeks and into his toddy. He was one of those in whom whisky goads the conscience and limbers the tongue

With solemn emotion Mr. Flagg shook hands with the gentleman.

"Your resolution does you credit," said he with deep sympathy. "Ah, sir, if every man would only live so that his every act might merit the approval of his conscience!"

"Dear boy!" gasped Mr. Millet, choking upon a fresh accession of grief and gripping Flagg's hand as the one human being who could understand him.

"Let's see, I believe you're in the railroad construction business, aren't you, Mr. Millet?" adroitly suggested Flagg.

"No. Paving construction," corrected Millet, looking violently at his glass of toddy as if he would rend it limb from limb. Picking it up he gulped it as violently down, whereat Flagg, catching the waiter's eye, held up two fingers with a wave toward their glasses. "Paving!" repeated Millet. "The paving of hell is made of better material, for we don't even use good resolutions. It's a rotten business, Mr. —— What did you say your name was?"

"Ripley," replied Flagg glibly, in order not to awaken any dangerous connection of ideas in Mr. Millet's storm-tossed mind.

"Ripley," repeated Mr. Millet in a tone indicating that he would forget it immediately. "A rotten business, Mr. Ripley, in which we spend our lives in devising ways and means to corrupt our brother-man."

"You've been doing a fine job of it in this town," commented Flagg with a chuckle he could not suppress.

"The worst of all," agreed Millet with a groan. "Corruption everywhere. There isn't an honest man left on earth, I think. If there was we'd debauch him. Are you honest?"

"No," said Flagg, considering the matter carefully.

"Of course not," returned Millet. "Nobody is, but *I'm* going to be," he boasted with maudlin grandiloquence. "I'll tell you, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Hanley," prompted Flagg, his whimsical self finding it impossible to resist that opportunity.

"Mr. Hanley," repeated Millet. "Never in my life did I see so revolting an exhibition of brutality as I this day witnessed," and Millet shuddered. The smack and the thud with which Kelsey had been floored were still upon him; the same spectacle which had driven him first to one and then to a dozen stimulants for his shaken nerves still haunted him. "So long as our business consisted in mere corruption I could go along in the same old groove, just out of habit; but brutality like that ——" and he shuddered again.

"They are a fine and dandy band of thugs," agreed Flagg, "but they're the boys that know how to get the money. Everybody got some of it," he now carefully suggested. "The whole town knows about it now, and all the details."

"They don't know all," returned Millet, contrition and remorse working fell ravages upon him, and a dim idea of reparation obsessing him. "They don't know in full what a set of rapacious scoundrels are here. Why, Mr.—Mr ——"

"Dokes," suggested Flagg.

"Mr. Dokes," repeated Millet. "Why, sir, at the price we receive from this city, nearly four times the actual cost of construction, we lost six hundred dollars on the first mile of Market Street paving! Actual loss! Besides the salary list of six hundred and fifty dollars a week, besides all the presents we have to make these rapacious hounds, besides the dinners that we are compelled to provide for these insatiable

(Continued on Page 52)

The American Autogram
Something New in
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It tells the total and single amounts of money received on account or paid out, the clerk who handled these transactions, the customer's name or for what the money was paid out.

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	A	20.00	Kodak No 3A # 30851

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It will pay every merchant—large and small—to investigate The American Autogram.

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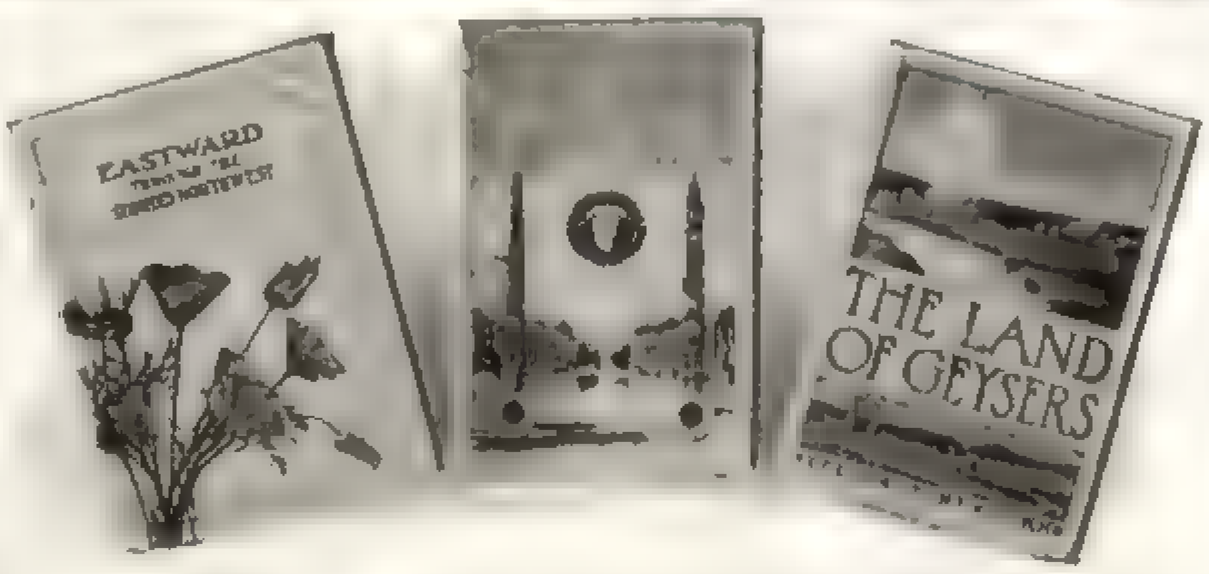
West Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio



The Problem of Your Summer Outing

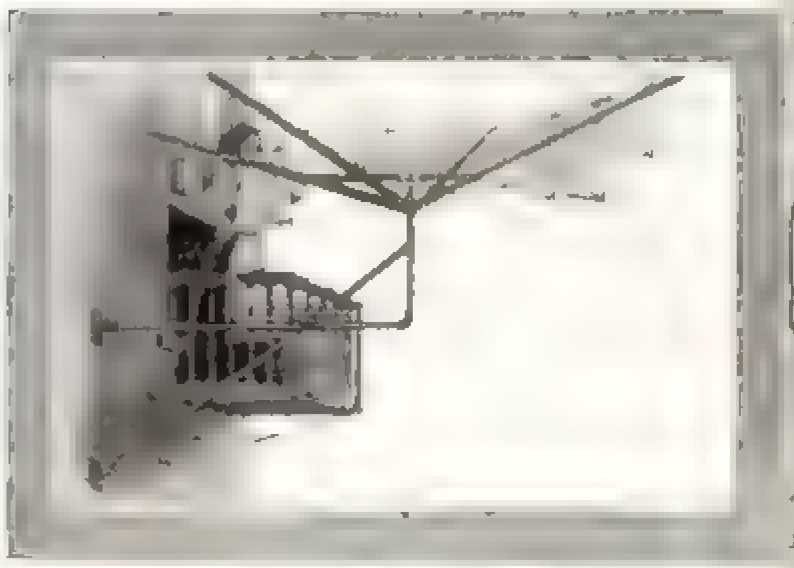
Is solved in these three booklets which will be sent you for the asking. You have an opportunity **this** summer to **see** more, **learn** more, **enjoy** more than has ever been possible before—the proof is in these attractive publications. They tell all about that glorious trip, which so many thousands will make this summer, through "Wonderland" to the great Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition illustrated profusely — with handsome covers in colors — they are decidedly out of the ordinary. Send your name and address **to-day**, with two 2-cent stamps to cover postage, to A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, Dept. R, St. Paul, and the booklets will be forwarded at once. ℭ We have other books describing the agricultural and industrial possibilities of the Northwest, for the benefit of the Homeseeker and the Business Man — the "Opportunity Hunter" — which will be worth much to you. For literature of this character write to C. W. MOTT, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, Dept. R, St. Paul, stating the section in which you are interested. ℭ New summer train service effective May 23d and round-trip Summer Tourist Tickets on sale daily, May 20 to Sept. 30. Through service between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and the North Pacific Coast. ℭ Full particulars with the booklets. Write **to-day** and plan your trip **now**.

A. M. CLELAND, Gen. Passenger Agent, Dept. R, St. Paul

Northern Pacific Railway

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, June 1 to October 16, 1909
Rainier National Park and Paradise Valley, by auto or rail from Tacoma, June 1-October 1, 1909
Seventeenth National Irrigation Congress, Spokane, August 9 to 14, 1909
Yellowstone Park season, June 5 to September 25, 1909
Rose Festival, Portland, June 7 to 12, 1909

Don't Tramp Up and Down the Yard



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The Hill Balcony Dryer is just as convenient as the lawn dryer. Even more necessary for apartment houses on account of the limited space. Holds six times as many clothes as pulley lines and looks infinitely better. Insist on your landlord getting one.

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Two out of every three people you meet are round shouldered and flat chested.

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Send full chest measure, and whether male or female. Price reduced from **$2 to $1**

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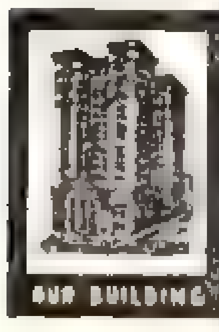

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CLEVELAND OHIO THE CITY OF BANKS
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Dragging a bale across "61" Floor Varnish does not leave a scratch or mar white, as ordinary floor varnishes do.

Send for Sample Panel free, finished with "61." Hammer it, you may dent the wood, but can't crack the varnish. Neither will moving of heavy furniture or the scuffing of feet, damage it.

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monsters, they divide among them one dollar and five cents for every square yard of paving that we put down. Cash in advance on each contract. Thirty thousand dollars we paid them for the first mile before we stuck a pick into Market Street. There!" and pulling from his inside vest pocket a folded paper he slapped it upon the table. "There is a document, sir, that if I were to make it public would rip this town wide open from end to end."

Flagg's heart leaped into his mouth as his eyes rested upon that innocent-looking piece of paper and he had all he could do to restrain himself from grabbing it then and there and rushing out of the door. Millet, however, with some sense of responsibility still resting upon him, kept his hand firmly upon it, pressing it tightly to the table. At this juncture Flagg looked up and saw, passing their stall, a tall, stony-faced gentleman of middle-age, whose gray hair was allowed to grow long enough behind to exhibit its beautiful curls, and who bore in his erectness at all times a suggestion of Patrick Henry, with his hand thrust into his bosom, delivering an oration on liberty. He was a gentleman with pale-blue eyes and a long, skinny hand, on which the tips of each finger curved inwardly, while about his thin lips was a multiplicity of wrinkles of which never a one had been made by a smile. Flagg had a desperate struggle to repress the hysteria in his voice and call softly:

"Oh, Strutter!"

Mr. Strutter paused and approached slowly, with the habitual caution of a man who will not compromise himself though the heavens fall.

"Mr Millet," declaimed Flagg with deep inward glee, "allow me to introduce Mr. Daniel Webster Strutter, who will some time be our mayor, I am sure. Mr. Strutter, Mr. Millet is a remarkable man, one whom you ought to know well, a man of strong moral convictions, a man who, sickened by the dishonesty of which he has been an unwilling part, has determined to return to the honor of his youth."

Mr. Millet shook hands with entirely mechanical courtesy. Mr. Daniel Webster Strutter gazed reprovingly at Mr. Flagg for having drawn him even to the edge of an undignified conversation.

"Mr. Millet is connected with the Asphaltulithic Paving Construction Company," went on Flagg, responding to the unspoken reproof with an impatient shake of his head, "and we have just been talking over the terrific graft of the present gang, contemplating the awful fact that, besides the salary rake-off, they are dividing a dollar and five cents on every square yard of paving put down. Thirty thousand dollars the Construction Company pays, in advance, for each mile of paving."

Mr. Millet sorrowfully nodded his head in corroboration. Mr. Strutter immediately sat beside Mr. Millet, opposite to Mr. Flagg. Mr. Flagg touched the bell. Mr. Strutter shook his head at that movement. Mr. Flagg frowned at Mr. Strutter.

"The salary list, as published in the Courier, then, was correct," said Mr. Strutter with an eagerness in his voice which scared Flagg, lest it might penetrate to Mr. Millet's inner consciousness.

It did not.

"Entirely," assented Millet.

The waiter silently appeared at their table. Mr. Strutter looked up with a frown.

"I don't care for anything," said he sternly. "I scarcely think that these gentlemen ——"

A violent kick on the shins stopped him.

"Three of the same," said Flagg peremptorily.

The waiter hesitated. He knew that Mr. Strutter never drank anything but water, and was almost particular about the strength of that. Flagg got up, and, coming near the waiter's ear, said:

"Get Mr. Strutter a glass of hot tea with a bit of lemon and nutmeg in it, to look just like the others;" whereupon the waiter withdrew.

Flagg stooped down as if to pick something from the floor, and as he passed Mr. Strutter's ear he said:

"I ordered hot tea for you," whereupon Mr. Strutter nodded in reluctant assent.

Systematically, then, before this witness, Flagg proceeded to draw from the repentant Millet admission after admission. The waiter brought the two toddies and the tea. The fragrance of the tea passed under Mr. Strutter's nose and over in front of Flagg, and the two toddies were

Brains Rule This World—

Not muscle, but brains governing muscle.

The quality of brain can be improved by the proper selection of food.

A food expert has perfected a brain-building food by preparing certain elements in wheat and barley in the same way that nature would use them to build new brain and nerves. That food is

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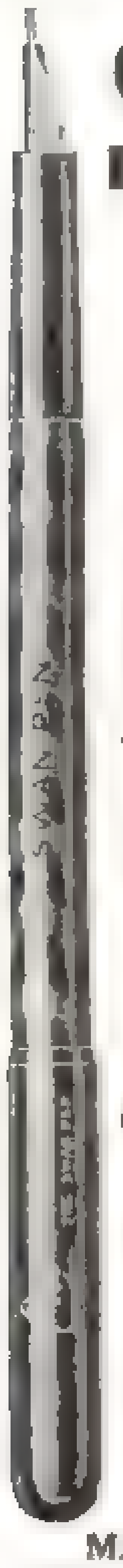

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No clumsy rod arrangement to bother with
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differs from the *best* of the old, comfortable, roomy Morris chairs only in this: It has improved the features that made the Morris chair popular in thousands of homes but *has completely eliminated the bothersome, unsightly rack and rod.* With the Royal you simply push a little button and the chair assumes any one of nine restful positions.

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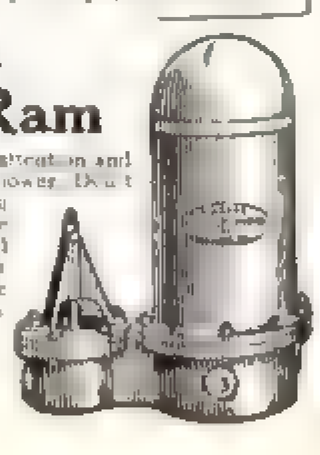


set down in front of Messrs. Strutter and Millet. Flagg, picking up his glass, noticed the mistake immediately and glanced at Strutter with a smile. Mr. Strutter, however, was looking persistently straight ahead. Presently, absorbed in the thrilling conversation, he also absorbed the "tea," and never seemed to notice the difference! He even licked his lips. There came more admissions as Mr. Millet's remorse and repentance grew more and more dramatic. The proprietor passed down the room and looked into that booth. To Flagg he held up one warning finger, and Flagg knew what that meant. His party was to be served with one more drink and that was all. No earthly influence could alter that rule of the house, and Millet still held his hand mechanically on the great document. Flagg considered rapidly. He had emptied Millet of all he knew. He looked into that gentleman's eyes hopefully. Glory be, the sandman was on the way!

Flagg reached out his hand toward the document, but drew it back hastily as Millet looked up.

"Where were you born, Mr. Millet?" he asked.

"Among the green mountains of old New Hampshire," replied Mr. Millet, changing insensibly to sentimental drowsiness. He dabbed his handkerchief to his eyes. Flagg slipped the document an inch or so toward him and waited.

Millet broke into sobs. Mr. Flagg calmly stuffed the document in his pocket and led him unresistingly away. Within ten minutes he had the man sound asleep upstairs in the hotel.

VIII

AIRILY Flagg strolled into the somnolent office of the Courier during the lull that preceded the regular late extra, and went directly to the office of Johnson, lounging in with a dispirited air that told nothing of his inward elation. The dispiritedness went well with his environment. Lanning and Johnson were studying that afternoon's issue of the Blade, in which that paper viewed with horror the madness and utter recklessness of the saffron Courier in making gross and libelous charges against the stainless local government and against a worthy firm of contractors, and hinted at grave consequences to its loathsome contemporary.

From the perusal of this Johnson glanced at Flagg and turned away disconsolately. The thing had gone past the stage for reproaches.

"Well," protested Lanning, drumming up his courage, "this won't make us back water."

"Certainly not," agreed Johnson, grasping at encouragement. "On the first page of our last edition I'm carrying a reiteration of the charges louder than ever; and, after all, I don't see what they can do."

"I do," declared Lanning. "We know what that organization is. By the time they get together and seal up every man's mouth they'll have the wrecking-crew in shape to swear themselves black in the face. But that isn't the worst of it. We're obligated to this campaign, and must go through with it; but how can we do it without more ammunition?"

"Possibly this might help along a little," drawled Flagg, and from his pocket he drew his paper prize.

Johnson unfolded the document slowly and without hope. Then he jumped from his chair and let out such a whoop that Dignity curled up and died on the spot.

"It's a fine little joker you are," he snarled happily to Flagg. "Why aren't you pounding out your copy instead of sitting there grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

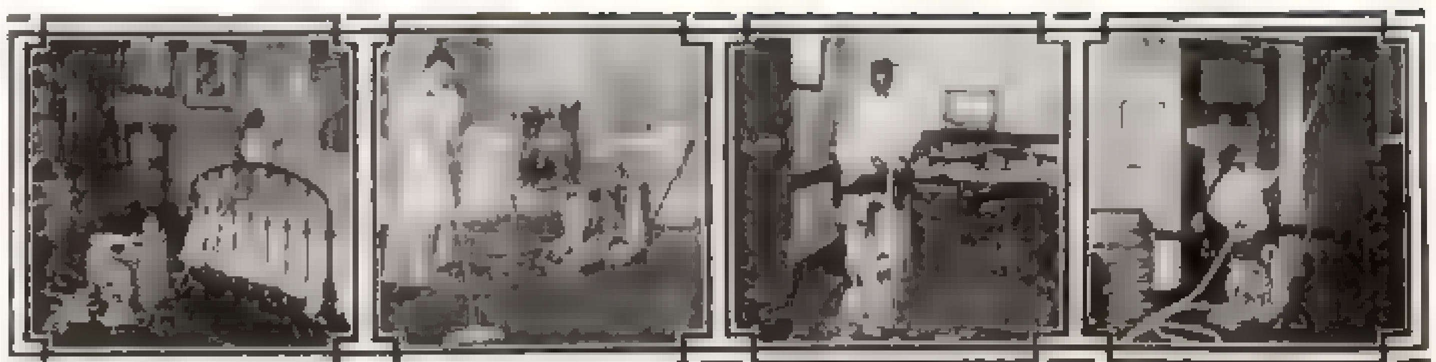
"What is it?" exclaimed Lanning, jumping up in almost equal excitement.

"Oh, nothing," Johnson chortled; "only just a private memorandum of agreement between Dennison and Millet as to the rake-off on the paving contract, that's all," and he dashed for the door.

"Where are you going with it?" asked Lanning. "Let me see it."

"No time," Johnson jerked out. "I'm going to photograph this beautiful document and cover the first page with it, and I'm not going to let it out of my sight until it's locked up in your safety-deposit box."

"I might remark in passing," observed Flagg as he jumped for the typewriter in the corner of Johnson's own room, "that Mr. Millet told me the entire story of his life, including the inside and outside, the



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Do you realize that you never can achieve real cleanliness by broom warfare? That the germ-laden dust is never conquered by brooms—only whirled about in wild flurries and driven into crevices where it breeds disease? Science assures us that not only tuberculosis but also many other diseases are most often contracted by breathing germ-laden dust.

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The sooner they are so cleaned the more you save in expense, in worry, in work and in eliminating the grave dangers of partial cleanliness. You simply cannot afford to put off investigating this method.

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A handy, portable machine easily attached to your electric current—alternating or direct—easily operated by anyone and easily moved from room to room, from floor to floor.

A strong indrawing current of air—suction—does the work. The broom fights and drives the dust, The "INVINCIBLE" consumes it. It cleans everything—rugs, carpets, floors, walls, bureau drawers, beds, bric-à-brac—everything. No particle of dust can escape it.

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plan, elevation and cross-section of the entire paving steal. And who do you suppose was my witness to that confession? Well, who was my witness? Oh, just Daniel Webster Strutter!"

"Strutter!" exclaimed Lanning and Johnson in duet.

"Daniel Webster Strutter, our next mayor. The Courier's own mayor."

Opening his morocco cigarette case Lanning walked solemnly over to the reporter.

"Flagg," said he, "the time has come to recognize your merit and to reward you for your intelligence and industry. Have a cigarette."

Equal satisfaction reigned over in Hanworthy's room at the Hotel Nouveau, where the huge and sphinxlike political organization sat in calm converse with the fat trust. Kelsey, silent, abashed, and feeling much like the prisoner he was, sat in the far corner of the room, but the two large personages sat near the open window with the pleasant evening breeze straying in, on a tabouret between them stood effervescing glasses of something cheering.

"I guess I can go back home in perfect peace," said Hanworthy, "although, to tell you the truth, I was frightened at first. The fireworks are all over now, though."

"Sure," agreed Galway, who preferred speeches of one syllable.

"First," said Hanworthy, ticking off the points on his fingers, "Kelsey is going away, but he will be available to bring back for trial, and he will deny everything from start to finish.

"Second," continued Hanworthy, "you have made Dennison dig down and square up with the boys, and you have your crowd all satisfied."

"Sure," affirmed Galway.

"To the very last man?" persisted Hanworthy.

"Sure," repeated Galway. "I know what I'm doing. I've handled this bunch and others like them for twenty years."

"All right, then," concluded Hanworthy contentedly. "We'll bring a libel suit for twice what the Courier's worth, and will push it through to a finish. We'll put them out of the business," and his little eyes snapped vindictively. "Why, they can't find a loophole in us anywhere."

Through the open windows came the usual renewed outburst of newsboy cries due at this hour. The late extras were just out. Galway listened for a moment complacently.

"Let's see what they've got tonight, anyhow. Kelsey, telephone down for a boy to bring up the late editions of the papers."

"Scarcely any use," objected Hanworthy, looking at his watch. "It's barely twenty minutes till I have to start for the train, and we can get the papers on the way down," but Kelsey had already sprung to the telephone and was ordering them, and it was not worth while to interpose.

Pleasantly chatting, they waited. Kelsey opened the door to let the boy in, and was about to take the papers from him when he caught the flaming headlines of the Courier. He stifled an involuntary exclamation, and quietly slipped out in search of the same balm that Millet had so disastrously sought. Galway reached out for the papers and dropped a quarter in the palm of the boy. Still holding the Courier and the Blade in his hand without looking at them, he finished what he had been saying. He glanced presently at the Courier and his jaw dropped; then he, the mighty Galway, he, the phlegmatic, he, the solid rock of unemotionalism, slammed the papers upon the floor, and, his face turning suddenly purple with rage, while the sinister scar upon his left eye turned livid, with a ferocious oath struck his big fist upon the tabouret such a blow that the glasses bounded off and lay broken upon the floor.

Startled, Hanworthy stooped over, but he did not need to pick up the paper. There it lay, flat out, confronting him, the Courier's mocking answer to their belief that there had been no loophole; the Courier's decisive blow at the paving steal; the Courier's certain start toward the renovation of municipal politics; the beginning of the Courier's emancipation from the thrall of being "the opposition paper," and the whole ghastly story, to these men, was told in the one striking line:

MILLET CONFESSES!

Editor's Note — This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Chester dealing with municipal reform and the war of two newspapers.

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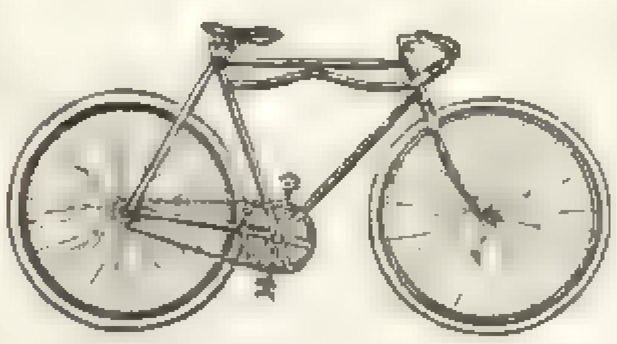

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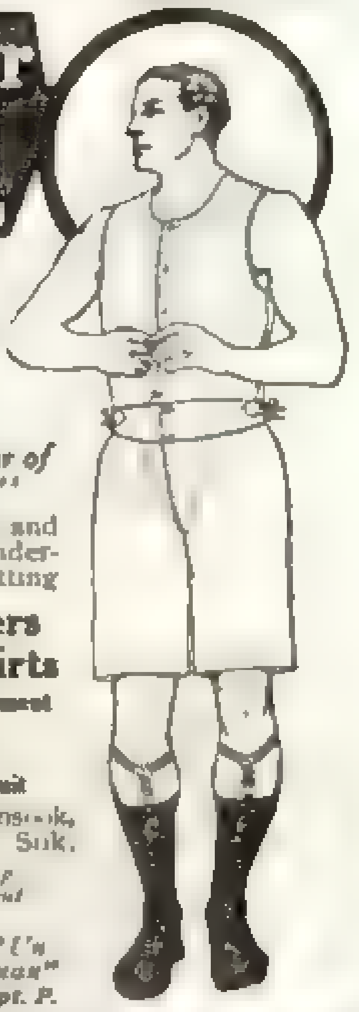

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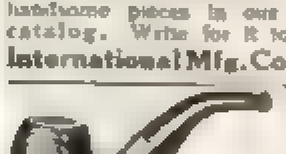

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THE NET AND THE QUARRY

(Concluded from Page 11)

And they did it. I don't know how it was managed—I understand very little about such manipulations—but I saw S. R. P. stock quotations go up day after day until they reached one hundred and ninety. Pritchard covered his shorts as long as he could buy any shares to do it with, and then he squealed, begging for an interview with the trio in order to come to a settlement.

"He shed tears over it," Barker told me afterward; "he begged us to let him down easy, and swore it would break him to settle at one hundred and ninety. But he lies like a tombstone. It'll lame him, of course, but he's got big resources yet. Drown hammered him, told him that at one hundred and ninety-two he would regain just the eighty thousand dollars which Pritchard had done him out of in bookcase stock, and swore he would not settle for one cent less. So the old rogue had to come down. He's lost all his power stock, and coughed up nearly two hundred and forty thousand dollars to settle his shorts. Isn't that grinding pretty fine?"

"It surely is!" I agreed wonderingly.

"Now, here's your portion, old man—two hundred and fifty shares of Power Company stock. If you'd rather have cash you can have one hundred and fifty for them, but I wouldn't sell if I were you. It's a fine investment—fine!"

"I'll think it over," I said slowly. My brain was in a whirl.

"There's a little more yet," chuckled Barker. "Pritchard threw in his resignation as president with his checks. I think that hurt him worse than anything—and I am to be the new man."

I held out my hand mechanically, and he grasped it heartily.

"We want a superintendent of construction up there. We're going to develop pretty extensively, and you're the man for the job. Salary, thirty-six hundred dollars to start. Is it a go?"

"Sure it is!" I responded, still in a dream.

"Good enough! And one thing more, Jack. That young chap, Boyce; he's been acting white up there at that mill, and I'd like to boost him along. When you get up to the plant put him on to a job and watch him. Start him on a fair salary; few men will swap hard work, long, for prospects. Now run in and tell your wife. You're awake, only you don't think so!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last story of a series by Mr. Stratton relating the financial experiences of John Marvin.

"PRACTICAL" SOCIALISM

(Concluded from Page 9)

Confiscation by Taxation

PERSONALLY, I'd use the power of taxation—to the limit of confiscation, if you please—to change the ownership of wealth from private to public. That is the inherent right of the Government. If you remember, Benjamin Franklin said something like this: "The individual is responsible to society to the limit of his last farthing." When, in war time, the Government did not want private banks, it taxed them out of existence by taxing their currency. Unlimited power of taxation rests with the Government. Naturally, under this plan we would tax first those things which are natural public monopolies, like railroads and telegraph companies. In the case of the telegraph companies, for example, we would put on them a tax too high for profit—instituting rival lines, run free of taxation, if necessary. When they got ready to give up the fight we'd appraise their value by a partial board of appraisers—partial to the public. The taxing power of the Government is right here now. It would not require even a constitutional amendment.

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Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top

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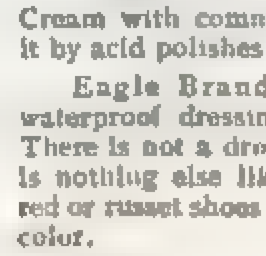

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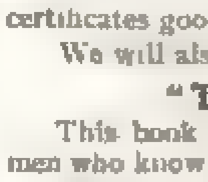

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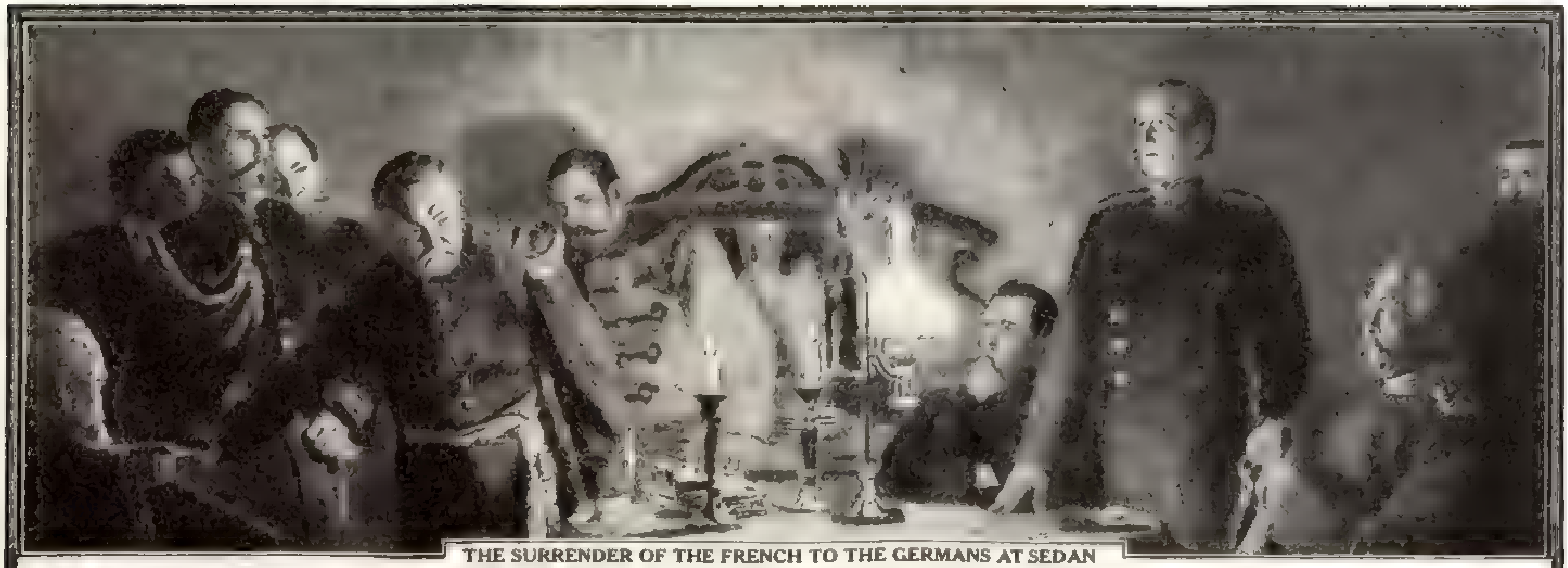

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Their presence is a positive guarantee against the shabby shoe appearance caused by brassy eyelets. All really high grade shoes should have them. This matter of eyelets is well worth remembering when you purchase shoes.

Ask your dealer about them or send for descriptive booklet

United Fast Color Eyelet Company
Boston, Mass.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

YOUR MUSICAL FRIEND
KNOWS that Chiclets keep the throat clear and moist

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

Williams' Shaving Stick
Nickeled Box—Hinged Top

The fashions in beards may change, but the creamy, refreshing lather of Williams' Shaving Stick is always the same.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your dealer does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for [illegible]

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

GOOSIE

Continued from Page 5

"You should—er—you should consult—a specialist, Mr. Sims. Don't you know—your shoulders, your back—you should consult a spine-specialist, Mr. Sims."

"Oh, that's all right," said Charles-Norton easily. "Don't worry." And thus he had sent the baffled old gentleman back to his high stool.

And then came Dolly's day.

"Dolly! Dolly! Dolly!"

It was morning, before breakfast. Charles-Norton was in the bedroom; Dolly was setting the table in the living-room. She paused and stood very still, while a little knowing smile parted her lips.

"Dolly! Dolly! Dolly!" Again came the call—unmistakable music to Dolly's ear. She tiptoed to the door. From within sounded a threshing noise, as of a whale caught in shallows. "Yes. What is it?" she called back melodiously, mastering her desire to rush in.

"Come here, Dolly," said the male voice. "Come here."

"I'm coming," said Dolly, and went in with a slightly-bored expression.

"Help me, Dolly," said the perspiring and beruffled gentleman within. "I can't—can't—get my coat on."

"Why, Goosie, of course I'll help you."

But the help, although almost sincere, was powerless.

The coat would not go on. The sleeves rose to the elbows smoothly, half-way to the shoulders with more effort—but there they stuck, refusing to slide over the top of the shoulders. On each side of the spine, here, almost cracking the shirt, a protuberance bulged which the coat could not leap.

He stood there puffing, his hair mussed up, his eyes wrathful. "Well," he growled at length, "why don't you go get your scissors?"

"Shall I?" she said doubtfully—and immediately bounced out like a little rabbit. "Take off your shirt, Goosie," she said, returning with the gleaming instrument, now symbolical of her superior common-sense.

She aided him. She took off his collar and tie, unfastened the buttons, and then she was tugging at the shirt. It slid down, uncovering the shoulders. There was a dry, crackling sound, as of a fan stretched open—and Dolly sat down on the floor. "Oh-oh-oh!" she cried out. "Goo-oo-oosie-ie!"

He stood there, looking out of the corner of his eye at his reflection in the mirror, red-faced and very much abashed. For with the slipping of the shirt on each of his shoulders there had sprung, with the movement of a released jack-in-the-box, two vibrant, white things.

Two gleaming, lustrous, white things that were——

"They're wings!" said Dolly, still on the floor. *"They are wings!"* she repeated, in the tone of one saying, *He is dead.* "Now, Goosie, you *have* done it!"

But a change had come in Charles-Norton. The blush had left his brow, the foolish expression his face; he was pivoting before the mirror like a woman with a new bonnet.

"I *like* them," he said.

And then: "Just look at them, Dolly! Just look at the curve of them! Isn't it a beautiful curve? And the whiteness of them, Dolly—like a baby's soul. And how downy—soft, like you, Dolly! Look at them gleam! And they move, Dolly, they move! Dolly, oh, look!"

The wings were gently breathing; their slender tips struck his waist at each oscillation. The movement quickened, became a beat, a rapid palpitation. A soft, whirring sound filled the room; the newspaper on the bed, dislodged, eddied to the floor; the wings were a mere white blur. Suddenly Charles-Norton's feet left the floor, and he rose slowly into the air. "Look, look, Dolly!" he cried as he went up, hovering above her uptilted nose and her wide eyes, as she sat there, paralyzed, upon the floor; "Dolly, look!"

The humming sound took a higher note; a picture crashed down; the room was a small cyclone.

"Dolly, watch me! Look!"

And with a sudden leap Charles-Norton slanted up toward the ceiling and lit, seated, on the edge of the shelf that went

Ever-Ready Safety Razor
With 12 Blades
$1 Complete

LOOK FOR TRADE MARK FACE

The "Ever-Ready" Safety Razor Outfit complete with 12 [illegible] guaranteed "Ever-Ready" Blades. "Ever-Ready" frame, which will last a lifetime—nickeled handle and blade stropper, all attractively cased $1

The "Ever-Ready" is the original Dollar Safety Razor. It is guaranteed the best shaves at any price. To escape disappointment from imitations don't ask for a dollar razor, but name the "Ever-Ready."

Go to your nearest hardware—cutlery—sporting goods store—druggist or general store, and buy the complete **"Ever-Ready"** 12 Bladed Safety Razor for $1.00. Take it home—shave with the **Ever-Ready** and then decide if you would rather have your dollar back or keep the razor.

Nearly two million **"Ever-Ready"** 12 Bladed Safety Razors are giving delightfully smooth—clean—keen shaves to their users daily. It removes your beard in a couple of minutes without possibility of cutting or scratching your face.

No other blade is the same as the **"Ever-Ready"**—no other blade is as economical in use and costs as little. No other blade is protected in individual packages like the **"Ever-Ready"** Blade. Factory perfection till the day you use it—no exposure—no dullness—but clean—keen and sanitary. Look for the "Ever-Ready face" and the name **"Ever-Ready"**—count the 12 Blades in each box and you'll avoid an imitation.

You can buy EXTRA **"Ever-Ready"** BLADES at your dealer's, or he will get them for you—10 for 50c. You can strop **"Ever-Ready"** blades or exchange 10 dull ones for 10 new ones upon payment of 35c. *Ask any local dealer.*

Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00

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Extra Ever-Ready Blades 10 for 50¢

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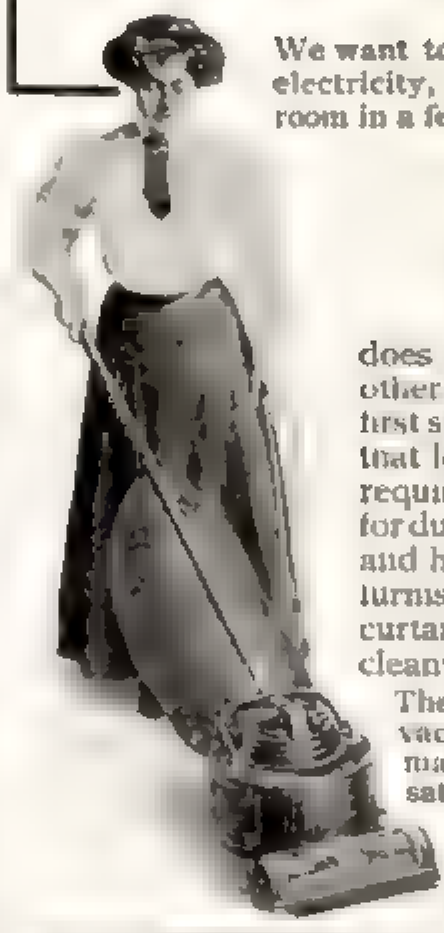
We want to send this machine to every housekeeper in America who uses electricity, that she may prove for herself that it will thoroughly clean any room in a few minutes. All we ask is that you send your name and address.

The Hoover
Electric Suction Sweeper

does everything any vacuum cleaning system does, but unlike all other systems, it is not necessary with the Electric Suction Sweeper to first sweep the floor with a broom to remove pins, match-sticks, etc., that lodge in the pipes and stop them up. Nine-tenths of the work required from a cleaning machine is on the floor. There is little need for dusting when you use the Electric Suction Sweeper—it takes up and holds the dust without scattering it about the room. Yet we furnish attachments, at small extra cost, that do clean portieres, curtains, furniture and bed clothes. The work of spring house-cleaning becomes a pleasure with the Electric Suction Sweeper.

The Electric Suction Sweeper sells for considerably less than other good vacuum systems, and costs but a little more than a good range, sewing machine or other household convenience that would not give as much satisfaction. If you would like to try this machine at our expense—we pay express charges and make delivery to your home—send name and address today to

Electric Suction Sweeper Co., Dept. 25, New Berlin, O.



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Factory Prices *Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you* write for our large **Art Catalog** and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. **We Sell** cheaper than any other factory.

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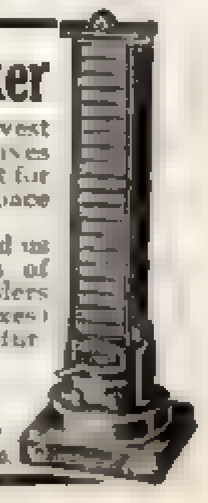

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is clean, sanitary and comfortable beyond compare.

It is not stuffed into the tick like dirty horse-hair, which lumps and bumps and sags and bags in a month.

It is built of clean, springy OSTERMOOR SHEETS, hand laid in the tick and will hold its shape forever.

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A Country Home! $98 a Summer

Own your country home—don't rent it. For $980 you can buy this comfortable, six-room cottage—a cottage you couldn't rent under $100 a season. But you really get it for $98 a summer, for every **Springfield Portable Cottage** is guaranteed for 10 years. And with any reasonable care, it will last as long as any other house.

Go Where You Will

But aside from the economy, think of the convenience of owning your summer cottage! [illegible] You can enjoy the pleasures [illegible] the free outdoor life [illegible] your year round home. You can go where you [illegible] You can go where you couldn't find a good hotel. And always live in your own **home**.

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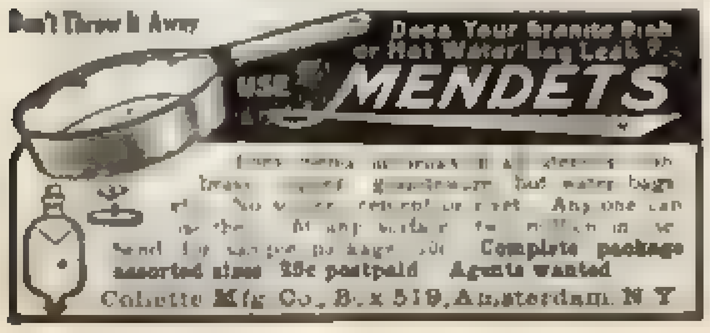
The Springfield Portable House Co., 540 Allen St., Springfield, Mass.

Don't Throw It Away

Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE MENDETS



[illegible] mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface [illegible]. Send for sample package, 10c. **Complete package assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.**

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 519, Amsterdam, N. Y.

along the four walls. "Look!" he said, with triumph, balancing smilingly on his perch.

But immediately his expression changed to one of concern, and he sprang down quickly and quietly. Dolly was now stretched full-length along the carpet; her face was in her arms. He turned her to the light. Her eyes were closed.

Dolly had fainted.

VI

A HUSBAND who has a wife that faints is in the grasp of the great It.

Full of fear, pity, remorse and self-hatred, Charles-Norton danced about helplessly for several minutes, sprinkling water upon Dolly's brow (much of it went down her neck); trying to pour whisky between her pearly teeth, calling himself names; chafing her hands, promising to be good, to do always what she wanted; loosening her garments; proclaiming the fact that he was a brute, she an angel—while the wings, loose down his back, flapped after him in long, mournful gestures. And when, finally, from the couch upon which he had dragged her, Dolly opened on him her eyes, humid as twin stars at dawn, he placed her little scissors in her hand, and with head bowed low in ecstatic self-renunciation, bade her do her duty.

The little scissors could not do it this time, though. It took the shears.

After which there was a mingling of tears, murmurings, embraces; and Dolly said that the bad, bad times were all over now; and he agreed that they could never come again; and she said they would be happy ever afterward; and he agreed they should be happy always. Then Dolly, still a bit languid, in a voice still a bit doleful, drove him off to the office, where he arrived very late, and had to pass the gauntlet of his chief's frigid ignoring of the dereliction.

When Charles-Norton had gone, Dolly suddenly sat up with a click of small heels upon the floor. She remained thus some time, a frown between her eyes. She was not triumphant; she was worried. She seemed to recognize danger; her transparent little nostrils dilated to the smell of powder and, plainly, you could see her steel her being. After a while she nodded to herself, curtly and very decidedly, and went on about her work.

She met Charles-Norton at the door when he returned in the evening. He was somewhat limp after a day of *mea culpa;* and she, a quarter of an hour before the time for his reappearance, had powdered her nose—which she knew gave her an expression half amusing, half piteous, just like that of the clown who is playing his tricks at the circus while his little daughter is dying at home. "Hello, Goosie," she said breathlessly (also she had rubbed a trace of rouge under her eyes); "hello, just in time for dinner! Made a fine chocolate cake. Poor dear, you look so tired!"

And after supper, which in spite of Dolly's very ostensible effort at exuberance was rather silent, for Charles-Norton, with a man's detestation of scenes, still felt somewhat embarrassed at the happenings of the morning, she drew up the Morris chair to the lamp, sat Charles-Norton in it and filled his pipe for him. When thus "fixed up comfy," he felt a soft breath upon his neck, and two little hands at his necktie. Off came tie and collar, and then the coat, and then the shirt, and then—zip-zip.

"Say, Dolly," he remonstrated mildly, "couldn't you wait till morning?"

"There," she said; "it's almost all done. Just a wee bit more here. There! Now, here is a kiss! It didn't hurt, Goosie, did it?"

And Charles-Norton had to concede that it did not hurt. How could he have explained the subtle feeling within him, that sort of swooping descent of his inwards that came with his shearings, and the dullness of all things which always followed?

"No, it didn't hurt," he repeated. But a vague dissatisfaction like a yeast stirred within him, and a flicker—beaten down immediately, it is true, trampled, smothered—of revolt.

Calmly, coolly, efficiently, though, Dolly had taken the upper hand. The next morning she sent him sheared to the office; she sent him sheared the same night to bed.

And thus, day after day, for many days. Every morning Charles-Norton went out to his work full of emptiness (if that phrase is permissible), empty of heart, empty of mind, without a desire, without an anger,

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You can have this valuable booklet sent to you without cost by simply writing to us giving name and address and telling us where you saw this advertisement. The booklet gives full instruction as to proper care of shoes so that they will wear twice as long and always look fresh and new. We give away these booklets both by mail and through shoe dealers who handle our new shoe dressing. It is one of our ways of advertising the new shoe polish

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The Best Shoe Polish

It is made of oil, wax and a little dye and therefore every bit of it does the leather good. It takes a high polish with only three or four rubs of a dry cloth.

There is less work to shine shoes with "DOUBLE A-A ONE" than to put them on. While made particularly for women's and children's shoes it is equally good for men's.

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This illustration is used to call your special attention to the distinctive features of the famous

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Some men do not wear union suits because they imagine they would not like them; others have tried the "Makeshift" sort that do not satisfy anyone, not even the maker.

Superior Union Suits have been successfully made for years by mills that made nothing but men's union underwear.

Notice the construction of the cuffs; they will not roll up or become "bell-shaped." See the patent yoke; it prevents sagging of the sleeves or body of the garment. Notice the broad lap in the back; it is "the lap without the gap;" it positively stays closed without buttons or other device. The crotch does not spread in any event; it is "the crotch that covers."

The buttons are of best quality, good size and sewed on to stay. The buttonholes are made for service. The sizing of ***Superior*** underwear makes it perfect fitting. One wearer of ***Superior Union Suits*** says, "They fit almost as well as the skin, and often feel better."

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A Suit of full Blouse and Knickerbockers

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Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, send us $1, stating color and material desired with age of boy, and we will mail a suit to your address. If not satisfactory we will return your money. This is the biggest dollar's worth ever offered in boys' garments.

[illegible] of wash and play suits for boys mailed free.

Fred'k H. Sprague Co., 64 Main Street, ORANGE, MASS.

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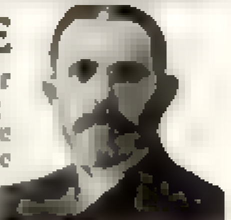

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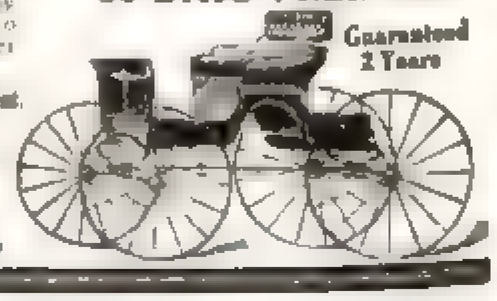

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BIG PAY SHORT HOURS

ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL
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The warm June days had come; he had changed his underwear. He felt the season only as a discomfort. The emerald explosions visible at the end of each street as the L train passed along Central Park did not stir him; the tepid airs drifting lazily from the sea, the fragrant whiffs from the depths of the germinating land, passed over him as though he were made of asbestos. An insulation was about him, removing him from all things that thrill, all things that distend; there was no color, no vibration in the world; iridescences had ceased; the chamber of his soul had been painted a dull drab.

He had regained, though, the esteem of his fellows. The subtle and unerring instinct, which had made them suspicious in the days of his misfortune, now in the same inexplicable way told them that he was normal again. They looked at him no longer askance. In fact they did not look at him at all. They accepted him without question in crush of street and L; gave him his rightful space (nine inches and a half in diameter); trod on his feet only when forced to (by the impulse to obtain a more comfortable position); poked their elbows into his stomach only when necessary (that is, when they had to get out or in ahead of him); and on the whole surrounded him with that indifference which at the bottom is a sort of regard, which means that one conforms, that one's derby, sack-suit, socks and shoes, habits, ideas, morals and religion are just exactly like the derbies, sack-suits, socks and shoes, habits, ideas, morals and religion of every one else, and hence right. At the office he had regained the appreciation of his chiefs; his salary had been raised to twenty-two dollars and a half a week and his working hours from eight to nine hours. His home life was the standard ideal one. That is, he got up at the same time every morning, left punctually at the same hour, took the L, arrived at the office on the minute, worked with his nose close to the ruled pages steadily, without a distraction, till twelve-thirty, had his macaroon tart and cup of coffee at Konrad's Bakery, smoked his five-cent cigar in the near-by square till one-thirty, worked again till five-thirty, returned home on the L, pressed tight like a lamb on the way to the packing-house, had a cozy little dinner upon which Dolly had spent all of her ingenuity, smoked his pipe in the Morris chair, and then read the paper till the sudden contact of his chin with his chest and Dolly's amused warning sent him off to bed. A very moral, regular, exemplary existence. Dolly was very happy.

And then, just as this couple could see the track clear ahead, stretching smooth and nickel-plated to infinity, an ugly complication began to worm itself into the serenity of their lives.

This complication arose from the fact that the suppressed wings of Charles-Norton began to grow faster. Each day, now, Charles-Norton, returning home, brought with him to Dolly a task more serious and considerable. She had long ago discarded the little scissors and used special shears made for cutting heavy cardboard; and she finished off with a safety razor.

The result of this increase in the rate of winged growth was that, whereas Charles-Norton every morning left home placid and docile, his character gradually changed during the day. Starting at his work in the spirit of a blind horse at the mill, by ten o'clock he was apt to find himself penholder in mouth, eyes up in the air. By eleven o'clock the cage had become very stuffy; spasmodic intakes swelled his chest, ghost longings stirred within him. When he got out at twelve-thirty the sun seemed to pour right through his skin into the drab chamber of his soul, gilding it. He hurried over his macaroon tart and cup of coffee, and then had three-quarters of an hour left to idle in the square.

He prepared for this gravely, as for a ceremony; first by buying a Pippin—a slender, light-brown Pippin, scientifically sprinkled with golden freckles, for five cents. (A daily Pippin was a recognized item of the family budget; at one time Charles-Norton had carried his pipe with him, but Dolly, noticing the doubtful fragrance given by said pipe to the clothes of Charles-Norton, had insisted upon the extravagance of the daily Pippin.) Having bought the Pippin, Charles-Norton did not light it right away. Oh, no. He ambled first to the square. He selected his bench carefully—one upon which the

PREPOSSESSING, comfortable and above all distinctively stylish is the TREMONT, an

ARROW COLLAR

15 cents—2 for 25c.

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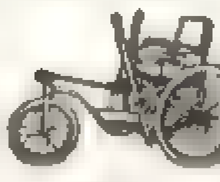
and
Chairs for Invalids



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Perfect Breakfast and Dessert Health Cereals
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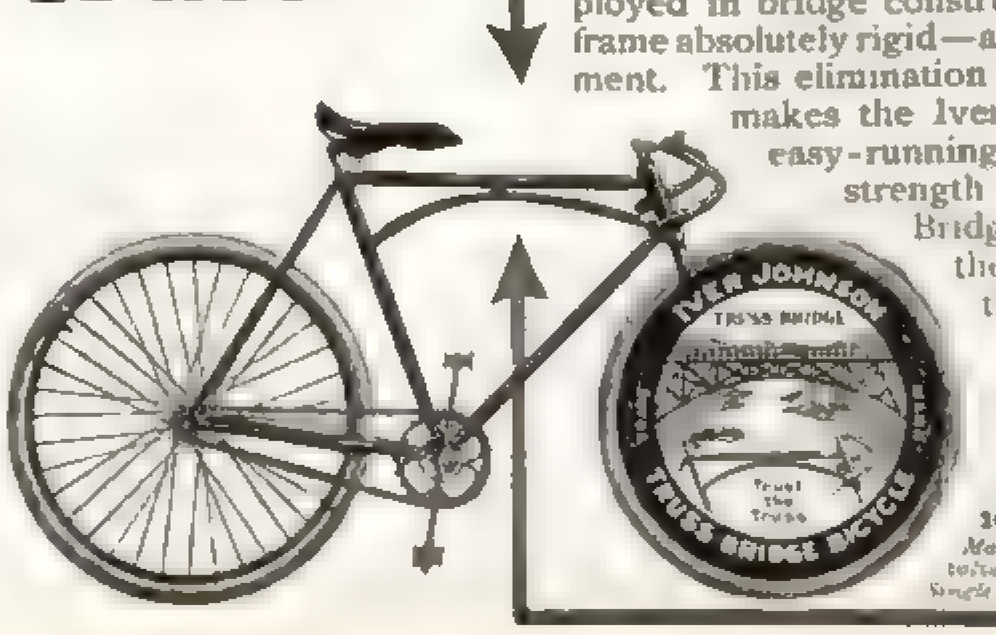

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Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ("Hammer the Hammer") and Single Barrel Shotguns

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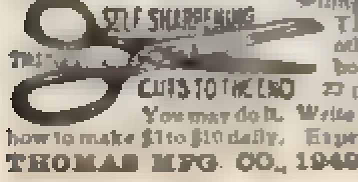

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sun shone, but shone with a light filtered by the leaves of a low-branching elm. He sat down; he stretched his legs straight before him. Then slowly, with deliberation of movement, he scratched a match. He brought the spluttering end near his nose. The Pippin began to send forth effluvia, an exquisite vapor faintly-blue. Charles-Norton half closed his eyes; his soul began to purr.

Before him a fountain plashed; about the fountain were red blossoms; the elms rustled gently against the blue sky; through the delicate lace of their leaves the sun eddied down like a very light pollen; and all this, through the Pippin's exquisite atmosphere, was enveloped and smoothed and glazed into a picture a slightly hazy dream-picture. Charles-Norton stretched his legs still more; his shoulders rose along the sides of his head. He was as at the bottom of the sea—a warm and very quiet summer sea. Down through its golden-dusty waters a streak of sun polished like a rapier diagonaled, striking him on the breast; and to its vivifying burn he felt within him his heart expand, as though it would bloom, like the red flowers about the fountain.

Upon the other benches sprawled some of the city's derelicts. The sun was upon them also; they stirred uneasily to its caress, with sighs and groans, their warped bodies, petrified with the winter's long cold, distending slowly in pain. Pale children, in their buggies, slept with mouths open, gasping like little fish; some played upon the asphalt.

Charles-Norton, by this time, was apt to be far away; far in another land. He lay upon his back and watched a hawk on high.

The sparrows usually brought him back. They played about his feet; they chirped, hopped and tattled; they peered sideways at him and gave him jerky nods of greeting. At times, one of them to a sudden inspiration sprang into the air; with a whir he flashed up to the top of a tree. To the movement, something within Charles-Norton leaped to his throat.

Across the park, gaunt behind the trees, rose the tall steel frame of a new building; and away up at the top of it (which was higher every day) a working-man, sitting on a girder, ate his lunch. Charles-Norton liked this man; a current of comradeship always ran from him to the little figure silhouetted up against the blue. He should have liked to eat his lunch up there, side by side with this man, his legs swinging next to his, with the void beneath. And then, he thought, after lunching he would like to stand erect, away up there, at the tip edge of one of the projecting beams; to stand there a bit and then spring off; spring off lightly and whiz down; down, down, down with outspread arms.

Which was a foolish thought for a man who worked in a cage to dream! Very foolish, even if the cage were of glass. Just about that time the Pippin went out in a black smoulder, and from a near-by church, hidden between great skyscrapers, a big ding-dong bell proclaimed the resonant fact that it was half-past one.

He returned to the office. Every afternoon, now, was a tingling trial. He worked with head down, sweating with repression. An obsession tormented him. He wanted to walk out of his glass cage. Out—not through the door, but through the glass. Not gently, like Alice going into Wonderland, but with ostentation and violence, with a heralding crash of shattered panes, scandalously. Out of his cage, into the next; out of that, into the next; from one end of the big room, in fact, to the other, crashingly through cage after cage—and then out through the plate front. Half-past five finally freed him; and taking his place in a packed herring-box on wheels, he was rolled back to Dolly—and the shearing.

Thus, for a while, did the young people live securely on a clown's tissue-paper hoop. Then one evening, just as Charles-Norton, after successfully resisting all day his anarchistic glass-smashing impulse, was watching the hands of the clock approach the minute that was to free him, his chief, raising his bald head at the end of his long, thin neck, said casually: "We work all night tonight, you know, Mr. Sims."

VII

"WE WORK all night tonight, Mr. Sims."

It is always with just such a sentence, offhand, unassuming and seemingly empty, that Mr. Catastrophe introduces himself.

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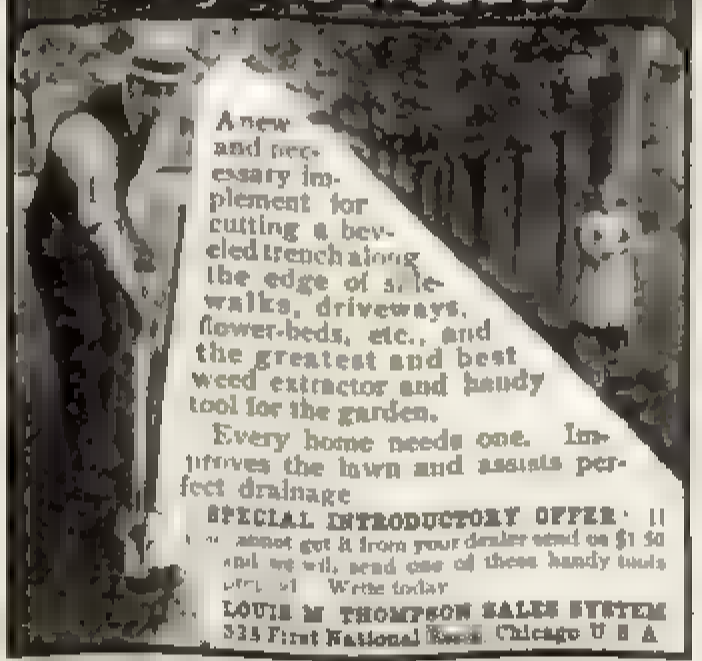

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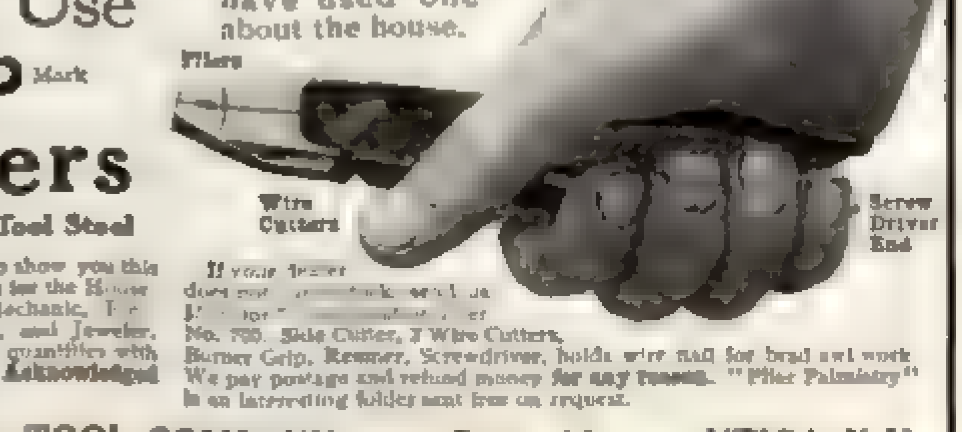

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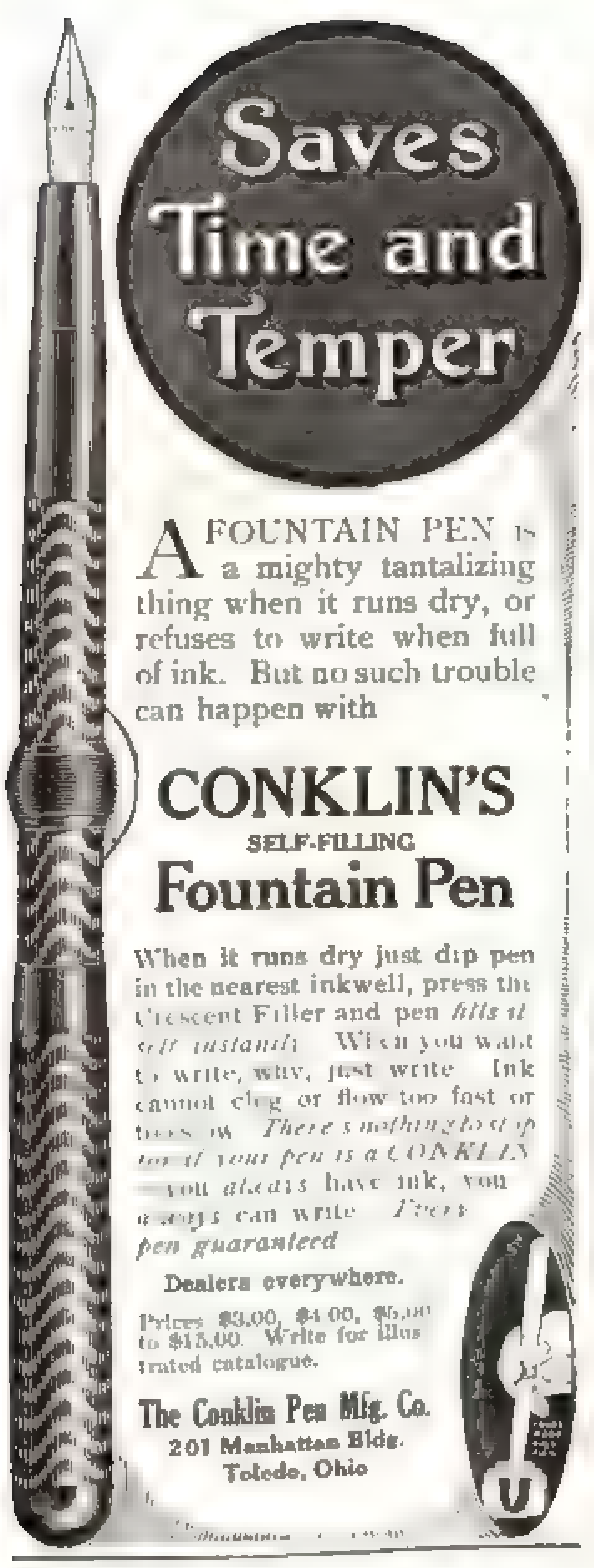
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Write for free catalogue 11
G & J TIRE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Yes?" said Charles-Norton, adjusting his necktie and looking at the calendar.

He was not surprised, for this happened twice a year. Twice a year, on a day in December and a day in June, a part of the force worked all night to prepare a statistical table for the benefit of the stockholders.

He telephoned to Dolly. Her voice came to him over the wire in a scared little squeak. "Oh, Goosie," she pleaded; "come up before starting in again. I'll let you go off right away. But please come up, please do!"

"Can't," shouted Charles-Norton. "We are allowed only an hour for dinner, and it would take more than that just to go up and back."

"They won't care if you are a little late," suggested Dolly.

"No, can't come up," said Charles-Norton, astonished at his own firmness (it is much easier to be firm over a telephone, anyway). "There's too much to do. I'll be up in the morning, maybe."

"But, Goo-oo-sie!——"

"Nope. Can't. Good-by, dearie," said Charles-Norton, and hung up the receiver, and with a bad conscience and a soaring heart went off to dinner. No shearing tonight—Gee! He ordered a dinner which made the red-headed waitress gasp. "Guess you must have got a raise," she said.

"No, not a raise, not a raise," hummed Charles-Norton. "Skip now; I'm hungry."

The night was a long and toilsome one, but an inexhaustible bubble was at the pit of Charles-Norton's being; gradually through the night he felt beneath his coat his shoulders deliciously swelling. And when, in the morning, he stepped out upon the sidewalk, a cry left his lips.

It had showered during the night, and to the rising sun the whole city was glowing as with a golden dew. The air was fresh; Charles-Norton gulped it down. He felt as though a broad river were streaming through him—a clear, cool river. Suddenly, his heels snapped together, his head went back, his hands rose to his armpits and his arms began to vibrate up and down. A policeman came running across the street. "Say, wot de 'ell are you doing?" he bellowed, red-faced and outraged.

"I'm going to breakfast," answered Charles-Norton cockily.

He went into the bakery, his hat atilt, with the air of a conqueror. For he had decided not to go up to the flat, but to breakfast right here and to spend an hour in the square before going back to the glass cage at nine. His chest pouted; his eyes glistened; wine ran in his veins. He ordered ham-and-eggs and hot cakes. An orgy!

He was eating fast, in a hurry for the Pippin and the loll on the bench, when he felt some one sit down by him. There was a pause; then: "Hello, Chicken!" piped a thin voice in his ear.

"Hello, Pinny," answered Charles-Norton, even before looking. He had recognized the voice of the pale youth whom he had insulted on the L a few weeks before, and whom he had placated finally right here in the bakery.

"S'pose you're a millionaire by this time, Chicken," said the youth jocularly.

"Sure—Sure, Pinny," answered Charles-Norton.

"But really, honest, did yuh win anything?" went on Pinny more seriously.

"Win?" Suddenly Charles-Norton remembered the lottery ticket that he had bought. He had forgotten it completely. "The drawings was three days ago," Pinny was saying. "Got 'em here;" and out of his pocket he drew a soiled newspaper clipping.

Charles-Norton also was searching his pockets with much contortion; and it was some time before his hand flashed out triumphantly with a piece of dog-eared, yellow cardboard. "Wot's your number?" asked Pinny.

"19897," Charles-Norton read.

Pinny was perusing the clipping in his hand. "Wot did you say?" he piped suddenly. "Wot's the number?"

"19897," repeated Charles-Norton.

The pale youth seemed to collapse. His chin went forward on his green tie, his back slid down the back of his chair, his hands dropped limp upon the table. "Well, I'll be eternally dod-gum-good-blasted!" he said weakly.

"You've done it," he went on solemnly; "you've gone and done it." He looked at

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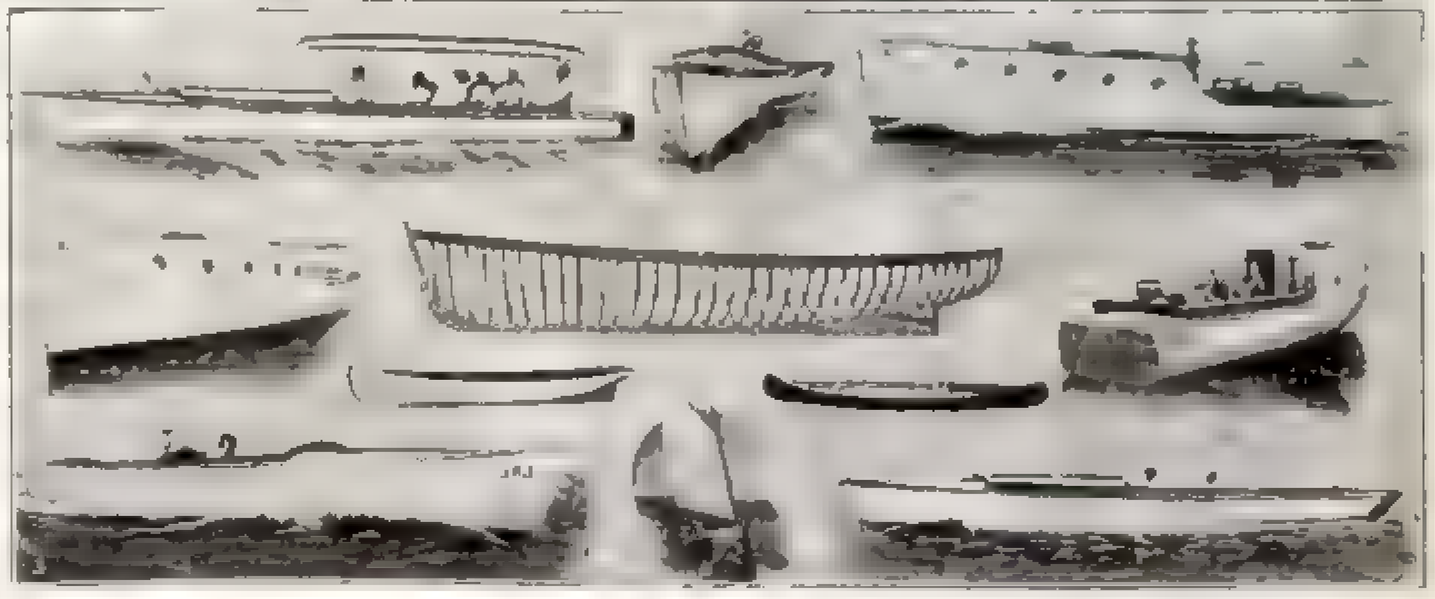
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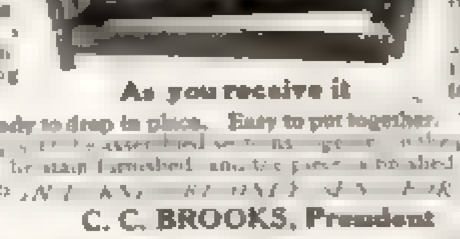
I can supply you with the frame work for your boat shaped and machined, every piece fitted [illegible] [illegible] Figure it **out yourself.** Knock-down frames with patterns and instructions from $5.00 up.



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But the book tells, also, scores of things which everyone should know. You will never forget it.

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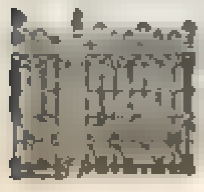

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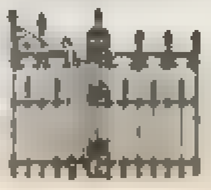


his clipping again. "Lemme see your ticket," he said. He placed the ticket and the clipping side by side; his stubby, black-fringed finger slid from one to the other.

"You've done it, partner," he repeated, with the same funereal intoning. "Nineteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven! And I've held that ticket in my hands, right in these hands! Eight hundred dollars! Nineteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven wins eight hundred dollars!"—his tongue lingered, as if it tasted it, upon each opulent number—"Eight hundred dollars; that's what you win. And all owing to me, too."

Charles-Norton had forgotten his ham-and-eggs. He took the ticket and the clipping from Pinny's nerveless fingers and compared them. 19897! That was right. He had won eight hundred dollars. "Where do you cash in?" he exclaimed with a sudden ferocity.

"I'll take yuh to it," murmured Pinny, still in a daze. "Gee—and I had that ticket in this here pair of hands. I'll take yuh to it. It's downtown. No trouble getting the money. You'll treat on it, eh? You'll treat, won't yuh?"

His sharp face was almost beneath Charles-Norton's chin; his pale eyes rolled upward wistfully. A sudden gust of pity went through Charles-Norton. "Surely," he said. "Better than that: we'll share." He paused, coughed. A wave of prudence was modifying his impulse—the prudence that inevitably comes with wealth. "I'll give you—I'll give you twenty-five dollars!" he announced.

"Come on!" said Pinny; "come on—we're losing time, eating in this joint. Say, you'll have all you want to eat now, won't yuh?—oysters and wine and grape-fruit and everything?" And his eyes remained fixed on the vision of splendor, of the splendor of Charles-Norton, missed so narrowly by himself.

Together they went down to the offices of the Little Texas, where after having been warmly congratulated by an oily man with a diamond stud, and after signing seven feet of documents and testimonials, Charles-Norton was given a long, yellow check which was forthwith photographed, as was also Charles-Norton. Then the fat, oily man, the clerk who had prepared the documents, Pinny and Charles-Norton went downstairs and, standing up against a polished walnut counter, drank to the long life of the Little Texas and to the success of Charles-Norton. After which the courteous oily man introduced Charles-Norton to the cashier of a bank where Charles-Norton deposited his check, receiving in return a little yellow deposit-book, and a long green checkbook.

With Pinny, Charles-Norton rode back toward the office.

They stopped at the square and stood a while watching the fountain, each a bit uncertain. Finally Pinny put out his hand. "Well, so-long, old man," he said; "so-long."

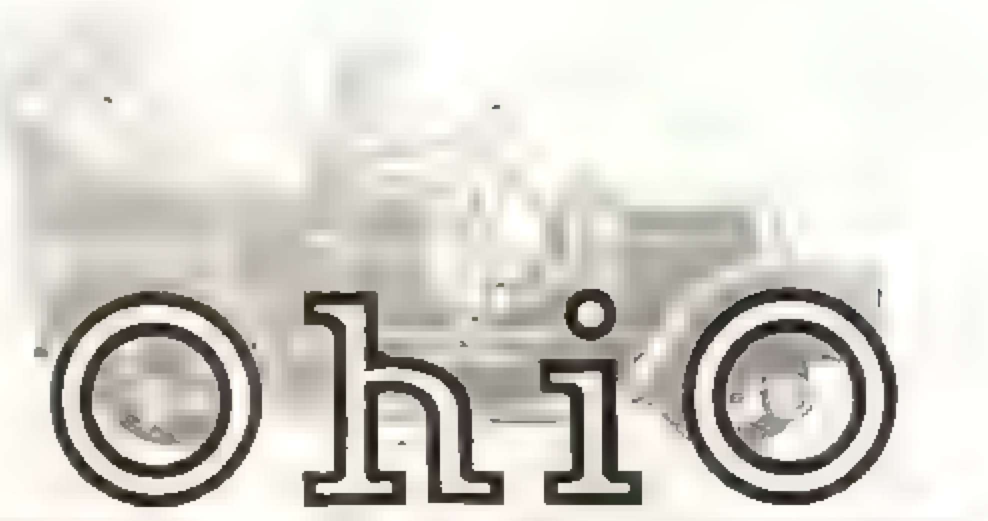
"So-long," said Charles-Norton indecisively.

But Pinny still stood there, abashed and uncertain. "You was going to—but you've changed yer mind, I suppose; I suppose you've changed yer mind—you was going to ——" His eyes were on the ground; he shuffled one foot gently. "You was going to ——"

"Oh, of course!" cried Charles-Norton. "I was going to give you a share of the swag—of course, of course, of course!"

They sat on a bench. Charles-Norton took out of his pocket the long checkbook and opened it out with a little crackling sound on its first clean page. He took out his fountain pen. "No 1," he wrote down with great decision. He paused, looking about him for a moment in an enjoyment of this new occupation. "June 19," he wrote on slowly, languorously. Pay to the order of, the page said next—of "*Frank Theodore Pinny*," wrote Charles-Norton. Dollars, the check said next, at the end of a blank line. Charles-Norton paused, pen poised above paper.

"Twenty-five," he thought. That is what he had promised. "*T-w-e-n-t-y*," he wrote. The pen stopped again, hovering hesitatingly above the paper. "Twenty-five is a whole lot," he thought. "Just for selling a ticket. Just for selling a piece of cardboard!" And eight hundred dollars was not so much, either. An hour before eight hundred dollars had seemed an immense sum. Now it seemed a modest amount, a very modest amount. And



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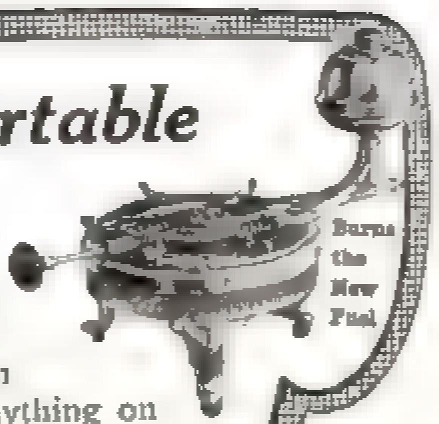

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twenty-five, twenty-five to give away—that seemed quite big. "Pay to the order of Frank Theodore Pinny," he re-read, "twenty ——"

The pen made a sudden descent. "And no-hundredths," it wrote swiftly.

Charles-Norton signed the check, tore it from the book, folded it, and presented it to Pinny, a bit patronizingly. Pinny stuck it into a side-pocket without looking at it. He was standing on one leg and seemed in a hurry to get away. Charles-Norton suddenly had the same feeling. The sense of comradeship which had been with them for the last hour had abruptly flown with this passing of money. Each man was embarrassed, as before a stranger. "So-long," said Pinny. "So-long," said Charles-Norton. Pinny with averted head turned and walked away.

Charles-Norton pivoted on his heel and started for the office, worried suddenly by the thought that he was late. He took three long steps, collided with a sodden old gentleman who was just arising from a bench—and then was standing very still, looking about him as in a daze, unconscious of the mutter of apology which, together with an odor of old beer, was fermenting beneath his nose. The old gentleman, pursuing a ray of sun, slipped on to a farther bench. But Charles-Norton still stood there gazing about him in a sort of mild astonishment, as if, while he was not looking, the scene about him had been transformed like so much cardboard scenery.

At the shock of the collision, as at the stroke of a finger upon a chemical beaker the reluctant crystallization abruptly takes place, there had come to Charles-Norton the realization *that he did not have to go to the office.*

He did not have to go down to the office! Here, against his heart, represented by three black figures within a little yellow book, was eight hundred dollars, practically eight months' salary, and the assurance of eight months almost of independence, of freedom!

"And Dolly?"

You will think perhaps that Charles-Norton was seized by an ardent desire immediately to run to Dolly, spring up the five flights of stairs, push open the door, catch her by the waist and, seating her on his knees, to tell her pantingly of the wondrous news? You are mistaken.

For with the vision of Dolly the thought that irresistibly came to Charles-Norton was ——

That he didn't have to go to Dolly.

He didn't have to go to Dolly and be clipped. He didn't have to go to the glass cage, and he didn't have to go to Dolly. The scissors of Dolly!

Charles-Norton, very pale, his long, strong legs trembling beneath him, sank upon the nearest bench, and tried to catch hold of the world again, of the reality of the world. His hands, unconsciously expressing his mental attitude, held the bench's rim tight with white knuckles.

Eight hundred dollars was not so much. Besides, it was only seven hundred and eighty now. And Dolly was a good little wife. A good, faithful, loving little wife. In a few months the money would all be gone if he stopped working. If he went back to the office and worked, the eight hundred (minus twenty) could be kept in the savings-bank as a precious resource against ill-luck. And some of it could be used to buy things—furs for Dolly, for instance, brave little Dolly. Her household allowance could be increased a bit—brave, cheerful, careful, economical, busy, loving little Dolly!

In the silence of his cogitation, Charles-Norton suddenly heard with great distinctness a furtive creaking beneath the shoulders of his coat.

"Dear little Dolly!" he exclaimed ostentatiously, making a brave effort to keep his eyes upon his beacon.

But right from between his feet a sparrow, like a firecracker exploding, sprang and went whirring up in the sky. Charles-Norton followed it with his eyes as it went winging, winging up in a series of lines, each of which ended in a droop, toward the high skyscraper. And when his eyes reached with the bird the top of the building, they lit upon a cloud, a great white galleon of a cloud, which with all sails set, its gleaming flanks opulent with the swell of impalpable freights, went sliding by with streaming pennons toward the West.

And Charles-Norton felt as though he were going to die. A great, sad yearning

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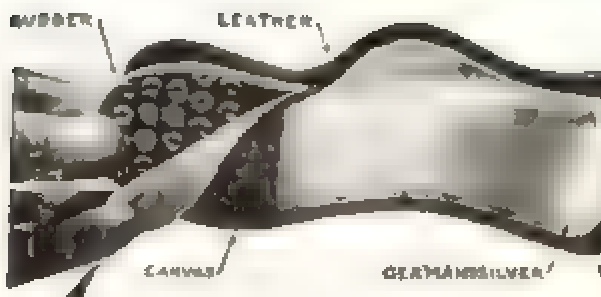

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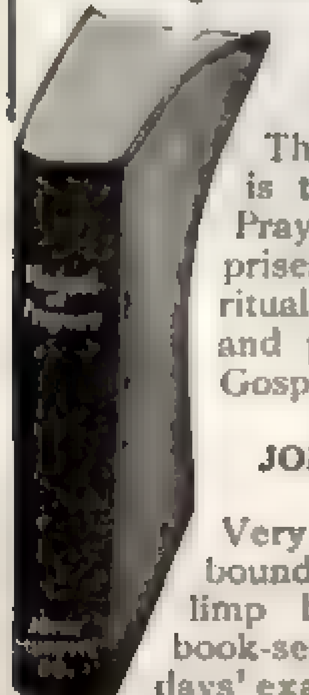

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seemed to split his breast. He rose to his feet, his eyes upon the cloud. A turbulence now churned within him, his shoulders palpitated within their cloth prison (you see, they had not been sheared for a full twenty-four hours), a wave of madness, of daring, of revolt rose into the head of Charles-Norton. "No, no, no," he growled; "no more, no more; I can't, I can't; no more—*no!*"

The last no was as a trumpet note—a defiant negative hurled at the Force of the Universe. And Charles-Norton began to race around the fountain, striking with his right fist his left hand, muttering unintelligible and tremendous protests. You see, his wings had grown altogether too long. He could feel their ligatures reaching like roots to his soul. When, at the end of the third lap, he came to his bench again, his mind was made up; only details remained to be determined.

And when he rose for the last time from the bench these were fixed. His appearance was one of great calmness, tense above a suppressed ebullition. Before him his program stretched like a broad, clear road. He followed it.

First, he went to the bank and drew out three hundred dollars in cash.

With the roll in his breast-pocket he walked up Broadway till he came to a tourist agency; entering, after a short discussion aided by the perusal of a map, he exchanged part of his roll for a long, green, accordion-plaited ticket.

Then he went out and bought himself a tawny, creaky suitcase, and then, successively, going from store to store:

Two collars,
A comb,
A necktie,
A tooth-brush,
A safety razor,
A little can of tooth-powder,
A shaving brush and a cake of soap,
A cap,
A pair of very much abbreviated swimming trunks,

all of which he placed in his new suitcase. After a moment of frowning consideration, he purchased two thick, woolen double-blankets which he rolled up and strapped. After which he boldly strode into the Waldorf-Astoria.

Such affluence, by this time, did his person emanate that four brass-buttoned boys simultaneously sprang to their feet and came running up to him. He waved them aside with a commanding gesture and went into the writing-room.

He opened his checkbook. "3," he wrote firmly in the right-hand corner. "Pay to the order of," he read, "Dolly Margaret Sims," he wrote, "Four hundred and eighty and no-hundredths dollars."

He signed the check, tore it off, and let the now looted checkbook drop negligently to the floor. He placed the folded check in an envelope, wrote a little letter and placed it by the check, sealed the envelope, addressed it to his wife, and rang for a messenger boy, to whom he gave the letter.

Then calling for a taxicab he whizzed away to the Grand Central Station.

Ten minutes later, amid a ding-donging of bells and a roaring of steam, a big, luxurious train began to strain at its couplings on its way overland. As it slid slowly out beneath the resonant cupola Charles-Norton emerged from the rear door and stepped out upon the observation platform.

And there, upon this wide, large platform, which was much like a miniature stage, Charles-Norton appeared for a moment in undignified pantomime. Leaning over the shining rail, chin thrust out, he shook both fists at the receding city and spit into its face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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At one point in the play the manager stopped things and said: "Here we must have some comedy some bright lines—half a dozen snappy things—a bunch of new lines."

Thomas turned to him and surveyed him calmly: "As, for instance?" he said, with rising inflection, and nothing more was doing.

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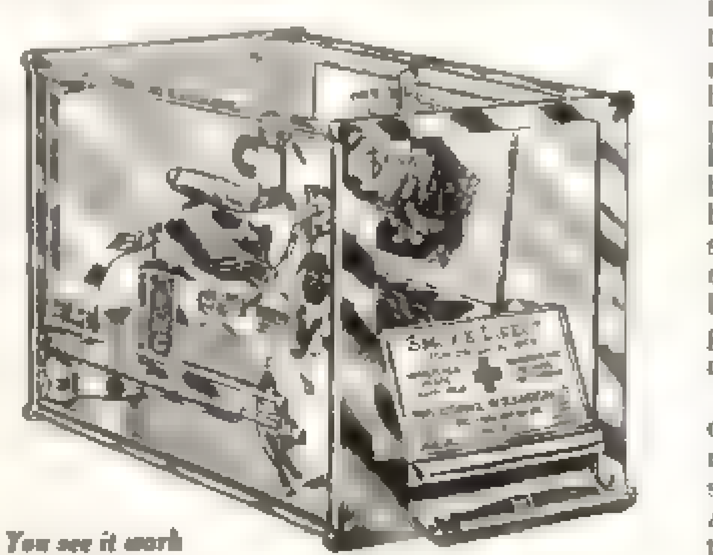

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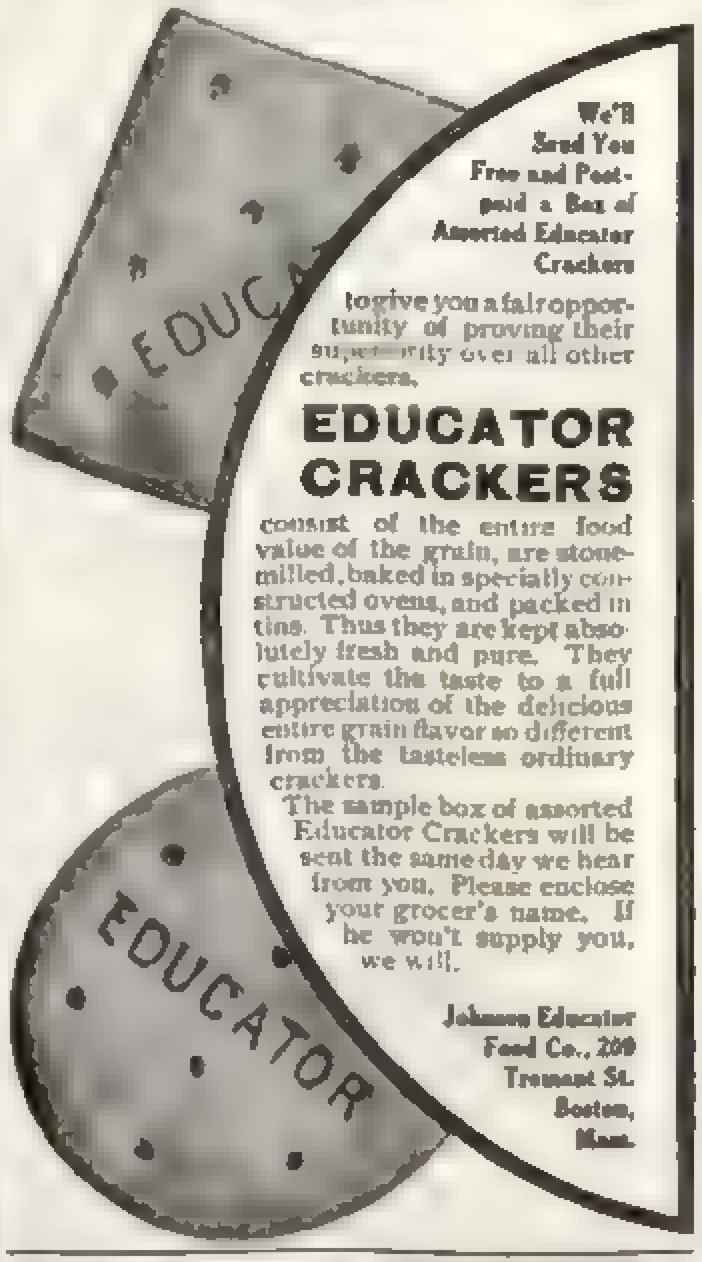

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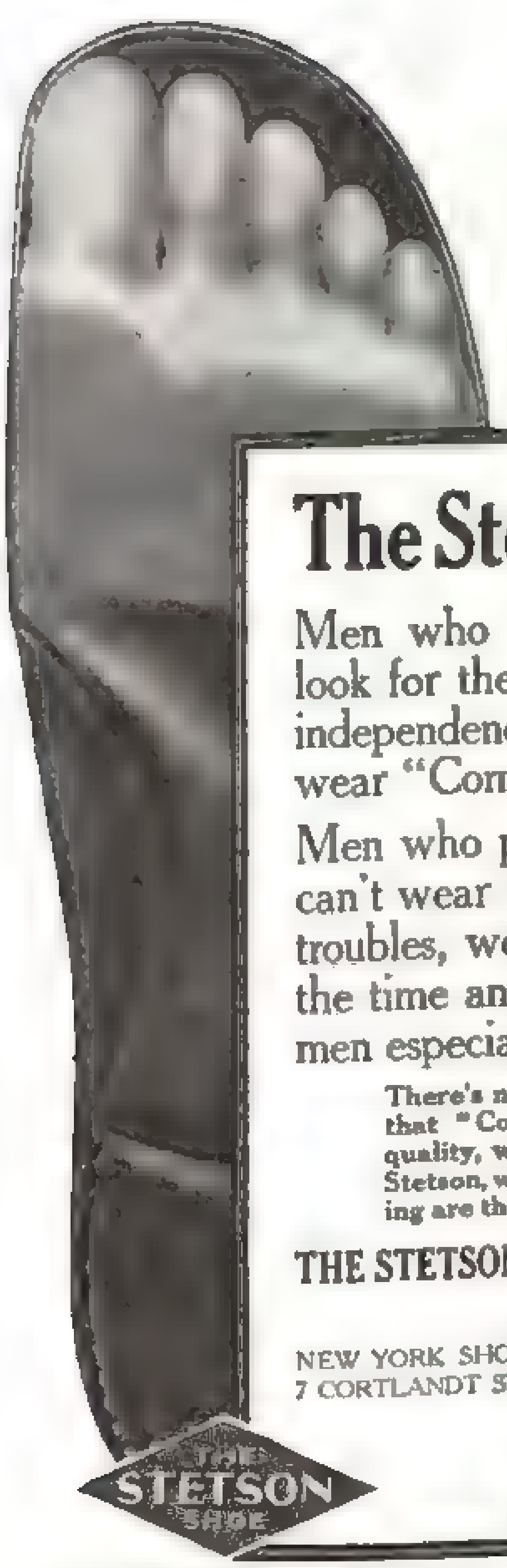

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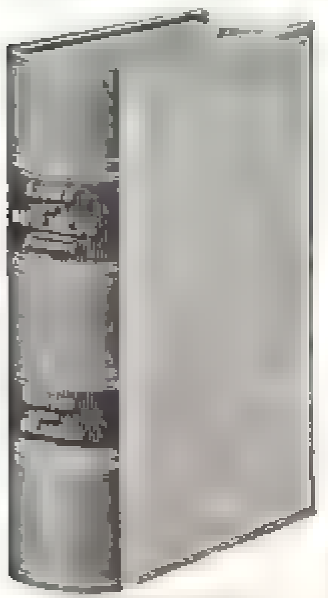

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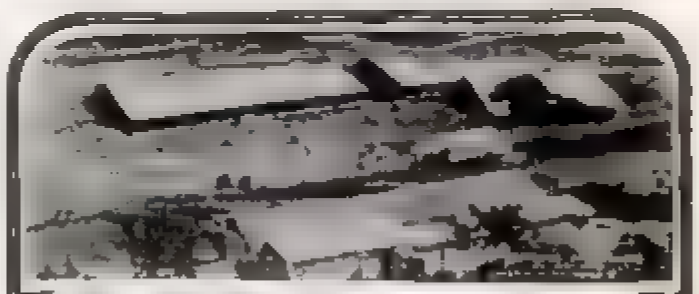

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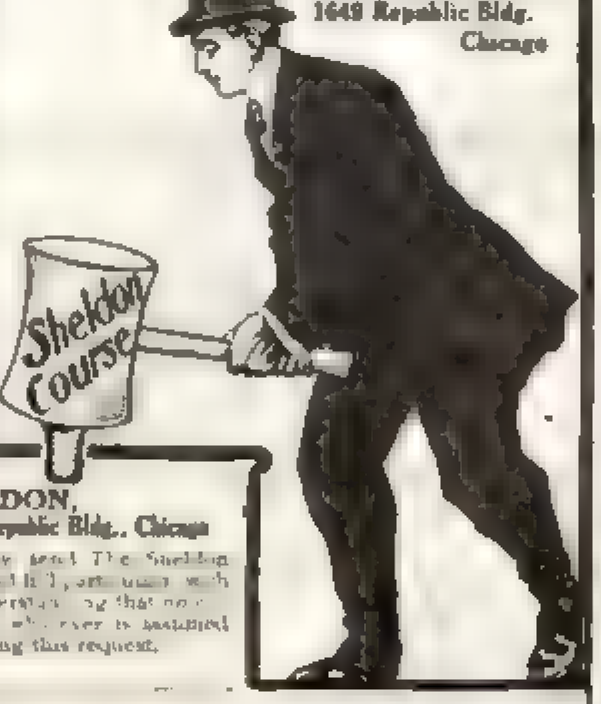

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WHITTALL'S
33 Brussels Street, Worcester, Mass.
Established 1880

THE TRIPPERS

(Continued from Page 14)

underscored, and every other word began with a capital. He, the Bishop of S——, begged to inform his national representative that he was accompanied by one hundred of the most prominent, wealthy and influential citizens of his State, and that seven of his party were millionaires and one was an ex-congressman, and he demanded that the consul-general take immediate steps to obtain the instant release of him and the members of his party, or, let the consul-general beware.

The consul-general replied tersely, informing the worthy but pompous prelate that during the preceding week the Heir Apparent to the Persian throne, to say nothing of a German prince and his suite, had had to undergo quarantine, and that he was not in a position to ask the Imperial Government to make an exception in favor of a mere bishop and a handful of millionaires.

The American souvenir-hunter is known and dreaded in every city, town and village of Europe that boasts of anything worth having. To this class of tourist nothing is sacred. They surreptitiously chip fragments from the priceless marbles in Athens, they mutilate the Gobelin hangings in the Trianon and write their names on the walls of the Palace of Versailles. I never quite believed the story of the family in the Middle West who proudly displayed to a guest a roomy cabinet filled with pieces of tableware, porcelain, glass, linen and embroideries, "lifted" not only from scores of European hotels but even from private houses to which the owners had courteously granted them admittance, until, during a visit to historic Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, I was mortified to see, displayed in a conspicuous place in the tapestry room, the following notice:

> AMERICANS!
>
> Do not mutilate these tapestries. They existed centuries before you were born; they should descend in perfect preservation to the generations that follow you. Out of consideration to them, to the owner and to the dead hands which wrought them,
>
> DO NOT MUTILATE

One incident naturally recalls another, and I am reminded of another placard which, so far as I am aware, is still to be seen in the window of a fashionable Lucerne tearoom, which reads: "English Spoken; American Understood." In pleasing contrast to this "knock" at the American's propensity for slang is the retort made by a witty American girl to an Englishman. "You know, it's most extraordinary," drawled the Briton, "your speaking English so well, never having been in England."

"That's easily explained," replied the fair American; "you see, we had an English missionary in our tribe."

And here is one more which is altogether too good to refrain from telling. An American girl, just landed at Naples and inordinately proud of her knowledge of French, called to the hotel porters who had charge of her steamer trunk: "I wish to dress, so take my *mal de mer* to my room immediately."

No one thing deters so many Americans from traveling in Europe as the feeing system. It is not the extra charge, for our people are used to overcharges, but the principle of the thing, at least in the beginning, that so irritates the spirit of the American. But nowadays it is the complaint among travelers of other nationalities that it is the Americans themselves who have spoiled the servants by the absurd and senseless lengths to which they have gone in tipping, and the Englishman will tell you that a shilling has to go now where a sixpence formerly sufficed, and that the one-time convenient tuppence is now everywhere rejected with disdain.

The trouble with the American is that he doesn't know the exact amount to give, and that bothers him and takes away his appetite and makes him hot about the collar and causes him to curse the custom and the servants and the country in general in choice and varied language. If some writer would get out a pocket volume entitled, say, Tips on Tipping, giving exactly the correct sum to pay on all occasions, I am thoroughly convinced that Americans would buy out the whole edition and bless the author.

After an experience which covers close on twoscore countries, I must still admit

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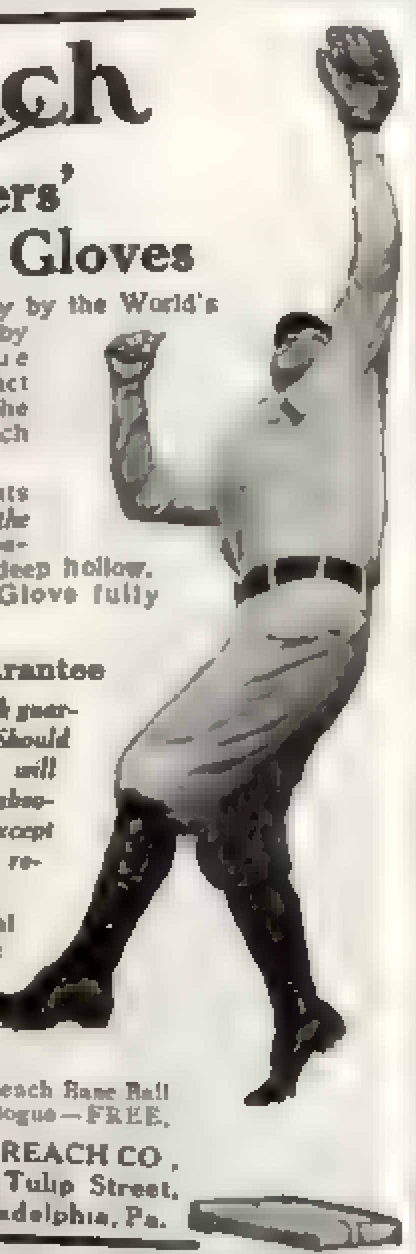

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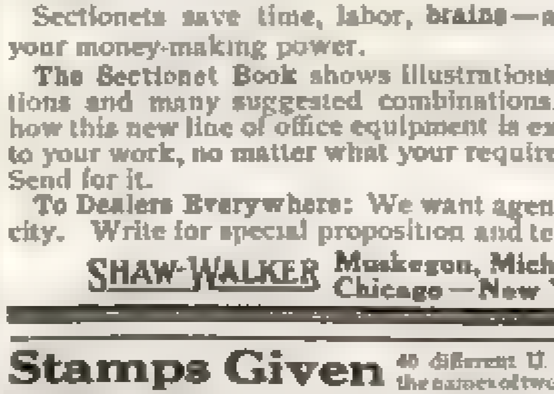

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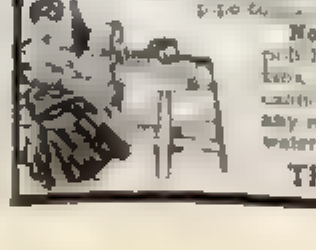

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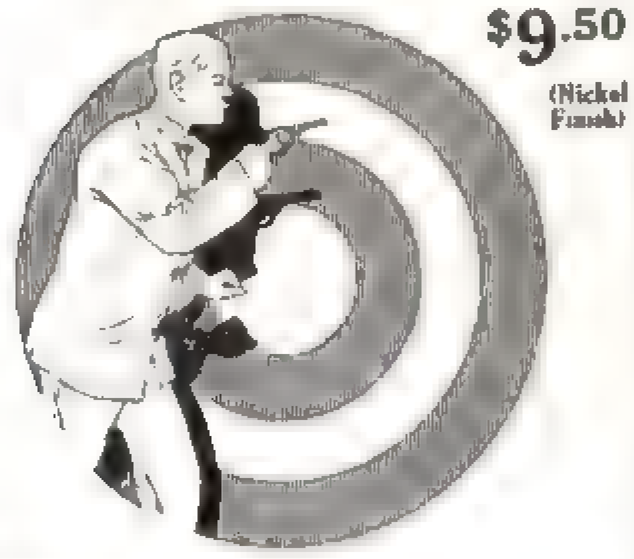

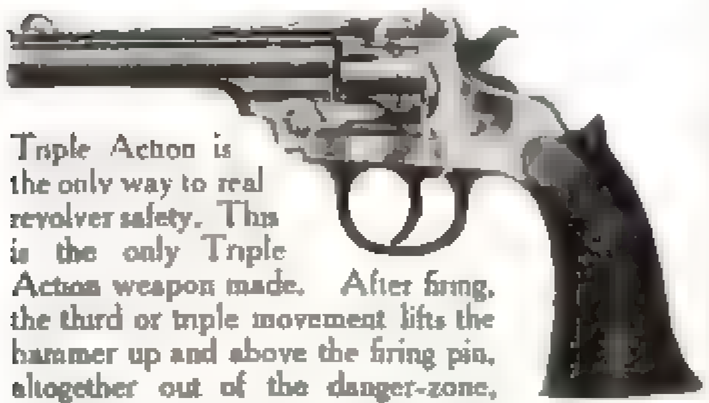

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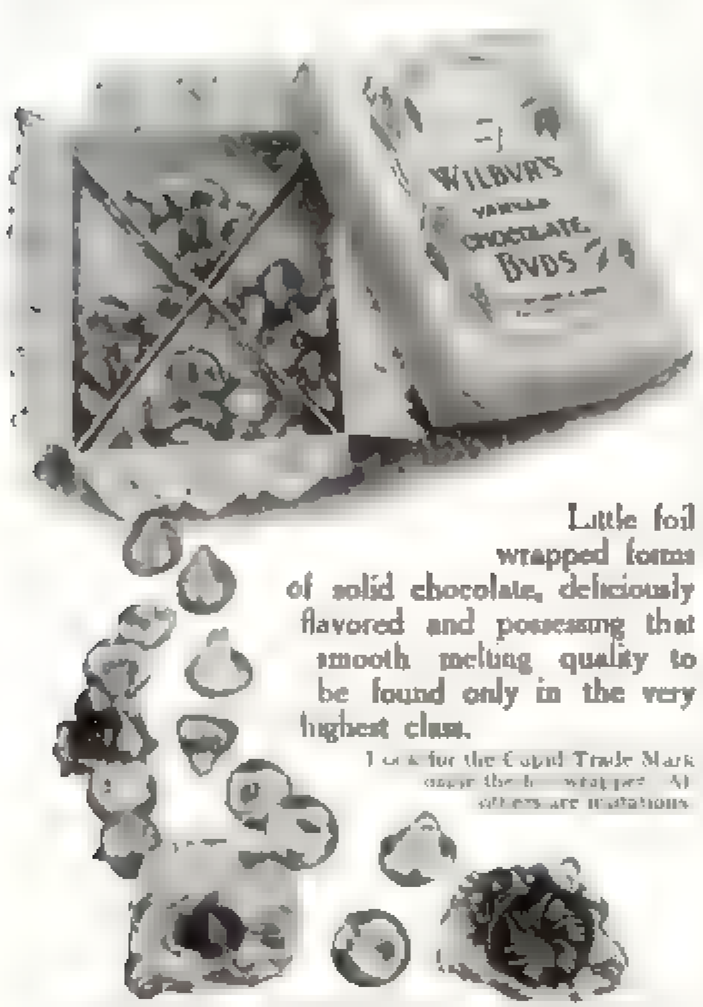

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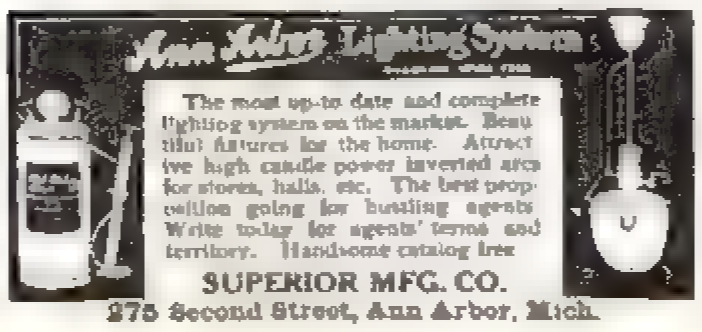

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that I know of nothing more thoroughly disagreeable than the necessity of running the gauntlet of the employees of the hotel from which one is about to depart. It is an ordeal which begins with the very door of one's room and only ends when one is safely seated in the railway carriage—and, in Holland, even the railway conductors expect the passengers to tip them at the end of the journey. There is, to start with, the waiter who brings your coffee in the morning, the maid who cares for your room and the boy who polishes your boots. Then you encounter the lift or elevator man, and, although I have known people who made it a point to walk downstairs when they were leaving, it was really a needless exertion, for they always found him awaiting them expectantly at the bottom. Upon descending to the office one will be warmly welcomed by the *concierge*. I might mention, in passing, that the *concierge* of a certain modest hostelry in London, largely frequented by Colonials, pays the management three thousand dollars a year to retain his position, while the same functionary at the most fashionable of the Cairene hotels pays no less than five thousand dollars per year for the same privilege. Once past this personage we may count upon seeing, drawn up in line, what will seem to be the greater portion of the hotel staff.

I once spent several months at a well-known hotel at Sorrento in Southern Italy. The *maître d'hôtel* had held his position, I learned, for close on forty years and during that period he had contrived to fill nearly every subordinate position in the house with members of his own family. In other words, it was a very close corporation, and that old head waiter, with his gray mutton-chop whiskers, kept closer track of the tips received by his subordinates than did ever a trust president of his dividends. All of the waiters were his sons, grandsons or nephews; the chambermaid staff was recruited from his daughters and nieces; the housekeeper was his wife and the *concierge* his younger brother. The fame of that family had gone abroad throughout the land, and it was a hardy guest, indeed, who would dare to defy them when it came time for his departure, for if the fee given was lower than was considered proper by this autocrat of tipdom he did not hesitate to pour out the vials of his Neapolitan wrath on the head of the offender.

The avariciousness of him and his satellites had been so impressed upon me that the day before I was to leave I went to the local bank and obtained ten dollars or so in *soldi*, the smallest Italian coin, equivalent to about a fifth of a cent. The sack containing them was so heavy that I had to take it home in a carriage. On the morning of our departure I found the entire staff of the hotel assembled at the door. I waited until my companions were safely seated in the carriage and everything ready for an instantaneous departure. The head waiter advanced ingratiatingly. "Surely you are not going to forget us, signor," he hinted.

"No, indeed, Angelo," I answered; "hold out your hands," and hastily untying the mouth of the sack I poured into his outstretched hands and over the floor a seemingly endless stream of the shining copper *soldi*.

The last I saw of Angelo and his family, as our horses whirled us down the Amalfi road, they were scrambling about on their hands and knees in a frantic endeavor to find and count the coppers before we got out of hearing distance.

It is only the merest justice to say that the Americans who visit Europe are yearly becoming more sophisticated, more cultivated and more gentle-mannered. It is needless to say that the American tourists are, as a class, better read and better informed than all the rest of the world travelers put together. And though we owe the Old World much for the hospitality with which we are received, the protection which we are afforded and the uniform courtesy with which we are treated, I cannot but feel that the account is more than balanced by the millions upon millions of dollars that our people spend there annually, thus helping to maintain their great museums, their splendid galleries and their magnificent collections; thus giving a livelihood to tailors and dressmakers and jewelers, to cab-drivers and waiters and railway servants, and to the people employed in a thousand other forms of human endeavor. In fact, everything considered, I think the Yankee tourist could get along better without Europe than Europe could without him.

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from Lyon & Healy

Who Have Supplied 1,000,000 Band Instruments to Satisfied Band Men

Our Famous "Champion" Band Outfit for a 10 Man Band, $137.40

The Champion is the lowest priced line we handle, but they are instruments of quality and must not be confused with the mail-order varieties

If you are arranging to start a band or are a member of one, you can get better instruments for less money by figuring with Lyon & Healy. Send us the names of all who are interested and we will send them interesting literature. There's a good *reason why* we sell many more band instruments than other band firms—it's because we offer more for the money. For nearly half a century we have supplied 65% of new bands with their complete equipment.

We Equip ⅔ of All the New Bands Formed

We are by far the largest importers of band instruments. Besides the Champion instruments we handle several other lines of imported French made instruments varying in quality and price.

We are the Largest Importers

The Lyon & Healy OWN MODEL instruments are the **Best in the World** regardless of price, and are used in Sousa's, Innes', Creatore's and other prominent bands. These instruments are indorsed by the great Jules Levy and other prominent artists.

Sousa, Innes, Creatore, use our Instruments

Now is the time to organize bands for summer work. Send us your proposed instrumentation and *let us give you an estimate*. We never consider a transaction complete until customer is satisfied, and send all band instruments with *privilege of trial*, and if not satisfactory you are under no obligation whatever to purchase.

Ask for our MUSICAL HANDBOOK of 224 pages, a complete catalogue of all musical instruments and supplies, containing information, illustrations and prices of Pianos, Organs, Harps, Accordions, Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos, all Band or Orchestral Instruments, Band Uniforms, Drums, Drummer's Traps, Fifes, Bugles, etc.

WE SELL ON INSTALLMENTS where $25.00 or more is ordered, 20% down, the balance in small monthly payments. Old instruments taken in exchange. We also carry in stock at all times immense quantities of second-hand instruments taken in trade for new ones. We thoroughly overhaul these used instruments, rebuild them, if necessary, and sell them at about half the original price. Write for bargain list.

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Street
Town
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Please attach names of all members of your band

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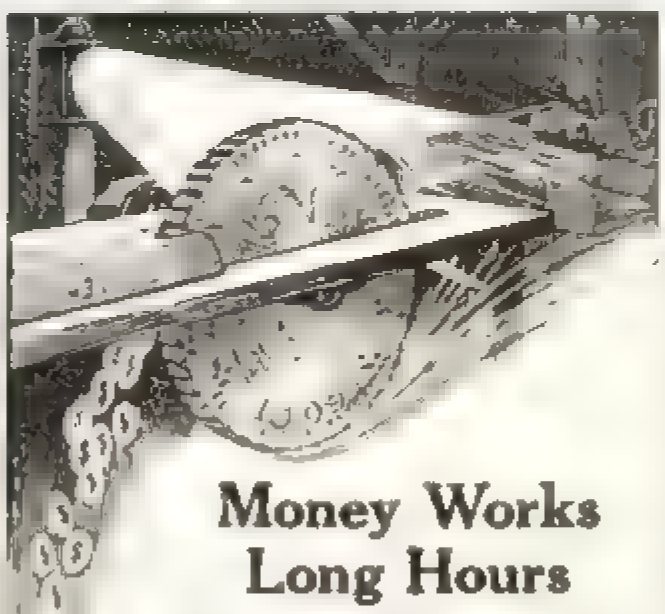

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YOU should have some money at interest working for you. It works long hours—night and day, Sundays and Holidays. By our savings plan—once every month, once every week, or every day, just as you please, you can start $10 working for you. New York City Guaranteed first mortgages are the security.

Our mortgages are a by-product of our title and loan business. Its volume and standing is shown by the fact that we have placed with our customers more than $600,000,000 in mortgages—enough, if the dollar bills were placed end to end, to go twice around the world and from New York to Pekin and back again, in addition.

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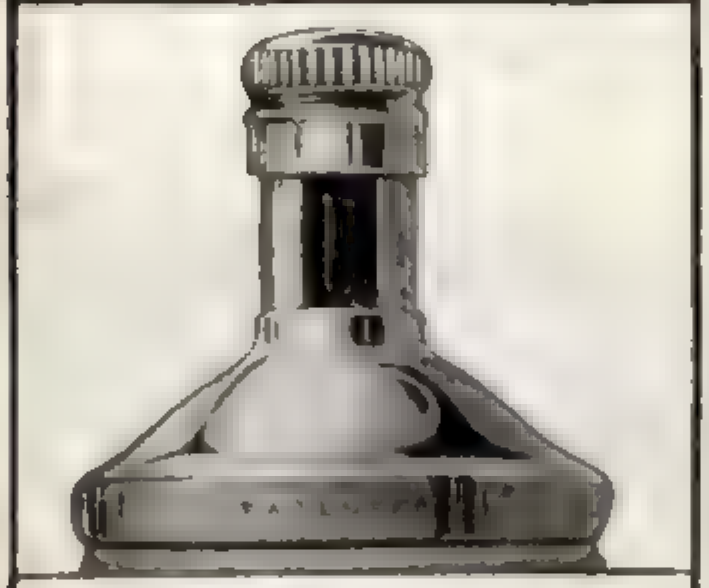

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath

Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century

THE RICH MAN AS FARMER

(Continued from Page 7)

established these farms would not only be self-sustaining, but, in my opinion, would show a handsome profit. The effect of such a system of practical education upon the product and profit of the nation's farms would be almost beyond comprehension. Invest the price of one battleship in this important work, follow up the investment intelligently and perseveringly for ten years, and the value that you will have added to each year's crops of the farms would buy and pay for every battleship in the world's navy."

Only one of the oil magnates is a genuine farmer. This is General Charles Miller. He is prouder of his agricultural and livestock successes than his achievements in big business. He was born on a farm in Alsace and spent his boyhood on a farm in Erie County, New York. He has three fine farms in Venango County, Pennsylvania. Prospect Hill is one of his favorite places. Livestock is his particular hobby and he has one of the most valuable herds of Jerseys in the world.

William Rockefeller is the only man at 26 Broadway who goes in for farming. He is a member of the New York Farmers and has a fine place at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. His interest runs to fruit and chickens. John D. Rockefeller likes to potter about plants and trees, but does no actual farming

It is an interesting fact that nearly every rich man who farms keeps chickens. This does not follow a business instinct to look for golden eggs, either. None of them is a keener poultry fancier than Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, our greatest bank. His place, Beechwood, at Scarboro, is a farm in miniature (it is seventy acres), and many live things, principally chickens and Berkshire hogs, flourish there. He goes in for White Leghorns, White Wyandottes and Buff Orpingtons. He knows all his prize hens by name (they are named for eminent financier friends) and he is an authority on mixed chicken-feeds. In fact, his interest in chickens is so great that his friends call his home the Palais de Poulet.

Mr. Ream's Connecticut Farm

Ordinarily, save in New York, you do not hear much about Norman B. Ream, but he is a director in a dozen of our greatest railroads and corporations and one of the richest men in the United States. Likewise, he is a real farmer, because he was born on a farm down in Pennsylvania and he has kept his interest alive ever since. Like many other very rich men he has what they call a "show" place around New York and a real farm elsewhere. Mr. Ream's show place is Carolyn Hall at Windham, Connecticut.

The farm that he owned and operated for years is in McLean County, Illinois. It covers two thousand acres, and, thanks to his knowledge of farming and his business sense, it has become one of the most valuable farms in a region where farms come high. He developed this farm just as he developed his business. "When I planted a quarter section of corn," he said the other day, "I knew just what the planting cost. So with the cultivating, the harvesting and the shocking, I was never in the dark about my farm accounts. So with every branch of farming. Business principles should underlie it, just as they underlie all industry and commerce."

Having hunted bear in Wall Street for many years John W. Gates has now turned his attention to the bovine end, for he has become a Texas dairyman. Near Port Arthur he has set up a big model dairy. He has five hundred cows on a thousand-acre range. He also has a fruit farm of twenty thousand acres and one hundred thousand trees are set out.

He can consider himself fortunate if he becomes as good a dairyman as Oakleigh Thorne, president of the Trust Company of America. Mr. Thorne is a real dairyman of the Harriman kind. You can see his wagons (he has sixty-five) on the New York streets any day. He has so many customers in New York that he cannot get enough milk on his place to supply them. He owns six hundred and forty acres, a whole section, and practically every bit of it is under cultivation. "I believe in making

Soda Cracker Logic

Any baker can make an ordinary soda cracker—but to produce Uneeda Biscuit requires the specially fitted bakeries of the

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

All soda crackers are food. But there is only *one* soda cracker highest in food value as well as best in freshness. Of course, *that* soda cracker is

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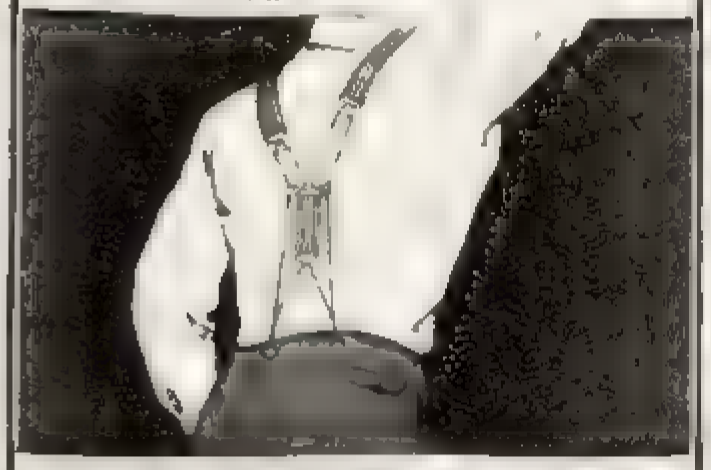
PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Are the only suspenders for summer wear that insure perfect support, with coolness, comfort and entire freedom of motion



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Light weight for office and dress wear medium and heavy weight for workers. Extra lengths for tall men. Maker's guarantee on every pair. Satisfaction—new pair or money back. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will postpaid upon receipt of price 50c. Convenience suggests a new pair for each suit. Get them today.

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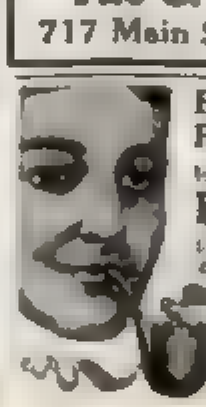

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Our handsome 100 page, 8x11 book of Bungalows, Mission, Colonial, English timbered and concrete houses for 1909 shows interiors, exteriors, and floor plans and actual cost to build. Figures that you can rely upon. These designs are photos of structures we have built in California and throughout the country—not theoretical pen pictures. Bungalows rent and sell at sight, and are an excellent investment. Price of book $1.00, P. O. or express order, prepaid. Sample folder free.

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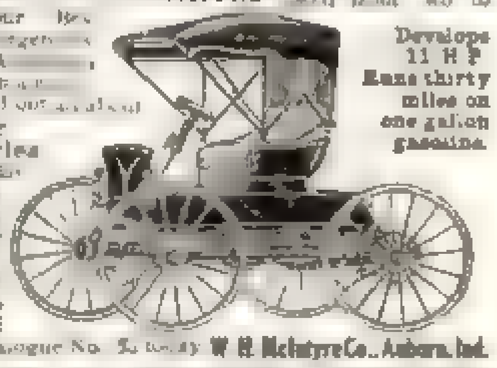
Runs Under All Conditions of weather and road, speed from two to thirty miles per hour. [illegible]

McIntyre Motor Vehicles

[illegible] troubles. Most dependable [illegible]



Develops 11 H P. Runs thirty miles on one gallon gasoline.

Write for Catalogue No. [illegible] W. H. McIntyre Co., Auburn, Ind.

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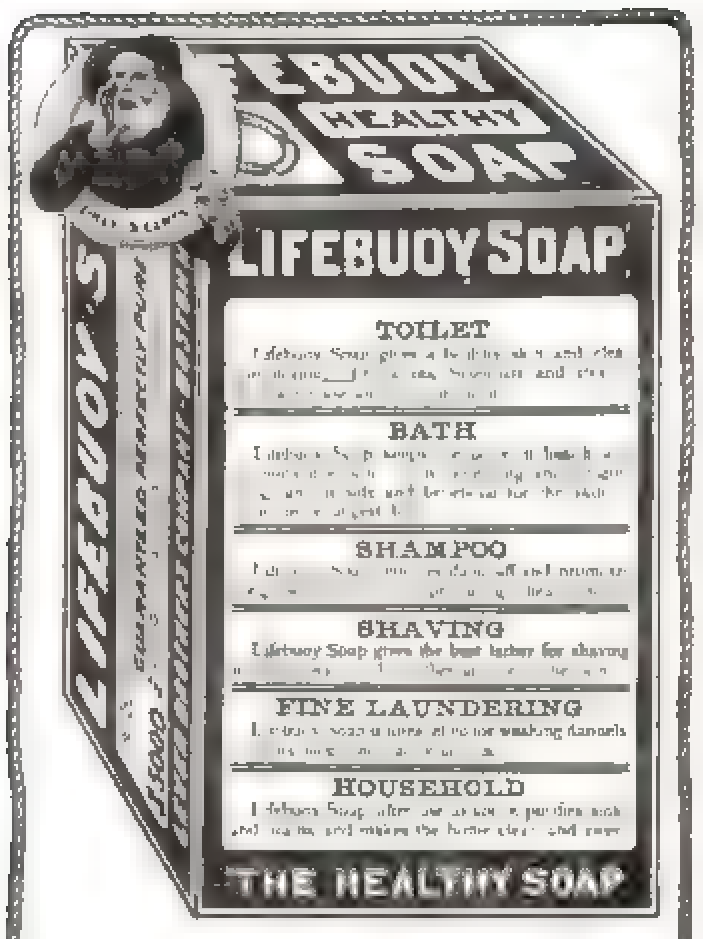

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is practical health insurance. Every home is protected from infection by its use.

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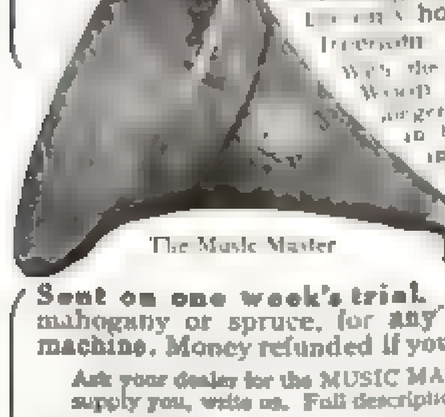
MUSIC-MASTER
Wood Horns (NOT VENEERED)

Singing quality is what your talking machine lacks. That is why vocal and instrumental music sounds "off" to you. The trouble is not with the record, not with the reproducer, but with the horn!

Whether metal or veneered wood, your horn is non-resonant; it is dead! The MUSIC MASTER WOOD HORN gives *singing quality*. It is the only horn built of resonant solid wood on scientific sounding-board principles—[illegible] horn with vibratory freedom.

With the MUSIC MASTER WOOD HORN you will no longer have disappointment in hearing vocal and instrumental music. Instead, you will be amazed at the faultless tones of the record reproduction.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Sent on one week's trial. Choice of oak, mahogany or spruce, for any make or style of machine. Money refunded if you are not satisfied

Ask your dealer for the MUSIC MASTER; if he can't supply you, write us. Full description sent on request.

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Agents Wanted in every city and town. Write for our proposition.

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Makers of Kantleek Hot Water Bottles,
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ALWAYS FRESH
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

FENCE For lawns, divisions, schools, cemeteries, etc. Write us your needs, asking for Booklet C. Best goods. Lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed
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your farm pay," he says. "I have found a good dairy profitable and have made money in Shropshire sheep and Jersey cattle."

Another eminent dairyman is Levi P. Morton. One reason why he carries his fourscore years so well is that he has always lived on a farm. His place, Ellerslie, at Rhinecliff-on-the-Hudson, has the largest cow barn in New York State. It cost ninety thousand dollars. All the milk and butter used by hundreds of his neighbors for years came from his place.

James Stillman, who is one of the original members of the New York Farmers, boasts that he raises the finest apples in New York State. He has an immense orchard at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. He raises enough apples to sell a considerable quantity every year. Like B. F. Yoakum he is a transplanted Texan whose early days were spent on a small farm. None of the great captains of capital comes by his love of the farm and the country more naturally than Paul Morton, for it was his father, J. Sterling Morton, who was the founder of Arbor Day. Paul Morton grew up at Arbor Lodge, the Morton family home at Nebraska City, which developed from a pioneer clearing into the finest estate west of the Mississippi River. The real farmer, however, in the Morton family is his brother, Mark Morton, a wealthy Chicago capitalist. He has made the five-hundred-mile trip from Chicago to Arbor Lodge many times to spend the week-end.

The usual case of a rich man coming from a farm is reversed by Howard E. Huntington, the California multimillionaire, who was the favorite nephew of the late Collis P. Huntington. He has made a great fortune in traction and other interests, and now, on his sixtieth birthday, he is going to retire to a farm. He has bought a big ranch twelve miles from Los Angeles. One of his ambitions is to find out just how many kinds of plants and fruits can be raised in Southern California.

When J. J. Hill Taught Farming

Any consideration of the rich man as farmer must include some mention of George W. Vanderbilt's Biltmore, near Asheville, North Carolina, the finest estate in America. Though this splendid place (it covers more than one hundred thousand acres) is a gentleman's estate, one of its features is a model dairy which pays a profit. Another feature which is not run for money is the arboretum, in which there are three hundred thousand trees. A fully-equipped farm is operated at Biltmore, but Mr. Vanderbilt does not know so much about it as some of his millionaire colleagues know about their farms.

In James J. Hill, on the other hand, you return to the real farmer again. He was brought up in the great wheat region of the Northwest, and on his North Oaks Farm, at Cardigan, Minnesota, he has raised golden grain that has taken first prize at more than one fair. Mr. Hill has made a long study of wheat-growing; he knows all about the process of breeding it, and he has made hundreds of talks to the farmers along the Great Northern advocating scientific cultivation of both soil and plant. His love of farming and his consistent practice of what he preaches have helped to give him his wide popularity with the country people. One day a farmer came to see him at St. Paul and said he was going to move to the Southwest because he couldn't grow wheat in North Dakota.

"Of course you can," said Mr. Hill.

When the farmer insisted that he couldn't Mr. Hill said: "I'll stop by some day and show you." Sure enough, within two weeks he visited that obscure farm. The farmer is now a big wheat-grower and he has shipped hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat over the Hill roads. Now you can understand why they call him Jim Hill all up and down his lines.

This list of rich men who are farmers might be continued for a long time, for there are many instances. W. D. Sloane, one of New York's richest merchants, owns what is considered by many to be the most complete dairy farm in the United States, at Elm Court, Lenox, Massachusetts; Joseph H. Choate raises chickens at Stockbridge, in the Berkshires; the Iselins have thousands of acres under cultivation in Westchester County, New York, and sell their farm stuff; Whitelaw Reid raises prize cattle at Ophir Farm in Westchester County, New York; and William K. Vanderbilt produces ducks for the market at his farm at Oakdale, Long Island.

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Safety Razor
WITH NEW BAR

GEM
WELL THAT'S FINE!!

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Two Great Features

The *New Bar*, (Pat. No. 686,143), gives the GEM Junior Safety Razor a big advantage *over all other shaving devices*. Without it, no safety razor of *any* make, at *any* price, can possibly do what *it* makes *practical*.

Any razor can *shave on the level*, but the face *isn't level*. With the *New Bar*, the razor edge doesn't have to *dig down* into ruts, after short, stiff hairs, but the skin is smoothened, and the hairs *raised* to meet the coming blade. It makes a clean sweep of the bristles, and leaves the face smooth and comfortable.

We have been *30 years* making the *finest* steel cutlery. The *GEM Junior Blade* is a result of that experience. The steel is the finest known, and the rolling, tempering, polishing and sharpening, *have been reduced to a science*. The keen edge lasts, and when dulled *can be renewed by stropping*.

The *New Bar* and *GEM Junior Blade* combined, make this razor indispensable to men who shave.

The Complete One Dollar GEM Junior Outfit includes a handsomely finished silver-nickel-plated frame, extension and stropping handles, *7 selected blades of the finest steel*, and a substantial case.

SET COMPLETE $1.00

If you don't care to strop *we* will. **Dull Blades Exchanged, 25c for 7.** See that you get a sealed package.

EXTRA SET, 7 BLADES, 50c

See that you get a sealed package

Don't take a substitute. If your dealer is behind the times, send us One Dollar and we will mail the complete GEM Junior outfit, postpaid, to your address.

Booklet "Shaveology" free on request.

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34 Reade Street, New York
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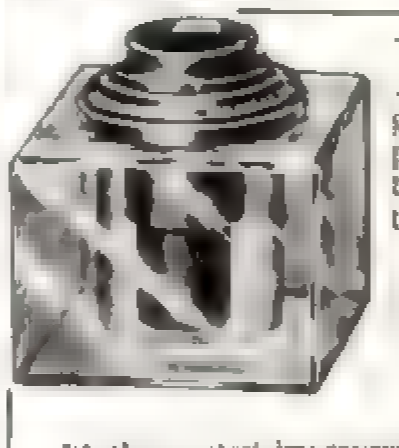
30 years in business
We are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers



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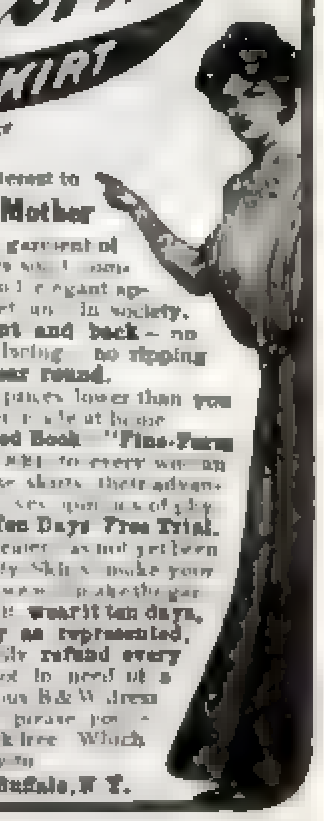

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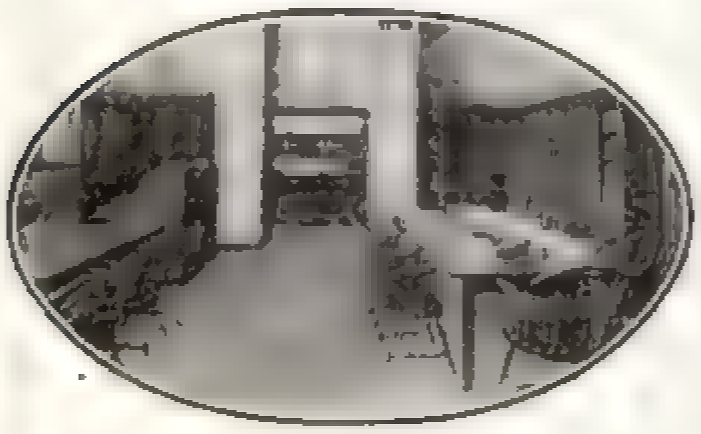
Circulating Dust A Menace to Health.



IT IS only in recent years that science has brought to light the menace of circulating dust in its relation to health. An accurate knowledge of germ-life reveals its close alliance with dust, and therefore the interests of health necessitate stringent measures not only for the destruction of the germs themselves, but for the absolute suppression of dust in places of public assembly.

Various methods have been employed with but indifferent results, and until the introduction of Standard Floor Dressing no effective dust-preventive has ever been placed on the market.

Standard Floor Dressing fulfills all the requirements of a germicide, a dust preventive and a floor preservative. It catches and holds all dust and germs (killing the latter). It purifies the atmosphere by eliminating all floating particles. It preserves floors, prevents them from splintering and cracking, and by reducing the labor of caretaking pays for itself many times over.

Standard Floor Dressing does not evaporate, and so three or four applications a year are sufficient. It is not intended for household use.

Standard Floor Dressing is sold in barrels, half-barrels, and in one and five gallon cans, by dealers generally.

Such is our faith in this dressing that we are willing to demonstrate its efficiency AT OUR OWN EXPENSE. On request, we will treat one floor in any school, hospital or public building free of charge.

To localities far removed from our agencies, we will send free sample with full directions for applying.

Full particulars, testimonials and our book "Dust and Its Dangers," sent to any address gratis.

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Are Distinctly Different

THEY are different from the "ordinary" motor lamp because they represent absolute perfection in every detail.

They are built in THE LARGEST LAMP FACTORY IN THE WORLD, of the best material obtainable. In finish and actual quality the Solar Lamp is in a class by itself—not even approached by any other produced in the field.

Our exclusive Special, Bausch & Lomb **SOLAR** Lens Mirror has been proven by photometric tests to be the most powerful lens mirror made.

Write for 1909 Catalog.

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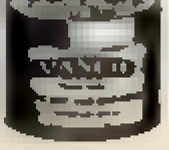

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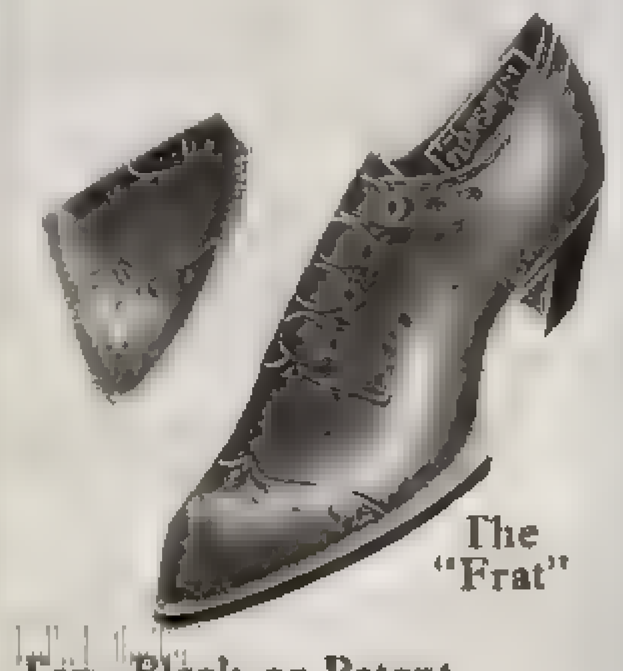

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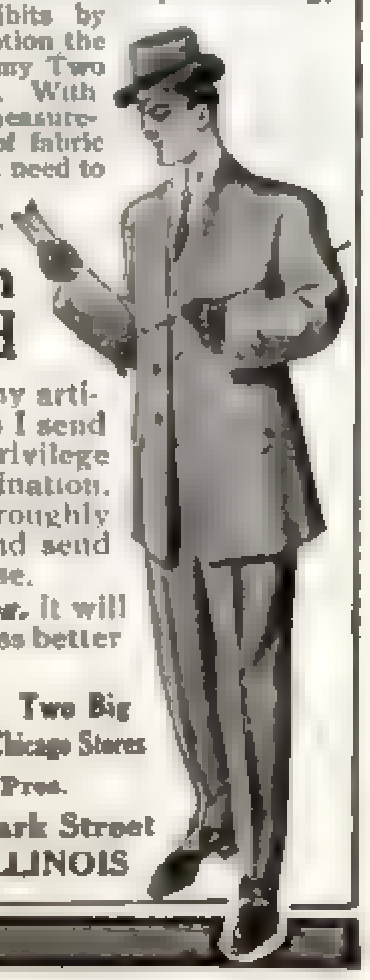

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MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

(Continued from Page 19)

group of writers, with the purpose of providing an authentic record of an interesting episode in the history of American letters and of a remarkable coterie of authors, some of whose writings have survived and are destined to endure.

The names of George Arnold, Fitz-James O'Brien, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Walt Whitman, Charles Dawson Shanly, Charles D. Gardette and Nathan G. Shepherd shine with more or less luster in the scroll of American poets, and present recurrence to their period affords opportunity for the correction of errors relative to it, that should not pass into history. Edmund Clarence Stedman (1833-1908) was, in 1860, associated with the New York World—which was started in that year, beginning as a religious newspaper—and although he was acquainted with a few members of the Bohemian group he never joined it. He knew George Arnold, having met him at a place that was called "The Phalanx," at Strawberry Farms, New Jersey, and there is, among his poems, a tender tribute to the memory of that delightful comrade and charming poet. He also knew Aldrich and Whitman, but with the other members of that company he had no acquaintance. The circle to which he obtained access, and which he pleased and adorned, was that which comprised Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, Mrs. Stoddard and her brother Wilson Barstow, and George Henry Boker—a circle distinct from that of Bohemia and not propitious to it. Stoddard, indeed, who held an official position in the New York Custom House, and who was accustomed to contribute to various contemporary publications, had made the acquaintance of Henry Clapp, and I remember that once or twice he wrote for Clapp's Saturday Press, and had difficulty (not unusual with all of us) in obtaining payment; for the resources of the paper were so slight that its continuance, from week to week, was a marvel. One day Clapp and I, having locked the doors of the office, in order to prevent the possible, indeed probable, access of creditors, were engaged in serious and rather melancholy conference as to the obtainment of money with which to pay the printer, when suddenly there came a knocking upon the outer door, and my senior, by a warning wafture of the hand, enjoined silence. The sound of a grumbling voice was then audible, and, after a while, the sound of footsteps retreating down the stairs. For several minutes Clapp said nothing, but continued to smoke and listen, looking at me with a serious aspect. Then, removing the pipe from his lips, he softly murmured: "'Twas the voice of the Stoddard—I heard him complain!" That incident sufficiently indicates the embarrassing circumstances under which the paper struggled through the twenty-six months of its existence. All its debts to contributors, however, were eventually paid, but some of those contributors were glad to furnish articles for nothing, being friendly toward the establishment of an independent critical paper, a thing practically unknown in those days—and, for that matter, in these. Among those friendly contributors were Henry Giles, Charles T. Congdon, Edward Howland (by whom, indeed, the paper had been projected), Brownlee Brown, C. D. Shanly and Ada Clare. Aldrich was connected with it only during the first three months of its existence, and he had not, at any time, any pecuniary investment in it, so that his biographer's remark about his having "taken the failure with a light heart" seems comic.

The Appreciations of Poe

The point to be emphasized in making the literary chronicle of those days is that Taylor, Stoddard, Stedman, Boker, Curtis, Ludlow and some others, whose names have been commingled with those of Henry Clapp's Bohemian associates, were not only not affiliated with that coterie, but were distinct from it, and, in some instances, were inimical to it. O'Brien was at one time intimate with Taylor and Stoddard, but as, eventually, he quarreled with almost everybody, the intimacy did not continue. After I collected the literary

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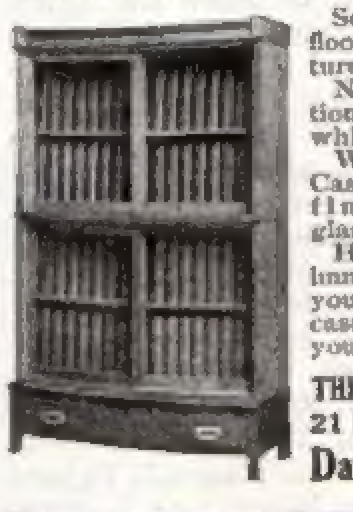

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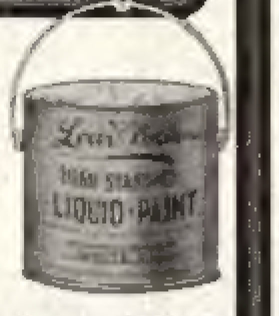

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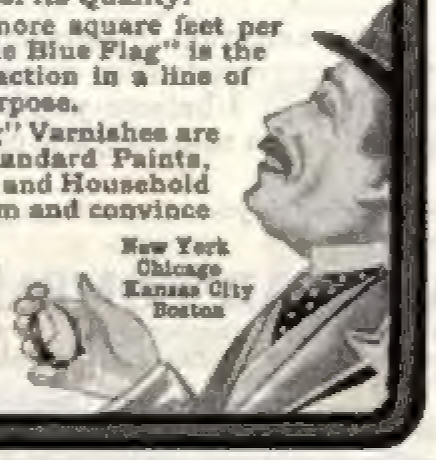

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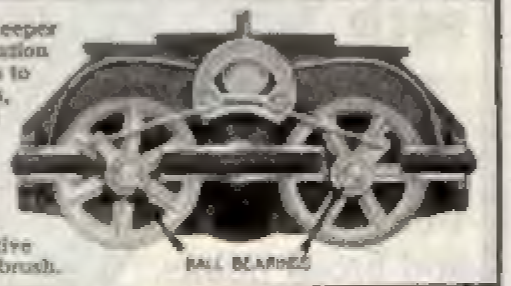
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remains of O'Brien—Poems and Stories—published in 1881, the most censorious review of them that appeared was, I remember, written by Stoddard, in the New York Tribune. The time, 1859-1860, was one of turbulence; for the whole land was seething on the eve of the Civil War, and animosities were quite as common as friendships. One feature of it, and that peculiarly interesting to men of letters, was the survival of ties that bound it to the period that is covered by Poe's account of "The Literati." Epes Sargent and George P. Morris were known to me; N. P. Willis had accepted and published, with a cordial commendation, one of the earliest of my poems; Halleck, William Wallace, Cornelius Matthews and Thomas Dunn English were living and writing, and I often saw them; and on many occasions I saw and talked with the tart, sprightly, satiric Charles F. Briggs—long since at rest in the old Moravian Cemetery in Staten Island. All of those writers, with many others, figure in the pages of Poe, and it is significant and pleasant to recall that Poe—so often and so harshly censured for his criticism of his contemporaries—was the first authoritative voice to recognize the excellence of Bayard Taylor, hailing him (1849) as "unquestionably the most terse, glowing and vigorous of all our poets."

The Ornithorhynchus Club

There was a group of literary men in New York, of earlier date than the Pfaff Bohemian coterie, comprising among its members (as I heard, for I was not directly associated with it) Francis Henry Temple Bellew, Charles Gayler, William North, Sol Eytinge, Jr., Charles G. Rosenberg, Fitz-James O'Brien and Thomas W. Powell. That society, unlike the Pfaff coterie, was, after a haphazard fashion, organized, and it had a name—the remarkable name of "The Ornithorhynchus Club." In New Guinea there is a four-footed animal having a bill like that of a duck, known to the inhabitants of that country as the Mullingong, but scientifically designated the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, or Duck-billed Platypus. The singular aspect of that quadruped had attracted the amused attention of Frank Bellew (as we always called him), an excellent artist with his pencil; and when, as happened, a German widow, once wealthy, but become poor and wishful to retrieve her fortunes, opened a restaurant in Spring Street and wanted a name for it, he suggested that of the eccentric Australasian beast, and merrily persuaded her to adopt it; and he painted a sign for her, which was hung in front of the house, representing the Ornithorhynchus in the act of smoking a pipe while grasping a glass of beer. At that facetious sign the writers and artists constituting the Ornithorhynchus Club habitually met for the pastimes of talking, singing, joking, drinking lager beer and smoking long-stemmed pipes. In that group the most notable and attractive personality was that of Charles C. B. Seymour, with whom, later, I had the good fortune of cordial friendship, but of whose useful and distinguished career I will only now record that he was the musical and dramatic critic of the New York Times, and in that important and responsible office, honest, competent, brilliant, a delight to his readers and a model of journalistic force and grace.

Much has occurred to alter the complexion of American Literature since Poe wrote of "The Literati." Much change has occurred since the eve of the Civil War. New conditions exist. A new school of writers has arisen, and it now possesses the field. The public of the present day reads the novel and the newspaper, and generally allows the latter to do its thinking for it. The changes may all be for the better; the writers may be more learned and more able. I do not think so. The voice of the poet is little heard and less regarded. The writer of The Sons of Martha receives a fortune: the writer of The Haunted Palace was half starved when living, and is often maligned in death. Other and greater changes, probably, are not distant. Perhaps after another fifty years these literary sketches of mine, if they should chance to survive so long, may help the future historian, tracing the literary movement in our country, as one, at least, of the trustworthy links that unite the Present with the Past and so may serve the Future.

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Winter's articles of literary reminiscence.

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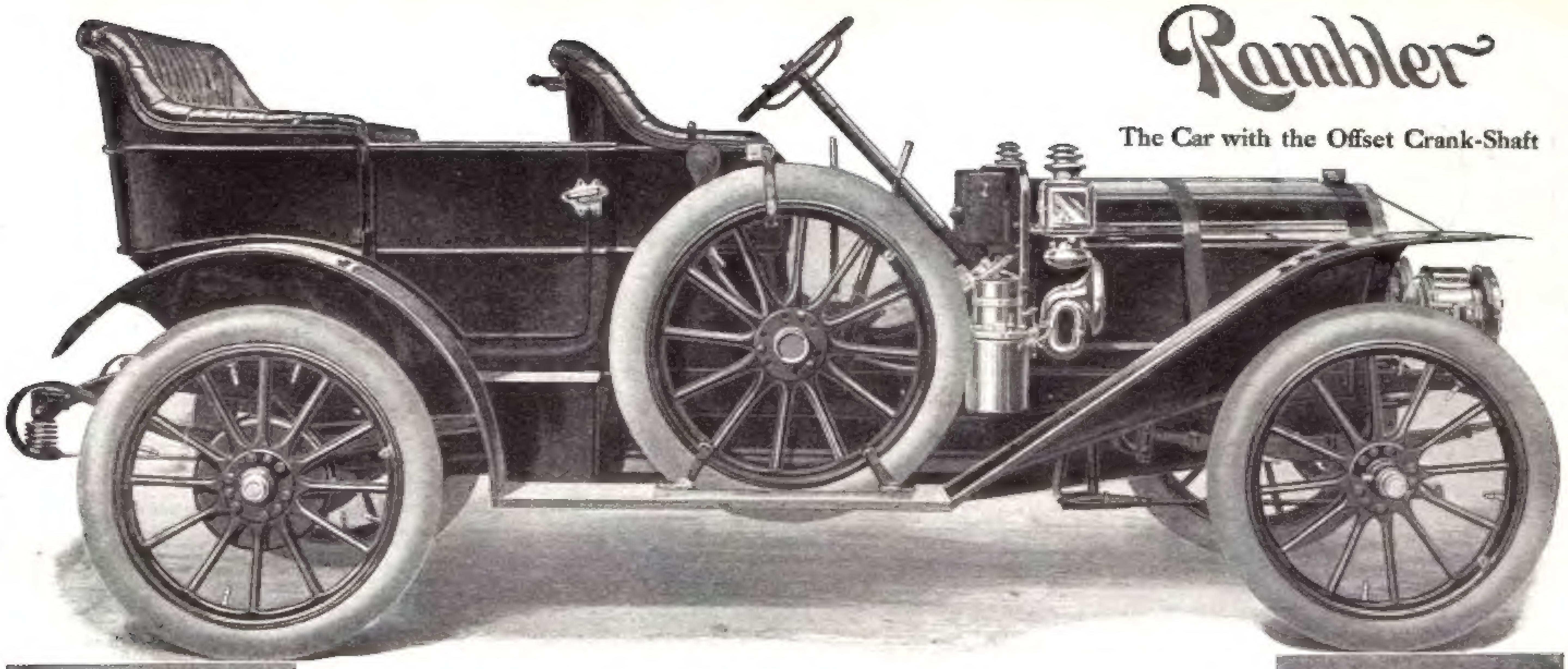

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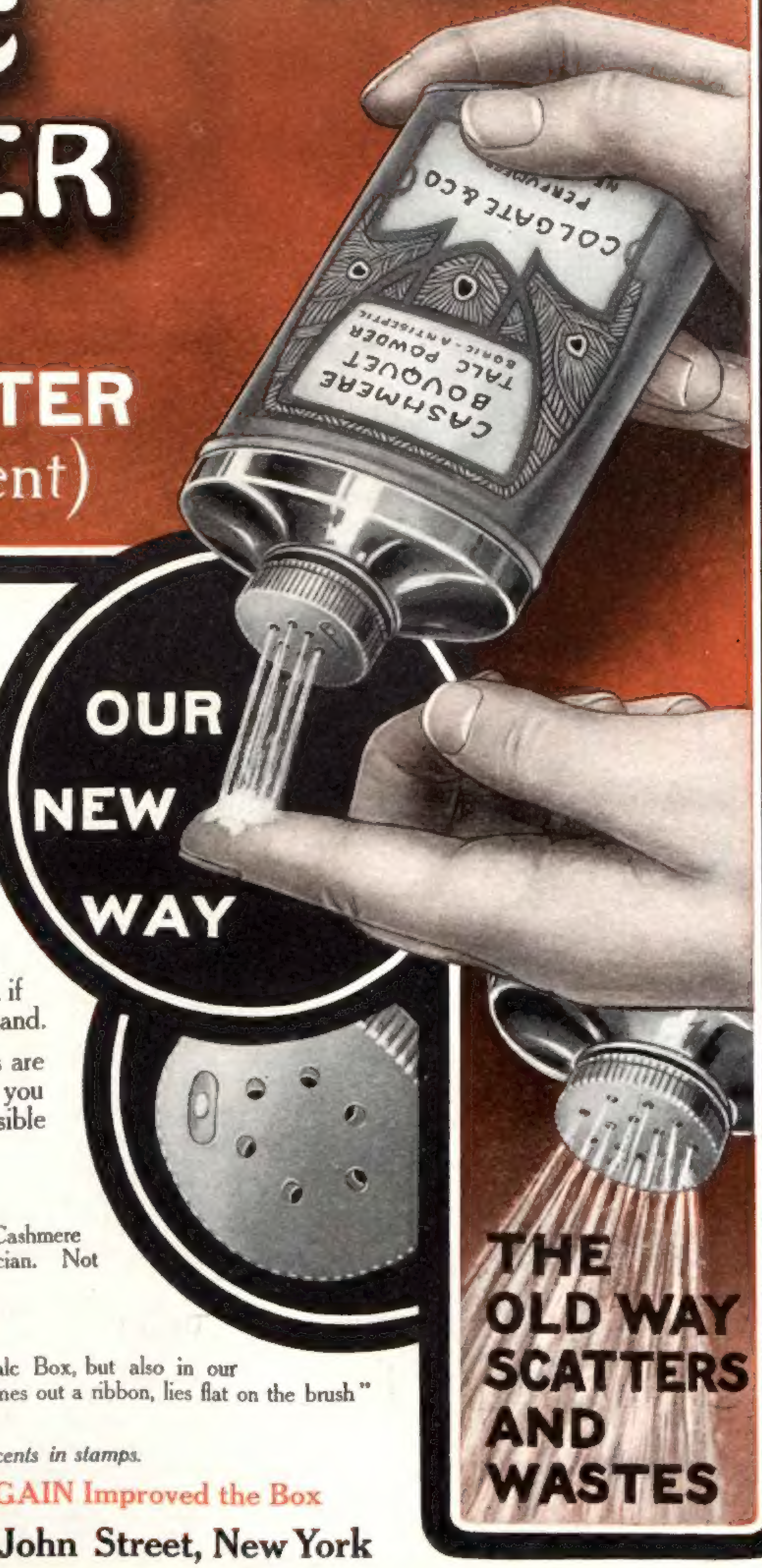
WITH SIX HOLE SIFTER

(Another Improvement)



The Safety Powder In the Saving Box

1909 Model

Concentrates and Regulates the Flow of Powder

Economy — No scattering, no waste, no sprinkling dress or coat. Because of the position and number of the holes, the distribution of the powder is always under your control.

You can concentrate on a cut or the tiniest fold of baby's skin, or, if you prefer, spread it over a larger surface by merely moving the hand.

Double Economy :— By turning the sifter top the six holes are partly closed or opened, making them smaller or larger, as you prefer. This permits the most careful economy, and is possible only with the screw top.

Boric, Antiseptic

The antiseptic and soothing ingredients of our Talc Powders, Violet, Cashmere Bouquet, and Dactylis are prepared from formula of an eminent physician. Not only the powders, but also their exquisite perfumes are antiseptic.

Colgate Economy

The economy of Colgate packages is shown not only in this new Talc Box, but also in our RIBBON DENTAL CREAM; which in our now famous tube "Comes out a ribbon, lies flat on the brush" with only half as much flow of cream as from the old round-mouth tube.

For trial size of either Talc or Cream, send 4 cents in stamps.

We couldn't Improve the Powder, so we have AGAIN Improved the Box

COLGATE & COMPANY, Dept. P, 55 John Street, New York